

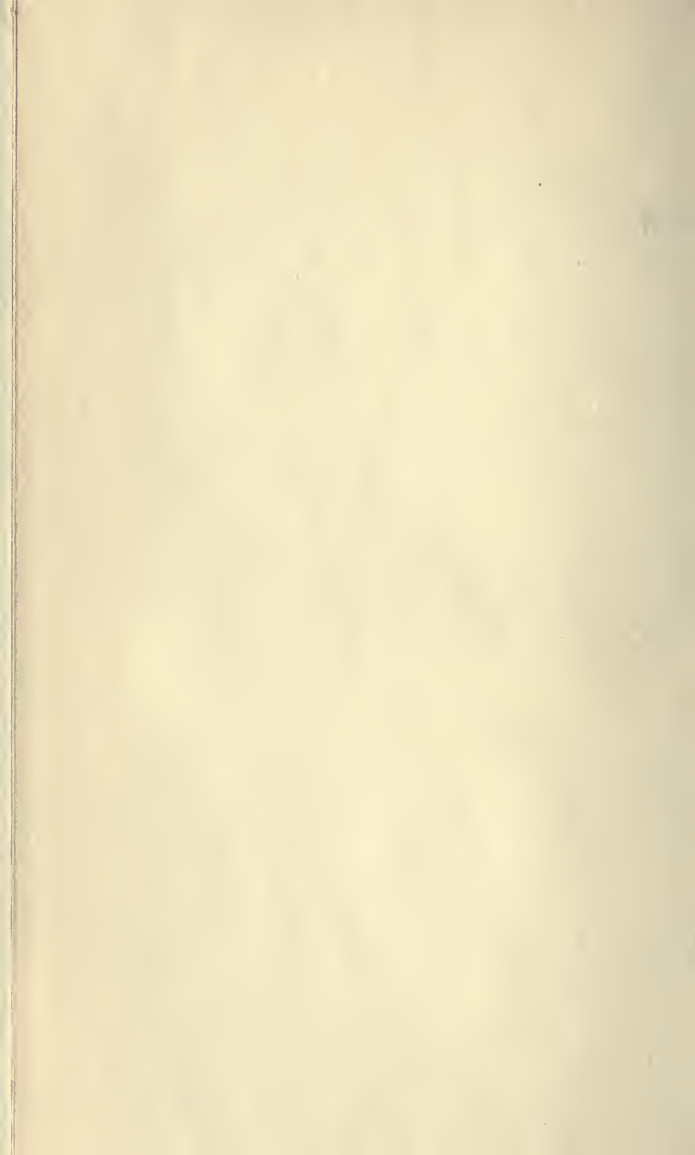
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A GLANCE

AT

REVOLUTIONIZED ITALY:

A Visit to Messina,

AND

A TOUR THROUGH THE KINGDOM OF NAPLES,
THE ABRUZZI, THE MARCHES OF ANCONA, ROME,
THE STATES OF THE CHURCH,
TUSCANY, GENOA, PIEDMONT, &c., &c.

IN THE SUMMER OF 1848.

By CHARLES MAC FARLANE,

AUTHOR OF CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1828, THE ROMANCE OF ITALIAN HISTORY,
HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION,
SPORTS, PASTIMES, AND RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SOUTH OF ITALY,
&c. &c.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER XV.

Rome — Communism — “Let us divide” — The State finds work for the Poor — The Capitol — The Tarpeian Rock — Trastevere — The Jesuits — Giuseppe Mazzini — Roman Riot — Padre Gavazzi — Revolutionary Priests — Roman Parliament — Proclamations — The Free Press — An Assassination — The Roman Legion — The Jesuits' College — A Roman Debate — Mamiani — Fabbri — The Rights of Man — Mosaics — Print-shops — Books — The Theatres — Night Alarms — Rome in the Sixteenth Century Page 1

CHAPTER XVI.

The Earl of Minto at Rome — Lord Palmerston's Letter to Prince Metternich — The Pope and the Patriots — The Quirinal and the Swiss Guard — Personal Appearance of Pius IX. — Murder of Count Rossi — Guardia Nobile — Our Roman Dragoon — Political Clubs — Desecration of Saint Peter's — The Tombs of the Last of the Stuarts — The Vatican — M. Martinez de la Rosa — The English Cemetery — Rosa Bathurst — Keats — Shelley — The Rome of the People . . . 39

CHAPTER XVII.

Journey from Rome to Florence — Communism — Marshal Radetzky — Terni — Singing Patriots — A general Massacre — Beggars and Franciscans — Beards and Politics — Atheism and Superstition — Perugia — Passignano — Arezzo . . . 68

CHAPTER XVIII.

Florence — A Tuscan Priest-Patriot — A Piedmontese General — Charles Albert — The Grand Duke Leopold II. — Guerrazzi — Vendette — Murders — The Young Italy of the Tailors — Incredible and Bigotry — Florentine rudeness — Material Improvements — Fiesole — Santa Croce — Playing at Soldiers — Barricades at Leghorn, &c.	Page 91
--	---------

CHAPTER XIX.

Journey from Florence to Pisa — Lombard Volunteers — Splendid Railroad, Carriages, &c. — A pleasant Companion — Looking for a Coachman — Florentine Profligacy — Nunnery Education — Cecisbeism — Tuscan Farming — Pisa and its Porters and Patriots — Demonstrations — Socialism — Grand Duke's Proclamation — National Guards — The Tocsin of Pisa — A Storm at Midnight — Jealousies and Antipathies between Pisa and Lucca — Ponte Carraja — Material Improvements — University closed — Professors killed — The Cascine of Pisa — Model Farm and Camels — Another Railroad — Lucca — More Clubs — Baths of Lucca — Catholic Intolerance — Wretched submissions of Government — Popular insolence	124
---	-----

CHAPTER XX.

Journey from Pisa to Leghorn — Numerous Flights — Strange Scenes — The Barricades — The Porters — Captain Codrington — Guerrazzi — Padre Gavazzi — Weakness of the Grand Duke's Government — Riots — Fighting in Leghorn — Cipriani — An Explosion — Poles at Leghorn — No Trade — General Remarks on the State of Italy and on Lord Palmerston's Policy — Hatred borne by the Italian Liberals to England — A Patriot Oration by Guerrazzi — Amazing Improvements in Leghorn since the Peace	155
---	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

On board the "Dante" — A Livornese Patriot — A Dispute — A Genoese Liberal — Hatred of the Liberals towards England — Bonapartism and Republicanism mixed — A Holy Republican War — Our Mediation with Austria — Arrive at Genoa — Another Festa — More Placards — Theatres — La Madonna di Belvidere — Animosities between Peasantry and National Guard — Genoese Generosity — Sick and wounded Soldiers — National Guard Officers — A popular Genoese Dance — Colonel B—— — Littérateurs — Mazzini and Letter-opening at Genoa and Leghorn — Piedmontese Troops — Attempts made by the Patriots to win them over — Club Law in Genoa — Destruction of Fortifications — Use of Daggers — Riots — Spies — De Boni — Pareto — State of Milan — Feuds in Genoa . . . Page 188

CHAPTER XXII.

Road from Genoa to Turin — Novi — Marengo — The Duke of Genoa — Arrival at Alessandria — Charles Albert — Cause ruined by the Ultra-Liberals — Piedmontese Troops and Officers — Popularity of the King and of his two sons — Stop put to Improvements — The Railroad that was to be — Asti — Proposals for making the Italians speak Italian — Valley of the Po — Rich and happy land — Enter Turin 231

CHAPTER XXIII.

Turin — Palace of Carignano turned into the Chamber of Deputies — Palazzo Madama and the House of Peers — The Royal Palace — Charles Albert's domestic life — The affection of his Servants — Picture Gallery — Collection of Armour — Egyptian Museum, and Conversations there — The Frontier of the Adige — The Liberals have spoiled that hope — The Chapel Royal and Santo Sudario — La Superga — Tombs of the Princes of the House of Savoy — Silvio Pellico an object

of hatred with the Ultra-Liberals — Abbé Gioberti and his Levées — A Revolution among the Monks of Turin — A galley-slave Republican — Gioberti's Congress — Constituent Assembly for all Italy — Where shall we hold it? — Some Parliamentary Debates — Excellent condition of Charles Albert's regular Army — The War Office — Treachery of the Provisional Government of Milan Page 250

CHAPTER XXIV.

Turin — The Crown-offering Sicilian — Duke of Serradifalco — News of the Reduction of Messina by the Neapolitans — Sicilian fury — We must have another Vespro Siciliano — Blame thrown upon England — The Earl of Minto — Lord Palmerston and the Marquis of Normanby — Interference of the French and English after General Filangieri's conquest — How understood by the Neapolitans — More Romances — Sicilian Cannibalism — Sir William Parker's Letter — The Prince of Castelcicala at Downing Street — Count Ludolf — The Hon. William Temple's return to Naples — Russian and Spanish interference in the Sicilian Question — Vast Improvements in the City of Turin — Two Gentlemen of Verona — The Theatres — Calumny on Lord Nelson — Booksellers — Satires — Loyalty of the Common People — Address to France for aid — Exhaustion of the Country — Lombard Patriots expatriated — The Duke of Genoa as King of Sicily — Departure from Turin — A finished French Political Philosopher — Last view of Italy 277

A GLANCE

AT

REVOLUTIONIZED ITALY.

CHAPTER XV.

Rome — Communism — “Let us divide” — The State finds work for the Poor — The Capitol — The Tarpeian Rock — Trastevere — The Jesuits — Giuseppe Mazzini — Roman Riot — Padre Gavazzi — Revolutionary Priests — Roman Parliament — Proclamations — The Free Press — An Assassination — The Roman Legion — The Jesuits’ College — A Roman Debate — Mamiani — Fabbri — The Rights of Man — Mosaics — Print-shops — Books — The Theatres — Night Alarms — Rome in the Sixteenth Century.

It required no previous information to see that the city of Rome was a city without any government, was violently excited, and ripe for any insurrection which the demagogues might choose to dictate.

“Uno, due, e tre
Ed il Papa non è Re.”

But I was scarcely prepared for the extent to which communist ideas had spread, or for the boldness with which they were uttered in public places. We were sitting one afternoon in the shady side of

the Colosseum, when a coachman who had driven us from St. Peter's and two men who were loitering about the ruins fell into a hot argument about the war of independence, the Pope, the taxes, and politics in general. The coachman, who was a Trasteverino, was very loyal, as the common people on his side of the Tiber have very long had the reputation of being. He said that it was quite true that Rome was in a very bad way, that there was nothing doing, nothing spending for the benefit of honest working men; but that this sad state of things was not owing to the Santo Padre, but to the war and the troubles and those who had caused them. "But," said one of the men, "they say in the clubs, and in the coffee-houses, and in the journals that it was all owing to the Pope not being sincere that the war turned out so badly; and that if Pius and Charles-Albert and the Grand Duke of Tuscany had done their duty and had not betrayed the cause, we Italians, by this time, might have plundered Vienna, and have taken from the Tedeschi all that they have taken from us; and that even now, if we were to renew the war. . . ."

"Stop," said the Trasteverino, "the little war we have had has drained us dry. Men will not march without shoes and food and some money. War cannot be carried on without money, and it appears that there is no money." "No money!" said his antagonist. "What confessor put that idea into your head? There is plenty of money in Rome, only honest men will not go boldly and take it. The

Pope has money, the cardinals have treasures, the princes and nobles are rich with their great estates, the bankers and merchants are rich, and the great shopkeepers, and thousands who live and do nothing. Why should they be richer than you or I? If we take what they have, there will be enough to carry on the war and to divide among the poor, and to make you and me and all of us better off than we are now.” The Trasteverino shook his head, as if doubting. “But why not?” said the third man of the party. “What right have all those Signoroni to be rich and to keep us poor, and make us pay rent for land, and oppress, and suck our blood? All men are equal, and, I say, divide, and let us have equal shares. For my part I would begin with the Prince of Borghese. *Per Dio lo mangerei*—by God I would eat him up.” And the fellow really looked as if he could have swallowed the Prince and all his vast estates at one gulp. At this moment his loud and near voice was almost drowned by a sound of choral music which came from some distance. It was the monks of the neighbouring monastery of San Bonaventura, on the Palatine Mount, who were singing the Offices. Our coachman turned his ear to listen, and so the disputation ended.

We drove round to the Capitol, where we found the pavement taken up, and the flagstones thrown about as if preparatory to a barricade. Following the example of Lamartine’s Provisional Government at Paris, the Roman legislators had engaged to find work for all the unemployed poor. Not knowing

what to set them all about, they had sent some hundreds of them up here to smoothen and improve the pavement. Though paid a good deal more than they ever had been accustomed to earn, and nearly twice as much as was paid to a useful agricultural labourer, these fellows were dissatisfied, and, after turning up the stones and rendering a good part of the Capitol impassable, they had struck for an increase of wages.

Much that we wanted to see at the Capitol was inaccessible, because the keepers, having seen none for a long time, expected no visitors, and because there was no regularity or control anywhere; and, as every man did as he liked, these *custodi* and their understrappers came when they liked, and went away when they liked, and stayed away just as long as they liked. In former times I had been but too often disgusted with Roman servility, fawning, and flattery: this time I certainly had nothing to complain of on this side. The citizens were uncourteous, insolent, and now and then violent: they seemed to entertain the notion that it was necessary to be constantly asserting their liberty, independence, and equality; and it was quite evident that the feeling they at present entertained towards the English was not a friendly feeling. The beggars forgot all the good that English example and English money had been doing them ever since the peace. They said that England had broken her promises and had betrayed them. However popular the Earl of Minto might have been a few months before, I can

scarcely think that he would have been safe from insult if he had been at Rome in August or September. The curious and very unclassical tower or steeple which rises above the Campidoglio is topped by the figure of a Roman warrior which is popularly considered as the emblem of the old warlike city. For many ages the white banner of the Pope has been upheld by that statue. The banner was there still; but the revolutionists had made the figure doubly a standard-bearer—they had fixed to it the Italian tri-colour of green, white, and red, and this flag was held high above the white banner, and seemed three times the size of the pontifical emblem. Our Trasteverino directed our attention to the revolutionary symbol. “There it is,” said he, “but it will not spread out and float on the air. No! Somebody stronger than Mamiani and Sterbini prevents *that*. See! although there is a fresh wind, and the banner of his Holiness catches it, the tri-colour cannot—it clings to the flag-stick—it always does—our Roman air is not fit for it—it is not of our climate!” The wind certainly blew freshly, annoying us not a little with the dust which came from the turned-up pavement and the litter and rubbish which the unruly labourers of the state had left behind them; and as certain it was that the tri-colour flag was drooping and clinging to its staff.

Our next halt was on top of the Tarpeian Rock, down which, as he made no secret to us, our Trasteverino would gladly have cast some half-dozen of the leading patriots of the day. There was some-

thing *piquant* in talking modern politics with a living Roman, though only a hackney-coachman, in spots like these. From the Tarpeian Rock we drove back into the Rioni of the Trastevere, and then went up and down the streets, and through nearly every part of those two essentially popular quarters of Rome, where, if anywhere, traces remain, if not of the ancient unmixed Roman race, at least of the old Roman spirit, and of the bearing and daring of the Plebs Romana. The streets were considerably improved, the houses were cleaner and neater, and there were sundry little signs that modern civilization had crossed the Tiber and forced its way into these quarters; but the majority of the people seemed to me to be very little altered in habits and character. They are fanatics both in their political and religious faith, the political being, in fact, only a part of their religious faith. In a recent "demonstration" got up by the patriots of the National Guards to terrify the Pope, the battalions of these two Rioni resolutely refused to take any part, nor could they be moved either by the persuasions or by the threats of those who dwell on the other side of the river. Our coachman hinted that if they were stronger they would soon liberate Pius from his duress, and brighten up the jewels of his dishonoured tiara. It is an ancient article of faith with the people on *this* side of Tiber that one man of them is a match for any three on *that* side; but, in making the distribution of arms, the liberals had taken good care to give as few as possible to the

Trasteverini; and they had also won over some of the Capi Popolani, and had sowed some seeds of rivalry and dissension. We stopped at a popular tavern, not far from a building which had recently been a Jesuits' school, but which was now occupied by certain very ragged and very turbulent provincial volunteers. This led to some talk about the society which had been so summarily suppressed, and the members of which had been so suddenly sent flying, out of every part of Italy, despoiled and naked. The landlord of the house and two or three other Trasteverini spoke boldly and loudly out against the cruelty of these deeds. "Let them say what they will of the Padri Gesuiti, they were the friends of the poor, the best friends we ever had! Who took our children out of the streets, and clothed them and educated them? Who always gave us good advice when we were in trouble? Who attended the sick and gave them medicines when the hospitals were all full, and we could get nothing? When the cholera was here, and when our priests and monks were running away from Rome or shutting themselves up for fear in their houses, who remained at their posts?—who came among us, and stood at the bedside of the sick, and comforted the dying, and said the prayers for the dead? The Jesuits—*e sieno benedetti, dapertutto dove si trovano*—and may they be blessed for it wherever they are!" It will take some time to change these feelings, to root out these convictions, and smother the memory of these recent facts. If left to them-

selves, the Liberals will have to exclaim, "We have shocked the ideas of the Italian people, and we have lost all."*

We recrossed the Tiber. A little beyond the bridge of St. Angelo was a glaring placard, inviting the Roman citizens to a club-meeting, and under this placard some disciple of that fugitive Joseph, Giuseppe Mazzini, had written on the wall in cubital letters, "DIO E IL POPOLO"—God and the People. Mazzini had used these words in his address to Pius IX., dated London, the 8th of September, 1847; for, though he had filled other men's minds with madness, and had sent them to lose their lives in premature attempts at insurrection, the prudent Joseph did not risk his own person in Italy until these revolutions were well advanced, and were thought to have the *prestige* of victory and full success. It could only have been out of deference to the opinions of some of the Liberals, who have not attained to the height of his philosophy, that he did not put "People" first and "God" after, or that he did not omit the name of God altogether, as an empty epithet of one of the *ci-devants*. He told the Pope that Catholicism was lost in despotism; that Protestantism was losing itself in anarchy; that there were no longer any believers, but only superstitious men and hypocrites; and if he spoke of Heaven, it was as a paradise *alla Mazzini*, from which kings and aristocracies must be

* "J'ai heurté les idées du siècle, et j'ai tout perdu."—*Bonaparte at St. Helena.*

excluded; and if he patronized a republican divinity and the Idea-Religion—"Idea-Religione"—it was to be a god of his own making, an *idea* of his own conception.

No effort had been spared by the revolutionists to drive the Roman people out of their senses. They are a very excitable people, but I doubt whether the coolest and most phlegmatic nation of the north could have gone calmly through some of the ordeals to which they were subjected. About three weeks before our arrival it was reported, and was solemnly proclaimed by the patriot government and parliament, that the King of Sardinia had gained a decisive victory over the Austrians; that Marshal Radetzky was a prisoner; that all his artillery and baggage had been captured; and that it was only through magnanimity that the Italians had allowed the shattered fragments of the Imperial army to retire beyond the Alps. Up lamps and torches! Music strike up! The city was illuminated, every band was engaged, processions were formed, and the mob in delirious joy went shouting and singing through the streets, and mixing their beards and mustachios in embraces and kisses. The next day came the inevitable news that this glorious victory had been a perfect defeat, that Radetzky was in full march upon Milan, and Charles Albert in headlong retreat with an army of his own that was starving, and with the Lombard militia and the volunteers, who were all in mutiny. The shock was galvanic—the revulsion too much for

poor human nature. “*Guai! Tradimento! We are betrayed! Charles Albert is a traitor! Down with Charles Albert, down with this ministry!*” And some cried *Viva la Republica*, and some shouted “*e sia la Rossa!*” and let it be the red one! This evening and night the patriots were more frantic with rage and despair than they had been last night with joy and exultation. There were great *atrupamenti*—the *générale* was beaten all over the city—all the decided National Guards assembled under arms—there was noise enough made to frighten old Tiber back towards his source—all quiet people expected some awful catastrophe—but, for this night, it ended in a *dimostrazione*, which, however, clearly demonstrated that the Papal government and the lives and properties of the Roman gentry were completely at the mercy of the citizen-soldiers and a lawless rabble. Three times within a brief period was night made hideous by alarms of this sort—three times did those who feared that they were politically obnoxious, or who had property of their own or charge of the property of other people, shut up their houses, bar their doors, and barricade their staircases, in expectation of an attack. Mr. Freeborn, who has been acting many years at Rome as an English consular agent, told us that he could not rely on the protection of the British arms over his door, and that, at these three demonstrations, he had suffered great uneasiness, and had thought it expedient and absolutely necessary to barricade himself as his neighbours did. “*E un brutto vivere, signori—*

it is an ugly life, sirs," said an old Roman, "and God knows when or in what it will end! One cannot go to bed without fear. We may have another demonstration to-night. There is no one to protect us! Such regular troops as we have are all fraternizing with the National Guard, and going to the circles, and believing that Mamiani is greater than the Pope, and that the will of Sterbini and Lucian Bonaparte's son, and two or three other demagogues, is to be above all law. They talk of liberty! I, too, wanted liberty. All good men here wanted more liberty than we had; but now I am not free to utter my thoughts if they disagree with those of the dominant faction—I cannot call my own that which is mine!"

The same feeling, the same pleasant recollections of old times and the acquaintance and friends of my youth, which led me to the "Corona di Ferro" at Naples, conducted me more than once to the "Lepre" at Rome. This well-known place of entertainment, close by the Piazza di Spagna, used to be the resort of all the English artists and students, and of young English travellers, whose hearts and purses were equally light; and it was much frequented by German, French, and other students, by merry Italian artists, and a sprinkling of Italian antiquaries and literati. Whenever you wanted to find a friend, a gossip, and a laugh, you dropped in at the Lepre at the dinner-hour, and there you were sure to find them. In summer time you dined out in the open air, in a garden or court-yard at the

back of the house, under *pergolati* or trellises, covered with the broad cool leaves of growing vines. The trellises and the vines are there still, and nothing in the place itself seemed changed; but the merriment was departed. There were more citizen-soldiers than artists sitting under the vines; the foreign students had nearly all gone away; we saw only one English painter, and he seemed to be ill at ease. The Italian artists were all talking politics. One young Roman we met there was not of the ultra-liberal school. He had recently arrived from Leghorn, where the mob had turned demonstrations into *émeutes*, and where Father Gavazzi was preaching in the streets and squares to the people, like another Savanarola, or like a Savanarola gone madder. He told us that he had heard this Bolognese friar telling the mob that they were too slow; that the hour of retaliation was come; that the rich had made war upon the poor; that hitherto princes and governments and aristocracies had worried the people like wolves—had devoured the people as if they were lambs; but that the people were no longer sheep but dogs, and that like brave dogs they ought to fall upon the wolves and catch them by the throats, and never leave them until they were all dead—“*morti tutti.*” The effect produced upon an ignorant, licentious, unchecked multitude by this street preaching was described by the young man as something terrific. He expressed his astonishment that the municipal authorities of Leghorn should allow such preaching, or that any government should

tolerate such a firebrand in the person of a *foreign* monk. "Gavazzi," said he, "is not a Tuscan, but a subject of the Pope. Why does not the Grand Duke cause him to be seized, and sent across his frontiers? He is preaching robbery and massacre." A very little later, but far too late, the Grand Duke did take this decisive step, and great was the trouble it led him into.

None had made so public a display, or had set himself upon so high a pedestal, as the friar of Bologna, but there were said to be a good many monks and priests who were almost as crazed as Padre Gavazzi; and in the Roman States and in Tuscany, as well as in the kingdom of Naples, we saw plain indications of a revolutionary spirit among some of these classes of men. Go into any asylum for the insane in Italy, and count the number of the patients, and you will find that there are more mad priests than there are madmen of any other profession or calling. The law against nature—the forced celibacy of the Roman clergy—where strictly observed, is notoriously conducive to insanity. In many cases, and perhaps in the majority, this is manifested in a premature dotage, and a quiet drivelling idiotcy; but in others it assumes the strong maniacal form, and when such subjects keep to "the reasoning show," and are not considered maniacs, but only enthusiasts, and are left at large, it may be faintly imagined what a combustion takes place when the madness of politics is mixed up with their own insanity. In the great cities the poverty

of many of the priests, who have no benefices, no employment, no source of revenue whatever, beyond the small and precarious masses they may be hired to perform, naturally disposes them to desperate schemes and desperate means. With them it is a revolutionism of the belly; but there are other, and saner, and more opulent, and altogether higher members of this overstocked hierarchy, who—always making an allowance in favour of Padre Gavazzi—have greased the wheels of the revolutionary machine more than the maniacal or the hungry priesthood. It has been now as it was in 1792: fifty-six years have not altered these men or their notions. Speaking of the first great French Revolution, and of the means by which the road was opened into Italy for those revolutionists, Carlo Botta says, “There was among the zealous advocates of the novelty a rare species of men. These were ecclesiastics of good morals and profound erudition, but enemies to the immoderate power of the Pope, which they called a usurpation. They imagined that as this power had been destroyed in France, so would it be in Italy if the French could set their foot in the country. To them it appeared that a popular political government would suit admirably with that popular religious government which was in use among the primitive Christians. They cried out that popes had been in league with kings to introduce tyranny in the Church and tyranny in governments, and that now the people ought to

make a league to bring back liberty to both.”* In 1847, these men, or the successors to their ideas, either did not believe in the sincerity of Pio Nono, or thought that he would not go far enough. They must help to despoil him of his temporal authority. Then again there were priests of the higher order who believed in the sincerity of Pius, and who, like himself, believed that a new life could be put into the Church by allying it with the democracy of the day; and for some time it was a moot point with many of these churchmen whether Pius or Gioberti were the greater man. Among them, the Roman Catholic clergy all over Italy contributed very essentially to the progress of revolutionism, although they were now most bitterly deploring its progress. In Rome they had let loose a wild horse, and had not left themselves the control over a sieve of oats wherewith to tempt him back to bit and bridle. They had no excuse to offer, except that they thought better of human nature and democracies than democracies and human nature deserved to be thought of. The old excuse of the Girondins.

We had been unfortunate at Naples in our parliamentary experiments: we were more so at Rome. The day on which we arrived we had no chance of hearing a debate, for the Houses closed at three in the afternoon, and we did not arrive until five: the next day there was no sitting because the parliament had sat the day before; the day after that

* *Storia d' Italia, dal 1789 al 1814, Libro iii.*

they did not sit because it was the eve of the festival of Saint Louis, and how could they sit to-morrow when it was the *fiesta*? These continual vigils and church feasts are terrible interruptions to business and intercourse at Rome. Call any day on a foreign minister, and it is about equal chances that he and all the legation are out—attending a *Funzione*.

By the Statuto Fondamentale, or Constitution given by Pius IX. on the 14th of March, 1848, there were two Chambers or Consigli—L'Alto Consiglio and Il Consiglio dei Deputati. The members of the first were named for life by the Pope, who was not restricted as to numbers. The members of the second were elected by the people, and there was to be one deputy or member for every 30,000 inhabitants. The Alto Consiglio or Upper House, odious from the beginning to the democratic party (which party included nearly every man that took an interest in the revolution), soon fell into disrepute, and being constantly thwarted and assailed, many of the members withdrew, and the House did not often meet. In the Lower House the moderate deputies soon took the alarm, and stayed away from debates which were so frequently interrupted by the invasion of street mobs, or by permanent rioters in the galleries who assumed the right of dictating to members, and who were set on or retained, and in some instances paid by the clubs. Even the ultra-revolutionary members were not long ere they became slack in their attendance :

they saw that, as revolutionary machinery, Political Circles were of more force and value than a Chamber. Even when their sittings had some regularity, the Mamiani, the Fabbri, the Sterbini, the Galletti, and the other makers of thunder in the House, discussed and prepared their motions and addresses in the clubs, and were constantly stepping from the Chamber over to the circles, just as Robespierre, when outvoted, or contradicted or annoyed, would pull his hat over his brow and walk over to the pure republicans of the Jacobin Club. The less frequently the Chambers met the oftener did the clubs meet: it seemed not to be in the power of saints' days, vigils or festivals to close them. By the time we reached Rome they had thrown off all respect to the poor Pope, all sense of decency, all moderation. They could not be called dens of conspirators, for they did their work openly, and their doors were open to any one that chose to enter. They were the head-quarters of triumphant, unopposed anarchists, who had the ball at their feet and were kicking it to the goal of a democratic red republic. They were sustained and aided in their game by the journalists, pamphleteers, placard-writers, and all the pestilent political scribblers of Rome, who pointed out to the fury of the people, as fit objects for assassination, whatsoever writer or orator took a political view different from theirs. If the people had not been better than their teachers, long before this blood would have been flowing in torrents in the streets of Rome. As matters were,

assassinations had not been altogether wanting. The most striking and atrocious was the well-known case of the excellent and learned priest, Father ———, who was one of the editors of the conservative paper called "The Holy Standard" (*Il Labaro*). The anarchists and literary murderers who conducted "*Il Contemporaneo*"—which may claim a superiority in atrocity over all these recent Italian newspapers and spawnings of the free Italian press (perhaps even without excepting the "*Alba*" of Florence)—denounced "*Il Labaro*" as being in the pay of Austria, and its editors as re-actionists and Austrian spies, and, as such, deserving of death. The sequel will not be forgotten. A very short time after the denunciation the poor priest was found murdered in the streets of Rome. No attempts were made to discover the assassin or assassins. In one of the clubs an orator vowed that the deed was worthy of a Brutus. By the month of August the liberals, not only in Rome but nearly all over Central and Upper Italy, had pretty well silenced the moderate and conservative journalists and every writer that did not chime in with their own theories and practices. They understood the liberty of the press precisely as it was understood by the Jacobins of 1792-3. It was to be a liberty all on one side. We will attack you and the principles you cherish, we will force our dogmas down the throats of the people, we will teach democracy, liberty, equality, and a mortal hatred of all princes, governments, and aristocracies, and of every man

we ourselves personally hate; we will do this and more, because we have a free press, and are the friends of the people, and are in the right; but if you presume to question our doctrines or to reply to them, you are an enemy to the people, you are flagrantly in the wrong, you are guilty of *incivisme*, of high treason against liberty, and you must be gagged, if not more severely punished. So spoke Marat and Robespierre. A favourite process with these Italian liberals was to make *autos da fé* of newspapers, burning in the public piazze such as were offensive to them, with speeches and antics, songs and shouts. "You have burned my paper, but you have not answered its arguments; you would burn me, like inquisitors as you are, but you cannot catch me," said a poor journalist of Turin who was on the wrong side. *Viva la Libertà, e tre volte Viva la Libertà della Stampa!*

Knowing nothing of the vigil of Saint Louis of the French, and being told by two or three Romans, who did not appear to care a straw whether it were shut or open, that the Council of Deputies was certainly sitting this morning, we found our way through long gloomy streets to the old Palace of Justice, the immense building which the legislators had appropriated. A dozen of national guardsmen were lounging under the gateway, looking sullen and insolent. I asked the sergeant if the Chamber were sitting, and he politely told me that I might go up stairs and see. Up stairs, a young man, a sort of usher or doorkeeper to the Deputies, was

more urbane. His want of beard and mustachios and certain other indications gave me to understand that he was no revolutionist. The Chamber was closed, it was the vigil, &c. When would it be open? He could not say—perhaps on Saturday, perhaps on Monday, perhaps not until Tuesday or Wednesday. How long do the sittings usually last? About three hours. What number of Deputies usually attend? “I cannot say, but very few, and they seem to be getting fewer: when a demonstration is expected, none come but those who know the people will not hurt them. *Terribili cose queste dimostrazioni, O Signore!*” Who causes them? The young man looked in my face as if half afraid to answer, but then said in an under tone, “The circles, the political circles—and if they go on much longer we shall have ruin and massacres in Rome.” On a doorpost at the entrance of the silent, deserted Chamber there was a flaming war-like placard, which I had not yet seen. I began to copy it. “Spare yourself the trouble—take it,” said the usher, pulling it down and giving it to me; “it is of no use here, it will do no good anywhere!” I put it into my pocket, thinking it was as well that there was no one but ourselves in those immense, magnificent corridors. The placard, which made free use of the name of the captive Pope, and sanctioned and ordered that which he would have prevented if he had had the power, ran in these sonorous terms:—

“ COMMAND

“ *Of the First Roman Legion.*

“ Brothers of the Provinces,

“ The First Roman Legion is on the point of abandoning the Capital in order to march to the succour of their dear brothers in the provinces. It sets out with the benediction of Pius IX., with the declaration that they are troops sent by Him, and with their souls resolved to liberate once for ever from the aggression of the foreigner the beautiful land which God has granted us for our country.

“ Those generous souls who will wish to follow this example will have nothing else to do but to hold themselves in readiness, arming themselves where they are able so to do, and furnishing themselves with the papers necessary for their being enrolled. An enrolling officer will precede the march of the Legion to examine such individuals as present themselves, and, finding them fit for the service, he will furnish them with certificates which they are to present, when the Legion shall pass, to the commander of the corps, who will recognise them as accepted soldiers.

“ The men newly enrolled will be considered as so many Legionaries, and immediately placed in the ranks of the Legion; and to this effect they will be furnished in as short a time as possible with the necessary dress and arms, in every case in which they have not been able to provide for themselves.

“The pay is fixed by the ministry at TWENTY bajocchi a day, bread included, &c.

“Rome, 16th August, 1848.

“(Signed)

“The Col. Comm. the 1st Legion,

“B. GALLETTI.”

It was now drawing towards the end of August, and not a man of these heroic volunteers had stirred a step from Rome. I smiled as I made the observation. “Oh!” said the young man, “this Roman Legion, as they call it, is always going to march, and never does. It prefers staying where it is, in the Jesuits’ College. You see, Signor Galletti, who promises what he likes and says what he likes, promises the volunteers uniforms and arms and pay; but where is the money to come from for all this? Twenty bajocchi the day is no bad pay for a poor man; but people know that they will not get it—or get anything else. The last column of volunteers that marched from this were shoeless when they went, and were famishing by the time they reached Nepi; and there they found that there was no provision or preparation made for them, and that they must beg or steal, and lie out in the streets all night. Some of them ran away then, some went on to the frontiers and ran away afterwards, and no wonder. With craving stomachs, and with muskets and bayonets in their hands, it is not to be supposed that these poor devils would not help themselves and occasionally commit excesses. But then it was

as natural that the poor peasantry and people of the little country towns should be very angry, and should wish the volunteers, and all this liberty and equality, and unity and independence at the devil."

We had seen and heard enough along the road—at Nepi and other places—to convince us of the perfect truthfulness of this young man's report; and the marching of the column, its situation on arriving at Nepi, and all that he said about the Roman legion were more than confirmed by trustworthy persons in Rome.

The First Legion (I never heard that there was a second) had indeed taken possession of the splendid building which had been the Jesuits' College; and they had turned it into a prostibulum. With all its faults, there was no such house of education left in all Rome—certainly no place where classical literature had been so well taught. The only time we passed it was one evening, and then there was a loud noise of singing and drinking men from the upper apartments, and discordant sounds of drums from below—a parcel of drummer-boys studying their rat-a-tat-tat in the court-yards and cloisters. "Civilization is marching," said an old Roman, "*la civilizzazione marcia à suono del tamburro.*"

Not being able to hear a Roman parliamentary debate I collected a pile of newspapers and studied in them some of the debates which had taken place. The reports were very meagre, the journalists devoting much more space to the clubs than to the Chambers, but there was enough to show how they

had managed their parliamentary matters in Rome. I often stopped short, and thought I must be reperusing the 'Histoire Parlementaire,' that wonderful, voluminous repertory, which contains the real materials for the history of the French revolution of 1789, and over which I had spent so many hours, and had had so many headaches. Everything here was a repetition of something there. Not a new incident—scarcely so much as a new phrase. The Romans had been dealing with the stereotyped forms and phraseologies of the French Jacobins. Their parliamentary tactics had not been merely *like*, but they had been the same—*identically the same*! When any measure was to be carried against men's convictions, the clubs and the mobs were agitated, and Rome was placarded all over. When any strenuous opposition was offered, the clubs and the people were appealed to; and the people made a demonstration in the streets, filled the gallery of the house with a vociferous multitude, blocked up the doors, and came by hundreds into the body of the house, and stood upon the floor, or mixed themselves on the benches with the honourable members, and silenced, or took part in, the debate, and presented a scrawl, which they called a petition, but which others would call an imperative command. If one or two members mustered courage enough to protest against the invasion of the house, the breach of parliamentary privileges, the profanation of the constitution, they were told by their ultra-revolutionary colleagues that they were calum-

niating the Sovereign people; that they were enemies to the liberties of the people; that the people had a delicate and infallible instinct of right, and the tenderest regard for all that was patriotic and just; that the constitution gave to the people the right and unlimited use of petitioning; that it was false to say that the house was not free, for who was so free as the people? and, finally, that calumnies against the patriotic people were not to be tolerated in a house which consisted only of the delegates of the people. And when honourable members had thus delivered themselves, the mob in the galleries and in the body of the house would yell and hoot at the unlucky conservative deputies, or the deputies who had some sense of the decency and dignity of parliament, or some forethought of the anarchy which must rush in with a direct mob dictation; and sometimes an orator of the circles would deliver a thundering oration from one of the benches, or from the floor of the house, or from the front of the gallery. I translate a specimen of the accounts of these *Scene Parlamentarie*, as given by the Roman journalists. It is a mild specimen compared with some others. It will help the reader to form a notion of these things, and to understand the spirit of the reply of a well-educated, eloquent Roman, who, upon being asked whether he would be a member of the Council of Deputies, said—"No, I would rather be a member of a menagerie with all the wild beasts let loose."

On the 19th of July an immense multitude went

to the Roman Chamber of Deputies to present a paper, which was called a petition, but which was, in fact, a command and threat. The paper stated—1. That the Chamber *must* declare the country to be in danger (*la patria in pericolo*), and provide immediately for its defence; 2. That the Roman people were ready to give their support to the Chamber. The president said that, as usual, the petition must first be referred to a committee. “No!” says Bonaparte, “this petition is urgent; we ought to enter upon it at once!” Bravo! bravo! shouted the mob inside. Then the mob outside the house shouted, shrieked, yelled; and more of them rushing in, filled the Chamber, mixing themselves with the sixty-nine members then assembled, and entirely eclipsing them. The noise was terrific—a roar of angry voices! “To arms! to arms! Give us arms! The country is in danger! Down with traitors!” After making sundry vain attempts to still the storm, the president quitted his chair and declared the sitting to be closed. Some of the deputies were of opinion that the house had better continue the debate; and they made sundry attempts to quiet the mob. Next, the president, speaking from the floor of the house, implored the people not to infringe the *liberty* of debate, not to degrade parliament. At last the mob became quiet. Then the president returned to his seat, declared that the sitting was renewed, and made a most complimentary speech to the mob, calling them “the generous Roman people”—*il generoso popolo Romano*—and thanking

them for the confidence they reposed in him. Bona-
parte would then have resumed his violent speech,
but the order of the day was carried against him,
and he was silenced. The house proceeded to dis-
cuss a plan for putting the national or civic guard
on actual service, like regular troops. "Stop,"
shouted Sterbini, "while we are talking about the
distant frontiers of our country, alarming reports
are circulating in this chamber! The city of Rome
is in commotion! The people are assembling in
masses in the streets! What do the generous people
desire now?" The house calls upon ministers to
explain. The Minister of Commerce mounts the
tribune or speaking-place, and says that the people
want to take possession of the gates of the city and
the castle of Sant' Angelo, but that the Minister of
Police and some other gentlemen much respected
by the good citizens have gone to reason with them.
In a few minutes the Minister of Police appears in
the tribune to assure the deputies that the disturb-
ance is now over, that the people no longer distrust
the patriotism of the Pope's regular troops; that
the people never meant *any* harm—and, least of all,
harm or insult to that house;—that it did not wish
to force its will upon the house, &c. The deputy
Farini says that mobs have spread terror through
Rome, and have just now violated the sanctuary of the
Legislative Assembly! "You are speaking against
the people," shouts another deputy; "you calum-
niate the patriots to whom this Assembly owes its
existence!" And nearly the whole house protested

against the *unjust accusations* of Farini; and the president “undertook with energy and dignity the defence of the people;” and the rest of the orators united in calling the conduct of the people “noble and generous,” “full of civic wisdom — *sapienza civile*—and of patriotism;” and they ended by declaring that such conduct was the true and faithful support of “constitutional liberty and national feeling.”

It was perfectly well known—and to none better than to these ministers and liberal deputies—that these rioters were the very scum of Rome, put in fermentation by the political clubs. Yet the ‘*Contemporaneo*’ and other Roman newspapers, which were followed by all the journals of the *Liberali* throughout Italy, insisted that the mob must be considered as the whole Roman people, praised the mob even more extravagantly than ministers had done, and held up the deputy Farini to execration for having calumniated the virtuous, the generous people. One of the Anarch-journalists of Genoa, whose “wish was father to the thought,” converted these street-riots into a revolution, and represented the Pope as a fugitive, and the government as being entirely in the hands of the *patriots*. More shameful and much more alarming riots soon followed, and still the journalists applauded those who made them, and insisted that the people could do no wrong. “We live in times of liberty,” said one of them, “in times when *reason* makes itself heard in everything and by everybody!”—*Noi siamo in tempi di libertà*,

*in tempi in cui la ragione si fa udire in tutto e da tutti.** So did Marat, in his *Ami du Peuple*, compliment the mobs of Paris after every *émeute*, every fresh massacre, declaring them to be always, and instinctively, in the right.

On the 21st of July, two days after the “demonstration” above alluded to, and when the *Circoli Politici* were calling for a great army to send against the Austrians, and were threatening to make what they call “una dimostrazione colossale,” the Minister of the Interior had the courage to say to the deputies who were backing the demands of the Clubs,—“Gentlemen, I can assure you that no ministry in the world can improvise an army in a few days—and *without money or credit*. . . . If our populations of Romagna were like the people of Saragoza! . . . Ah! then!”

Nothing could well be meaner than the real amounts of those “voluntary Patriotic Loans,” which figured so magnificently in the newspapers. Those who were not rich, expected that those who were should pay *all*. Yet these patriots could find money to spend on extravagant uniforms, and serenades and concerts, and expensive public dinners; and they were holding these banquets in Rome, Florence, Milan, Genoa, Turin, when the poor soldiers of Charles Albert were starving on the other side of the inhospitable Mincio. In a few instances sums of from 3000 to 5000 francs were given, *from fear*, to these *voluntary* contributions; and then the Jour-

* ‘La Concordia,’ Turin.

nalists cried out Shame! and How little! “Prince—— has 500,000 francs of revenue—he gets this money every year out of the sweat and blood of the people! He only gives 5000 francs to save the country! Is this to be borne?”

Count Mamiani, who had formed the revolutionary ministry—at least inasmuch as the Pope and cardinals and the liberals would allow him to take a lead—having contributed largely to involve all things in confusion, beat a retreat at that critical moment when the retreat of Charles Albert became known, and withdrew into Tuscany, where he drew closer his political and club connexion with Guerrazzi, and others of those demagogues who were turning Florence into a second Rome, and who very soon treated the Grand Duke as badly as the Romans treated the Pope. If Mamiani has not been belied, he followed up, in a laical manner, the work which Padre Gavazzi had, clerically, commenced with so much spirit at Leghorn, and he encouraged many of those movements which ended in the Leghorn barricades. Mamiani had been an exile; he had studied, or completed his study of politics in the Paris school. Fabbri, who succeeded him at Rome, and was now a sort of prime minister, had studied in the same school. The philosophy of both was said to be the same—French and materialist, or a philosophism *à la Voltaire*. The religious people at Rome, who held them in horror, described them as a couple of rabid, rampant Atheists; but

their friends said that they were pure, philosophical Deists. Strange premiers these for the Vicegerent of Christ upon earth, for the representative of St. Peter, the head of the Roman Catholic Church! Strange and inconsistent, that such a potentate should be chained down to any constitution! Fabbri, like his predecessor, had for his colleagues men whose philosophism was *talis qualis* the same as his own, and whose belief was consequently as limited or as null as his; but then one or two cardinals and one or two bishops were also associated in the ministry; the ear of the Sovereign Pontiff was to be approached only through and by ecclesiastics. The moral jumble was awful: on the one side it tended to lead people to doubt of the sincerity of the Pope and hierarchy, and on the other it induced them to doubt of the sincerity of the professors and teachers of infidelity. Carlyle might have said that it brought two "shams" to knock their hollowness together. I know that the moral effect produced was pernicious. I believe that Pius's ambition overvaulted "and fell o' the other"—that instead of recovering his church by his alliance with democracy, he has given it a blow which must hasten its extinction; but, from all I saw now, and had previously seen and known of Italy, I equally believe that long before the hour of that extinction, there must be a violent Roman Catholic religious re-action, and that there is enough left of the old faith—la Santa Fede—among the rural populations of the

Roman States to sweep away and annihilate all the Mamiani, and Fabbri, and Sterbini of the present generation.

“ *Non mi rompete più la testa co' i vostri dritti dell' Uomo! Che dritti! Che fritti!*—don't break my head any longer with your Rights of Man! What rights! What fries! If things go on in this way the only right worth anything will be the right of begging! Now that you liberali have made a revolution and a general consternation, and have driven away the foreigners, what am I to do with my mosaics? How am I to sell my mosaics? And if I don't sell, how am I to keep my family? I have sold nothing these six months.” In this strain a dealer in mosaics, in the Via Condotti, was holding forth to a sallow-complexioned man, with a very thin face and a very meagre body, but with a long black beard, which left no doubt as to his patriotism or revolutionism. As I entered the shop the bearded man left it. The master of the shop, who must have been strongly excited to speak out so loudly to a fellow-citizen, who might denounce him at the clubs, took some time ere he could recover his composure, and hand me a few of his wares. When I had made my trifling purchases I had some talk with him, or from him, for he talked and I listened—and very good tradesman talk it was. He said that he and his father before him had lived by selling mosaics—Roman mosaics, which could not be made in any other part of Italy, or of the world; that he sold them chiefly to foreigners, of whom

very few would ever leave Rome without a token of that sort; that, counting the wives and children, and connexions of the artists who made them, there were in Rome hundreds of poor people who lived entirely by these mosaics; that when he and the other dealers could not sell, these poor people fell into cruel straits and difficulties; that hundreds of artists and artizans in other branches were now suffering privation, and many of them hunger, from the deadness of the market; that Rome, more than any other city in Italy, was dependent upon the concourse of strangers and travellers, and the annual visits of the rich and the tasteful; for she *manufactured* nothing but luxuries and elegancies, and objects of art or *virtù*; that the revolutionists had scared away all the foreigners—that last season had been no season—and that nobody could hope that this season would be better than the last. “And,” continued my dealer, “when one can sell no mosaics, and gets up in the morning out of humour, and goes to bed every night with ruin staring him closer and closer in the face, there comes a *berecchino* and talks to him about the unity and independence of Italy, and the rights of man!”

There were many Romans who were singing the same *Miserere* as my dealer in mosaics. The hotels were empty, absolutely void; the lodging-houses were shut up; the hackney coachmen forlorn, the ciceroni desperate! The month of August was not the tide of time for *many* visitors; but even August brought some to Rome, as it did to Pompeii; and

then the last bad season, and the hopeless prospect of that which was now coming on—" *disgraziati noi! e chi ci ha portato questa disgrazia?*" (unhappy we! and who has brought this unhappiness upon us?) To a man of better condition I once said—" You have made revolutions, and you must pay revolution price for them." " No," said my Roman, " it was not I, or such as I am, that made them; we did not want revolutions; we were thriving and thankful." " But you permitted revolutions to be made." " We could not help it." " You might have tried, and you did not: a combination of men like yourself might have stopped them in the beginning; or, why do you say that these anarchists are but a small minority of the Roman people?"

The print-shops abounded with French wares, and trash of the day; with lithographs of the barricades, and the combats and heroes of the February revolution; with portraits of Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin; with fancy portraits of the statesmen and generals of the first French republic; with the battles of Bonaparte, the victories of his Marshals, &c. &c. The activity and perseverance with which the French spread these things over the face of Europe are astonishing. I have been tempted at times to believe that the *commis voyageurs*, or bagmen, must have a political mission and political support from some quarter or another. They certainly act as propagandists, nor are the effects they produce so insignificant as might be imagined. Mixed with the sorts of prints I have enumerated, were others of a

lighter kind, which the Roman dealers were now selling and openly exposing without any fear of the police or of church censure. The windows of the booksellers' shops exhibited, in addition to the works we had seen on sale at Foligno, Thiers's mendacious History of the Consulate and Empire, George Sand's novels, Alexander Dumas's romances, and other productions of that disorganizing, thoroughly demoralizing school. There were also epitomes of the works of Fourier, and translations of Tom Paine. For the benefit of such as could not read them in the original, some of the most licentious of the modern French romances had been done into Italian. The liberty of the press had not been more productive here than at Naples of solid native works, or of any works creditable to Italian genius, taste, or originality. Scarcely a book of any substance or importance had been produced since the press was free, and several works which were in progress before the resurrection (*risorgimento*), and which really were important, although they did not treat of politics, had been stopped by the troubles and fermentations. The pamphleteers, who had been rather numerous, seemed to be what Dante calls "chattering birds"—or to be mere mocking birds, without a tune or a note except such as they borrowed from the French. I deny them the "primato" which Gioberti claims for them, because he considers himself the first of the first; but I have far too much respect for the genius of the living Italians to judge of it by productions like these, or by any one book or brochure

that has appeared since they have had a free press and have been involved in revolutions.

The drama at Rome was as French as all the rest. During our short stay the fashionable theatres were closed, but in one of the popular quarters of the town, by the ruins of the Amphitheatre of Augustus, was a play-house pompously called "*L'Anfiteatro di Augusto*," and this was open every night, and much frequented by the citizens and common people; and here they were acting some of the most depraved pieces which the modern genius of Paris has given birth to. One of the dramas, which attracted great crowds, was a revolting story of double adultery, ending in a murder and a double suicide.

There was immorality, there was depravity enough in Rome before; but there was a veil of decency which is now rent, and the immorality did not pervade all classes: the chastity of the Roman women of the people might have stood a comparison with the virtue of the maids and matrons of the early, simple, hard-working, abstemious republic; but if all the insidious agencies now in active operation do not produce a notable change for the worse, I will never again hazard a prediction.

We were surprised at the fewness of the priests and monks we saw in the streets. For one priest or monk that we saw here we certainly had seen a dozen at Naples. It is true that this was the season at which some parts of Rome are unhealthy, and at which many of the inhabitants retire to the hill country, to Albano, Frascati, Tivoli, and to other places

in the Sabine country ; but Rome is the capital of the Catholic world, the city of priests, and in other months of August I had always seen the clergy numerous and stirring about in the streets at least in the cool of the evening. Now we saw hardly anything but national guardsmen ; and if one had not known more of the character and performances of those disguised civilians one might have fancied that Rome was again turned into a city of *soldiers*, and was once more aiming at the conquest of the world. The incessant repetition of the words “ Roman Legion ” might have favoured the mistake. Somewhere or other the drums of the *civica* were beating all day long, and you were lucky if they did not disturb you at night. Although they had everything their own way, the patriots never ceased to be haunted by the dread of some re-action or bloody counter-revolution. One night reports of firing were heard from that quarter near the Tiber in which stands the curious brick ruin called the house of Rienzi. Instantly the *rappel* was beaten all through the city, and a host of national guardsmen marched to the spot—to discover that it was not a counter-revolution, but only some boys who had been fowling by moonlight, or trying to shoot the bats that flitted among the ruins.

It was curious to compare, on the spot, the present state of Rome with her condition as described three hundred years ago by old Blondus, or Biondo of Forli, an antiquary who could sometimes be eloquent :—“ The glories of Rome did not all depart with the legions, the consuls, the senates, the orna-

ments, and the trophies of the Capitol and the Palatine Mount. The glory and majesty of Rome are still afoot, and rest upon ground more solid though less ample than in the ancient time. At the present day, Rome can well say she has some jurisdictional power over the kingdoms and the many nations of the earth, and, to preserve this, no need has she of armies, of horsemen, or of infantry—no need has she that men should come from the city of Rome or from all Italy to enroll themselves as soldiers; nor need she keep guards on her frontiers through fear of enemies; for, to maintain this republic, there is no necessity of shedding blood or taking arms in hand, our most holy religion alone being sufficient to maintain and defend her.” *

* ‘Roma Restorata.’

CHAPTER XVI.

The Earl of Minto at Rome — Lord Palmerston's Letter to Prince Metternich — The Pope and the Patriots — The Quirinal and the Swiss Guard — Personal Appearance of Pius IX. — Murder of Count Rossi — Guardia Nobile — Our Roman Dragoon — Political Clubs — Desecration of Saint Peter's — The Tombs of the Last of the Stuarts — The Vatican — M. Martinez de la Rosa — The English Cemetery — Rosa Bathurst — Keates — Shelley — The Rome of the People.

WE had the range of the spacious Hôtel d'Europe to ourselves. Except a flying visit paid by Captain Key of the Bulldog war-steamer, and one of his officers, nobody came near the house while we were at Rome. The Earl of Minto had made this hotel his residence when he was here; and his lordship could not have made a better choice, for it is one of the most comfortable, best-served hotels on the Continent. His lordship must have nearly filled the house, as he travelled with a very long suite, taking with him on his unprecedented political mission his family (who wanted a change of air), and heaven knows how many sons-in-law, *in esse* or *in posse*. It is not incredible that Mr. Punch and his wife Judy might have made the tour of Italy for 200*l*. (as the head of that distinguished political family affirmed he would have done), and that they would have done as much good, or rather as little harm, as was done

by the Earl and all the Elliots. Nevertheless—and notwithstanding the *faciles moyens de transport* afforded to the Earl of Minto by government steamers, which carried him and his suite wherever they wished to go, and waited for them as long as they desired—I do verily believe that his lordship must have spent those 2000*l.* which were claimed for him from parliament, as the expenses, and which were paid by the English people for that which—as I still more positively believe—had brought disgrace upon our national character, and serious injuries upon Italy. After many inquiries, from persons the most different in condition and in political principles, I cannot gainsay, but must confirm the wide-spread story of the Roman balcony scene. I can relieve his lordship of nothing but the tri-colour flag. In the well-known narrative, the father-in-law of the prime minister of England is described as holding the revolution flag in his hand when he addressed the mob from the balcony of the Hôtel d'Europe. His lordship had no flag—there was no flag in the balcony—the tri-colours were all below, in the street, with the mob. But the rest of the tale was true. The Roman patriots having heard accounts (no doubt much exaggerated) of his lordship's ultra-liberal bearing in other cities of Italy, of the sympathy he had shown for the cause of unity and independence, and of the antipathy he had manifested not only towards the Austrians, but also towards Italian dynasties and old established governments, took him to be a man not sent by Lord Palmerston, but sent by Heaven. They

shouldered their flags and banners and went in great crowds to the hotel, and there saluted his Lordship with shouts of "Viva Lordo Minto! Viva l'Inghilterra! Viva la Regina Vittoria!" &c. As if highly gratified at the demonstration, his Lordship appeared in the balcony, and bowed to the mob. For a personage of his age and dignity one might have thought that this might have sufficed. His Lordship did not think so: he went on to speak or shout—and he shouted "Viva Pio Nono!" The sight and sound of a northern Thane, perched up in a balcony, in the Seven-hilled city of the Scarlet Woman, and shouting long life to the "Pape," to the living Antichrist, would not be quite agreeable to a Presbyterian tenantry—would be almost enough to make John Knox rattle his bones in his coffin and rise again. Earl Minto's presbytery may think of this hereafter. And, without being Presbyterians, many exist in England who would not—upon religious grounds—quite approve of the exhibition; while there are many more who would condemn it upon other grounds. But Lord Minto might be impelled to one small indiscretion by his loyalty and his gratitude, and as the Romans had shouted Long live Queen Victoria! he might have thought himself bound to cry Long live Pius IX.! But he stopped there? No! he did not!—he went on to shout "Viva l'Indipendenza d'Italia!" This last cry sounded in the ears of the Romans like a declaration that England was all for the revolutionists; that England wished to see the humiliation of her old

ally Austria and the expulsion of that house from Lombardy and every part of Italy. They would not put any other interpretation upon his Lordship's balcony "dimostrazione;" and their conviction that England was all for them—for them even to the vital point of engaging in a European war for the sake of them and their theories—was strengthened and more than confirmed by the antecedent of Lord Palmerston's unwarrantable and unaccountable letter to Prince Metternich, in which, at a period of great excitement in Italy, our Foreign Secretary roundly taxed the aged Prime Minister of the Emperor Ferdinand with misruling and oppressing the people of Lombardy and the Venetian Provinces. That letter of the noble Viscount was published in nearly every continental journal, and it gave an immense encouragement to the first Italian movement—to the men who called themselves *reformers*, but who were then in heart, as they now are in deed, *revolutionists*. Lord Minto's treatment of the King of Naples, his patronage of the Sicilian rebels, the saluting of the rebel flag by the Bulldog, and the sequel of that performance, were some of the after events which enforced the meaning of the balcony scene, and the shout of "*Viva l'Indipendenza d'Italia!*"

I had been told that the Earl of Minto had more than once attended the debates of the political circles or clubs of Rome. This was repeated to me as a fact on the spot; but, upon inquiry, I saw reason to believe that the statement was untrue. What was perfectly true was this: in the Hôtel d'Europe

(in this very house) he received the visits of the democratic leaders who managed those clubs, and who since that period have revolutionized the state, and played the pranks which have filled the world with astonishment and disgust, and the end of which is not yet; and from the grave authority from which I received the statement, and from the solemn, precise manner in which the statement was made, I am inclined to believe that while Lord Minto was fraternising with these ultra-liberals, and telling the Pope's immediate advisers that reforms—more reforms and more concessions—would convert the Roman States into one of the happiest of countries, and give immortality to the name of Pius IX., the Pope told his Lordship that he dreaded the spirit of the reformers, and did not consider his own life as safe even at that moment.

I will not repeat the terms which the Roman patriots were now applying to the Earl of Minto. So soon as the reverses of Charles Albert began, a cry was raised by the revolutionists, from one end of the peninsula to the other, against English duplicity and faithlessness. The phrase "*La perfida Albione*" was stereotyped in Italy. Where, in other times, I had invariably met with civility from all classes, we now very generally found incivility and rudeness, and for no other reason than because we were English.

But although they raised all this outcry, it was not the alliance and co-operation of England that the Italian liberals either expected or desired,

Their *natural* ally was republican France. Their philosophy was French, their sympathies were all French. Though cracking the welkin with their republicanism, they cherish the memories of the Empire and the conquering despot Bonaparte; and it was now with the French, and by French means, that many of these Roman patriots were expecting to take vengeance on the Austrians. "In the time of the great man I was at Vienna, and so were thousands of us Italians; and when the army of Italy shall be united to the armies of France, we may be in Vienna again before we die, in spite of this *tradimento* of Carlo Alberto." So said a grey-beard, and his sentiment produced quite a theatrical effect, for the black-beards present clapped their hands on the hilts of their antique Romano swords, and said, "*Per Dio! cosi sia*" (by God! so be it).

I had brought from Naples a letter to Monsignore S——, a member of the Pope's household, and one in intimate confidence. This prelate would have presented me to Pius if the times had been more tranquil. Even as it was, a little pressing might have procured me access to the pontifical residence, but I felt it would be indelicate to use any instance for the mere gratification of a curiosity (which in me had never been very lively) at a moment of embarrassment and dismay like the present. In my youth I had often seen the most picturesque, the most venerable of popes; with others of my countrymen I had paid him that diminished, modified reverence which he condescended to receive, and was

glad to receive, from his *friends* the English; I had heard the gentle, aged voice of Pius VII.; I had been smiled upon by that most benignant countenance; with the rest I had received the benediction which he imparted with a most graceful waving of the hand, and I had not found that the dear old man's blessing had ever done me any harm. I knew that Pius IX. was not a Pius VII. Then, this poor living Pope was a prey to anxieties, and little better than a prisoner; and he had been troubled enough by one distinguished English heretic, without so humble a heretic as myself intruding upon him. He lived on the Quirinal, or in the palace of Magno Cavallo; and for a long time he had not quitted the palace, or shown himself in public. We were in that vicinity one afternoon for a very different object, when we were told that his Holiness was coming out to attend the grand *Funzione* in the church of Saint Louis of the French. It was the *festa* of Saint Louis. We walked to the palace to see. His Holiness was not yet ready, and we were waiting outside the grand open gate—that gate which has since been burst open by the mobs and national guards, and his own regular troops—when one of the halberdiers, or Swiss Guard, begged us to come out of the sun, and conducted us into the cool shady colonnade which flanks the end and one of the sides of the spacious open court of the palace. Except some twenty Swiss, and a few Roman carabineers, two or three priests, and a melancholy looking servant or two in the pontifical livery, who

now and then crossed the broad court, there was nobody in that vast enclosure. Everything looked sad, disturbed, anxious. We passed the interval of waiting in discourse with the civil Swiss—the only civil man we had met in the course of that day's long peregrination. He was an old man from the canton of Soleure. He had been more than a quarter of a century at Rome, and in this service. Like many of his comrades, he had a Roman wife, and children that had been born unto him on the banks of the Tiber. The entire corps of Swiss, including the officers, amounted only to one hundred and ten; but even of this insignificant number, about one-half were not native Swiss, but sons of former Swiss in the service, born at Rome, and mostly of Italian mothers, brought up at Rome, and having next to nothing of the Swiss except the name. Their pay was miserably small, but they had a few trifling privileges. Their duties were light; and when off duty they all exercised some little profession or calling in the city. Some kept chandlers' shops, some were shoemakers, some tailors, some carpenters. Our old friend from Soleure was a bit of a cabinetmaker, and a polisher of furniture. A less warlike body could scarcely be conceived. Correctly speaking, they were not a military corps at all, but a mere show body-guard. They were no more soldiers than are our redoubtable beef-eaters; and some of the duties of these two corps bear a resemblance to each other, for as the beef-eaters mount guard in the crown jewel-room and the other

show-rooms in the Tower of London, so do the Swiss mount guard at the entrance into the galleries of the Vatican. Their arms are old-fashioned, useless halberts. Their dress is ridiculous: a "wear" of "motley"—a sort of cross between the dress of our stage clown and our harlequin, the clown type being the more predominant of the two. Those who have seen the Pope's Swiss Guards will never forget them: those who have not must figure to themselves men dressed in queer cut jerkins with slashed sleeves, bagging breeches fastened at the knee, both jerkin and breeches being parti-coloured, or in broad stripes of bright yellow and bright red, with narrower stripes of black; yellow stockings with black clocks; shoes with high heels and high in-steps, and rosettes; and at the top of the figure an utterly indescribable hat, with broad red and white feathers. We said to our friend that this was a very peculiar uniform. "So it is," said he, "and very ridiculous too. I have worn it many years, but I can never put it on without laughing at myself, or thinking I am going to some masquerade. It looks all the odder now that Rome is so full of smart modern uniforms, but they will not alter it. They say they can never think of altering it, *because* it was designed and invented by their great painter Raffaele." This to me was something new and startling. My ingenious friend Planché may probably know the history of this odd costume. I do not, but my veneration for the divine painter makes me incredulous of his being the inventor.

“You Swiss are not in very good odour with the *Liberali*. You must have had stormy times of late.”

“Truly,” said the old man from Soleure. “We have not had an easy, happy day since they began these revolutions. We have been living in almost constant dread of assassination. And before, we lived so well with the people of Rome, and the people of Rome with us. The people are not bad—are not unfriendly by nature. It is not their fault; they have been driven mad by wicked men, and the atrocious lies of the newspapers. They believe that the Swiss at Naples laid a trap for the people, and then barbarously massacred them at the barricades. They believe that the Austrians have turned cannibals, and have eaten Italian children alive. They know that we speak the German language like the real Austrians; they do not know what enemies we have been to the Austrians; they think we are about the same people, *Tedeschi tutti*—all Germans. At first, when the volunteers were marching to eat up the Austrians, we real native Swiss of the corps, when off duty and in our plain clothes, and going peaceably about our private affairs, durst not speak German to one another—it was dangerous. Since they have been well beaten they are rather more civil. But their fury may come again. You see how they are behaving! There is no government here! The Pope cannot come out to-day without a strong guard. They are calling him a traitor to Italy. None show

him any respect. He has granted all their wishes; they now think he stands in their way; they want to get rid of him!"

"And what will be the end?"

"They will murder him or drive him away!"

Such was the opinion of the honest Swiss, which agreed with that I had formed myself upon the observations I had made. So rapidly had the liberals reached the climax which our Venetian acquaintance had contemplated, in the month of April, on board the Turkish steamer going to Nicomedia! While putting together the notes which compose the present chapter—here in the "sweet security" of an old English provincial town—the metropolis of the Anglican church—within the holy shadows of Canterbury Cathedral—I have received and read the accounts of the assassination of the Pope's new minister, Count Rossi; of the dastardly, revolting attack of the Quirinal Palace, on the 24th of November, and of the Pope's flight the day after. I have read these relations with disgust, but certainly without any surprise. It needed no prophetic inspiration to foretel, at the end of August, that it must come to this, or worse. The man who could not foresee some such revolution must have been blind and dull indeed. And the poor Swiss!—"the ferocious Swiss guard"—as it is termed by the Italian journalists, who justify the assassination of Rossi, and attribute the vile murder of the Pope's secretary, Monsignore Palma, and all the abominations committed at the Quirinal to these Swiss firing

upon the people—what of these Swiss? They were the sort of corps I have described: and it is not to be believed that half of them stood to the posts allotted to them within the palace. Without knowing the facts of the case I would venture to affirm that the Roman-born, the sham Swiss of the corps, at the first summons ran away and hid themselves, if they did not throw up their caps and join the insurrectionists. Except the Swiss, the corps diplomatique, and a few cardinals and timid priests, there were none inside the palace with the Pope; and outside, with the mob and the demagogues, were thousands of national guardsmen and Pius's own traitorous troops, his carabineers, dragoons, gendarmes, and every soldier he had in Rome; and these poltroons, who were waging a war worse than a war upon women, had their cannons and their mortars!

To return to the Quirinal. In about half an hour some carriages began to arrive with officers of the pontifical household and church dignitaries who were to accompany the Pope to the church of Saint Louis. We saw Monsignore Palma come from another part of the palace and cross the court towards the state apartment of Pius: he was a very intellectual but melancholy-looking man—a far more interesting person, to the eye, than his master. The state carriage of his Holiness was brought to the door at the upper end of the court, and a strong cavalry escort—a part of the Guardia Nobile—rode in.

“Now is the time,” said our attentive Swiss;

“go up to the door, and you will get a near view of the Santo Padre, and see him come out and enter his coach.” We walked up the colonnade, but hesitated to make too close an approach, until we saw three or four old women and a few men of the poorest order of the people go straight up to the carriage and the palace steps without being challenged or interrupted by any one. In a few seconds Pius IX. came slowly out of the palace in the midst of a number of prelates, who hung close round him. On the upper step he raised his hand in sign of the usual benediction; but few, indeed, were those on whom the blessing fell. One of the old women knelt down and held up a petition. This occasioned a brief stop, and the stopping caused an evident alarm among those who were in the rear or inside the hall. One of the secretaries took the paper; then Pius made almost a rush into the carriage, the secretary and two other gentlemen got in after him, and presently, and in mournful silence, the procession slowly moved across the square, his Holiness being preceded by three carriages, and followed by a like number. It might have been taken for a funeral procession. We reached the outer gate of the palace before the carriages, and saw them roll across the open plateau of Magno Cavallo. There was hardly a soul in that Piazza which, a few months before, used to be crowded from morning till night by people eager to see the Pope and to shout “Viva Pio Nono” whenever he appeared. Now there was no “Viva:” none said “God bless him.” Of the

few present, some sneered ; the rest showed the most complete indifference,—all but one old man, whose eyes moistened and lips quivered ; he would have said “ Viva,” but dared not do it. The mounted guard hung closely round the Pope’s carriage, sabre in hand : a thin, pale, dark ecclesiastic, in black—resembling one of Titian’s well-known portraits of an old Venetian priest—looked anxiously out at the carriage-window. In the street which leads down from the Quirinal Mount there were some Roman citizens and national guardsmen, of whom hardly a man had the grace to touch his hat. On entering that street the carriages were driven on with very unecclesiastical speed, and the Pope’s vehicle disappeared from our sight in the midst of flashing swords. *Sic transit !*

We thought both the person and countenance of the sovereign Pontiff—who, if not a remarkable man, is a man of remarkable adventures—somewhat coarse, heavy, and plebeian. His face is very like his medals and medallions, and the common plaster casts and lithographs ; but in the best of the medals the countenance is idealized and improved. They say that when he is animated his countenance clears up and becomes very expressive. As we saw it, it was certainly dull and common. The face was fat and sallow ; not the good, deep, rich Italian olive, but rather of the colour of the oil press. His form was obese, and, as he stepped into his carriage, he exhibited a broad fat foot in white satin shoes, and a pair of ankles of portentous dimensions. The

Pope looked dropsical. The Romans said that he was in bad health, and subject to epileptic fits. His robes seemed to hang about him as if they did not belong to him or had not been made for him. How different the Ninth from the Seventh Pius!

The Guardia Nobile, composed entirely of men of rank, was a small but really splendid corps. I have not seen finer men, and they were admirably mounted. They wore dragoon uniforms without any of the contemptible tawdry which many of the Italians are so fond of; but the dress was throughout of the best materials, and cut and fitted to admiration; and there was that finish, neatness, and *oneness* which none but gentlemen ever reach. I could not judge of the hearts that lay under those blue jackets, but I am loath to believe that those fine-looking fellows could fraternize with a mob, or could prove either traitors or cowards.

As we took leave of the good man who had been so attentive to us, he said, "I am sick of all this! I wish I were back in Soleure." If he be not among the number of those who were murdered on the Quirinal on the 24th of November, he has probably had his wish by this time. But in what circumstances can he have returned to his poor native canton? and how fares it with his Roman wife and the children born by the Tiber? How fares it with all his countrymen (who are said to have been driven out of the Roman States the day after the Pope's flight) and with their wives and families? *Liberali never* give indemnifications or

compensations—and *now* they have nothing to give! They have proclaimed that the existence of the poor Swiss “Beef Eaters,” or of any corps of Swiss, is incompatible with a free constitution and Roman liberty, and offensive to Italian honour and pride. Paltry braggarts! But for the two corps of Swiss infantry that were serving with you in your late promenade against the Austrians, and who served you as faithfully as ever their countrymen served the King of Naples, you would, in your disorderly, dastardly retreat, have been cut into pieces by the sharp swords of the Croats and the Hungarians. Miserable imitators! Servile copyists! you would never have put together your round and hollow sentences, or have thought at all of your anti-Swiss proclamation and anathema, but for the Parisian antecedent of 1792!

On another evening, as we were standing by the Fountain of Trevi watching the cool gushings of the Aqua Virgo, our long dragoon and his long sword hove in sight. Outwardly, and perhaps inwardly too, he was quite a different man from what he was when we picked him up at Ancona. His plumed helmet was on his head; he wore his new jacket, and on his shoulders that overgrown pair of epaulets, all silver, and rustling and shining: he had on clean new trousers, and clean boots, and a pair of spurs long enough and strong enough to prick and break in the wooden sides of the Trojan horse, and making clatter and noise enough to frighten the living horses that were in the streets. There was

almost an air of condescension in his salutation. He was going to get his promotion; they were going to renew the war and beat the Austrians; he was in a great hurry. I had defrayed nearly all the fellow's expenses from Ancona to Terni; but what of that? I believe he was going to a political circle. At least there was a grand club meeting, and a terrible noise and hubbub made that night; and all the evil spirits of Rome were there, with their Cicerovacchi, and their other barbarous names that seemed to imply a family relationship with the demons of Alighieri,—of those, in the fifth “Circle” of Hell, whom the fiend Malacoda (or devil bad-tail) summoned from their uneasy bed of weltering pitch.

“Tratti avanti, Alichino e Calcabrina,
Cominciò egli a dire, e tu, Cagnazzo;
E Barbariccia guidi la decina.
Libicocco vegna oltre, e Draghignazzo,
Ciriatto sannuto, e Graffiacane,
E Farfarello, e Rubicante pazzo.”*

The papal government, since my time, had been spending considerable sums in clearing away the accumulated rubbish and soil of centuries which buried the platform of the ancient Roman Forum, bringing to the light of day the bases of columns and edifices which had been interred under seven or twice seven feet of broken brick, and tiles and pottery, and soil and dust; and they had been doing something in other quarters, either to disclose

* Inferno, Canto XXI.

the remnants of antiquity, or to contribute to modern comfort and cleanliness. *Non si fa più niente!* Everything is stopped. These Liberals call their timid antagonists *retrogradisti*, but they themselves are the true retrograders. The steady advancement of all Italy has been brought to a standstill by them; and, as that which does not advance must rapidly recede (there being no lasting *status quo* in the moral any more than in the physical world), these presumptuous intermeddlers will be the cause of putting back the clock of Italy half a century. The signs of their Vandalism met our eyes everywhere: they had desecrated Saint Peter's!

The first morning we went into that Basilica the last mass was over; there was no one there except an old man in a ragged coat and a very dirty lad in a round jacket; and these two asleep in the transept. The northern door was wide open, as it is from morning till night. Anybody might have entered, unobserved as we did, and might have enjoyed a full hour of barbarous mischief, if he had been that way inclined. Of the attentive, vigilant custodi, or the keepers and vergers of former days, I saw no trace. There were two Swiss in the broad passage by the side of the church which leads up to the Vatican, but they had only to mount a sham guard in that passage, and could see nothing of what passed in Saint Peter's. The church was comparatively dirty; compared with the state in which I used to see it, it was positively dirty. The first objects of art you meet are the two beautiful vases

containing the holy water, each of which is supported by two angels or cherubs. They have been portrayed so often, and engraved and copied in casts, and in all manner of materials and styles, that they are known all over the world. The figures are of gigantic proportions, like nearly every object in Saint Peter's; they are spirited, wonderfully finished, and altogether the finest specimens of the genius of the sculptor.

On the left arm of one of these cherubim a barbarian had inscribed

RAFFAELE TUFARI,

di Napoli, 1848,

in large, well-formed, deeply-cut, or deeply-bitten letters. From the depth and the sharpness I should judge that some acid corrosive of marble had been employed: the wretch's inscription was indelible; you could not efface it without destroying the arm. Other Vandals, who had not gone so leisurely or so scientifically to work, and who had not cut so deep, had inscribed their names on the breasts and bellies of the cherubim. When the old man in the tattered coat was awake and stirring we pointed out to him these acts of barbarism. He seemed to know nothing about them or to have never noticed them before. The boy said that he had been told that some did say that they had been done by Neapolitan volunteers, who came to Rome to go with the Romans to fight the Tedeschi, but he did not know himself, he could not say how they had

been done or who did them. "But where are your custodi? where are all the people that were employed to keep watch?" The boy looked stupid and said, "What do I know?" The old man shrugged his shoulders and said, "*Le cose non sono come erano prima*—things are not as they formerly were. This statuto or costituzione, these circles, this war, this confusion, all these politics what do I know? *Grand' impaccio, grand' imbroglio insomma le cose non sono più come erano.*"

In the northern aisle, on the beautiful marble cenotaph to the memory of the last of the Stuarts—a work of Canova, and paid for, as I believe, with English money—some other Liberals had very recently inscribed their vulgar names, and one of them had written in front of the monument, in large letters,

INFAMI TIRANNI.

Fortunately these inscriptions were, as yet, only in pencil. I moistened my pocket handkerchief and rubbed out the worst of them.

Pilasters and marble cornices, and basements, and saints, and angels, had fared no better than the cherubim: names were written on them or scratched into them. Nearly all this had been done quite recently. The things connected with the unhappy Stuarts seemed to have been peculiarly obnoxious to this foul disease or mania. To the left of the high altar under the dome, and a little beyond those hundreds of silver lamps which

burn incessantly, by night and by day, is the chapel of Saint Veronica, with a grand colossal statue of the saint, and a magnificent white marble balustrade to separate the chapel from the body of the church: the dark staircase which leads down to the tomb and shrine of Saint Peter, and the dark vault which contains all that is left on earth of the Old Pretender, the Young Pretender Prince Charles Edward, and his amiable and far worthier brother, Cardinal York, is by the side of this chapel and almost under the massy marble pedestal or base of the colossal statue of the saint: and here was an infinite variety of scribble, and some incisions. I know not how many vulgar names were scrawled with pencil on the marble base: two barbarians, ambitious of a more lasting infamy, had cut their names, deep and in large letters, like those of the beastly Neapolitan, on the top of the marble balustrade, where they must meet and shock every eye. A priest or canon of the church afterwards told me that he would see to the washing out of all the names and words in pencil in every part of the church; but he could not efface those deep incisions, and he lamented with a sigh or a groan, that the whole edifice had been of late much neglected; that it was difficult to get the servants to perform their duties; that the chapter was afraid of its own servants, who claimed the privileges of liberty and equality, and that there had been of late a general proneness to destruction and desecration. "But," said he, "how can you expect it should be otherwise when the men

who govern have dethroned the Pope, and have scarcely a belief in a God?"

On another occasion we went to Saint Peter's immediately after breakfast, in order to find the man who kept the keys of the Stuart vault. It was not a *very* early hour when we reached the church; it must have been between nine and ten: in the majestic sacristia a few priests were robing themselves for the performance of mass: in the body of the church, where the masses were to be said, there were four or five very dirty fellows, who were sweeping away some of the dust with worn-out brooms, and doing their work in a most slovenly and incomplete manner. It was not so when Pius VII. was Pope, and Cardinal Consalvi Prime Minister: then dozens of men swept the church, rubbed the dust from the statues, the cornices, and every accessible projection where dust was lodged; and, after being swept, the marble pavement was rubbed with felts and cloths until the inlaid marbles shone and showed out all their veins and tints; and all this work was done and over before seven o'clock in the summer mornings. It might in part have been fancy, or it might have been produced by my previous impressions, but it did seem to me that the very priests at the altars performed the service in a cold, hurried, *poco-curante* manner.

Nothing can be more modest or simple than the tombs of the Royal Stuarts. They are built against the wall, under the low-arched part of the vault;

their straight shape and shelving tops or lids give them the appearance of corn-bins. I believe they are built of brick, but they are covered with a thick coating of plaster. We saw them but faintly, by the light of a single silver cresset-lamp, which our conductor, a dark and ghostly-looking priest, held in his hand. They were perfectly clean and free from dust; but the vault is very seldom visited or opened, and it is not accessible to the dust from the church above. I do not believe that, in this season of neglect, any exclusive attention could have been paid to the last resting-places of the last members of this doomed, dethroned dynasty. The tombs are not immediately under the glorious dome, as represented by Lord Mahon and so many other travellers; they are a good many yards beyond the outer line of that grand circle, being just beneath the first confessional which is on your right hand as you walk from under the dome towards the grand entrance of the temple. The mortal remains of Christina, the abdicated queen of Sweden, the gifted but insane daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, are in the same spacious vault, and within a tomb equally simple and of the same construction; but this tomb is on the other side of the vault, and considerably to the eastward of the sarcophagi of the Stuarts. The remains of Maria Clementina Sobieski, wife of the Old Pretender, and mother of Prince Charles, are in a different part of the church, enclosed, I believe, under her monument in the northern aisle, which bears a very indifferent portrait of the princess, not sculptured

but painted, which stands opposite to the Stuart cenotaph by Canova. The vast, dark vault is a solemn place; and, at a moment like the present, when thrones were falling all around, when other ancient dynasties were menaced with destruction, when the faith for which they lost their kingdoms seemed declining and decaying even in the Holy City, where these exiled princes had breathed their last breath, I could not stand by the tombs of the Stuarts without emotion, nor quit that solemn vault—which I will never again visit—without an effort.

With every abatement from fantastical exaggeration and conventional repetition and rant, the Roman temple will remain one of the most magnificent monuments upon earth; and no one could regret more than I did the insults which had been offered to its majesty, and the neglect which seemed to be falling upon it. A few years ago, towards the close of the reign of Gregory XVI., a report was spread through Europe that there was a great crack in the cupola: that the dome was no longer safe, and might be expected to fall in with an awful crash. The report was untrue. The dome is sound, strong, and safe. The crack upon the crown of Saint Peter has been exhibited elsewhere.

Except an insufficient and very inefficient supply of custodi and attendants, there was nobody in the Vatican. We ranged through one immense gallery after another without meeting a living creature. We had the galleries, the halls, and tribunes to

ourselves. They were as lonely as a desert in Asia Minor, and quite as silent, except now and then, when a distant murmur of city noise came up from beyond the Tiber. The weather was sultry; it was hot even in those spacious marble galleries; the attendants were too lazy to follow us, or too impatient to await the time we spent before the Apollo, the Laocoon, and the other inestimable, over-abounding treasures of this marvellous collection. They cared for nothing but the fee which they have no right to exact, but which they expect from every foreigner, and most from every Englishman. They were very forlorn; they were getting nothing from visitors, and their wages were in arrears; they thought that the end of the world was coming.

To speak merely of the locale, the building, the grand casket of the precious jewels, every other national or royal museum I have seen sinks into a barn in comparison with the Vatican. I was astonished at the extent of the additions which had been made to the galleries since my time. Every pontiff, from the time of Pius VII. down to Pius IX., had added something. *Ora, non si fa più niente.* Everything is stopped; everything neglected. It would not surprise me to hear that Mamiani and his crew were offering to pawn or sell the entire collection.

The state-rooms and show-rooms, and the habitable part of the Vatican palace, were even more deserted than the galleries. Pius IX. affects the Quirinal, and has lived there ever since his accession.

The old man who showed us over these apartments seemed as if walking in a dream.

My old friends at Rome were dead or dispersed; and this was scarcely a time to make new ones. The only new acquaintance I made was Martinez de la Rosa, who had very recently arrived to renew with Pius IX. the diplomatic relations which had been so long suspended between the courts of Rome and Madrid. I was introduced to him by a letter given to me by the Duke of Rivas, the Spanish ambassador at Naples, whom I had known at Malta in 1827, when he was suffering exile and confiscation for constitutional principles, and by decree of the absolutist government of Ferdinand VII. The Duke, who had suffered for liberty's sake, had lived to see himself considered as an anti-Liberal. Like Martinez de la Rosa he has achieved a name in the literature of his country which will be remembered when the mad politics of the day are forgotten. Both were pleased to consider me as one of the guild, as a member, however humble, of the republic of letters, and to treat me with the fraternity or free-masonry of authorship. In either case my regret is, that I could see so little of a kind and accomplished gentleman. Martinez de la Rosa spoke warmly of the Pope's good intentions, and gave him credit for a great deal of talent or wit, *beaucoup d'esprit*. He deplored the condition to which he had been reduced by mad factions. Since then he and his Legation have mainly contributed to save Pius IX. from the bloodhounds, and to

place him in safety within the dominions of the king of Naples.

I cannot for a moment doubt that Martinez de la Rosa performed his important part of the office with infinite kindness and delicacy towards the unhappy pontiff, and with sufficient energy, intelligence, and address. His imagination has been dramatic, but in all the plays he has written he can scarcely have conceived an intrigue like that which drove the Pope from Rome, or a scene so dramatic as the flight to Gaeta.

I would not leave Rome without paying a visit to the English cemetery. There, by the pyramid of Caius Cestius, we found four recently arrived Sicilians, who were absorbed by the politics of their island and who were *not* courteous. The burying-place was well defended by the wall and ditch which Cardinal Consalvi had caused to be made, and it was decently and neatly kept. The few cypresses had grown, and roses and rhododendrons and other flowers were gaily blooming among the tombs and over the graves of some who were younger than myself when most of the cypresses were planted. Not a few whom I had known, and a few who had been my intimate associates in the days of my youth, lay here at rest, between the Aventine Mount and Mount Testacea. Here, in the midst, was the monument of the lovely Rosa Bathurst, the unfortunate child of a luckless father, who was accidentally drowned in the Tiber in March, 1824. The modest tombstone of poor Keats stood at the edge of the

cemetery, facing some fair tall trees beyond the ditch, and was well preserved and bright and clean as when his friend and mine, Joseph Severn, saw it set up. The small common slab commemorative of Shelley, whose wish it was that the ashes of his burned body should be deposited here, was in a very different condition; it lay in a neglected, weedy, damp place, under the northern wall: it was discoloured, dirty, mouldy, with moss beginning to grow upon it; we could scarcely read the inscription. Poor Shelley! *Cor Cordium!* His wonderful mind was maturing, his philosophy was all coming right, when that white squall overtook him in the Gulf of Spezzia. The sea waves can rarely have rolled over a warmer heart than that which went down with the poet in those blue waters. His dishonoured slab and brief epitaph were the last things to which I paid any serious attention in or about Rome. I recalled to mind his poetical, and at that time rather wild and impracticable aspirations after the independence of Italy, and renewal of the bygone glories of the Eternal City, and I thought how he might think now, had he lived through the twenty-seven years which have fled away since the waters of the Ligurian Gulf rolled over him, and could he see and hear in Rome, or among the dominant ultra-liberals in other parts of Italy, that which I was seeing and hearing.

Giuseppe Mazzini has told us that there was a Rome of a bloody aristocratic republic, a Rome of the Cæsars, a Rome of the Popes, and that all this

Rome was bad and damnable; but that the Rome of the people was yet to come. It is come! and about the worst wish that an enemy could bestow upon this demagogue is that he should be condemned to live in it.

CHAPTER XVII.

Journey from Rome to Florence — Communism — Marshal Radetzky — Terni — Singing Patriots — A general Massacre — Beggars and Franciscans — Beards and Politics — Atheism and Superstition — Perugia — Passignano — Arezzo.

I BREATHED more freely when I found myself ten miles from Rome and slowly ascending the Sabine hills. We had engaged a Roman vettura to take us on to Florence, by way of Perugia and Lake Trasymenus. As far as Foligno we had to retrace the route which we had so recently gone over; but the country was so interesting that this repetition was not likely to be irksome.

We had not left Rome until five o'clock in the afternoon: rather late at night we stopped at a very decidedly bad inn on the road, at Le Sette Vene, where the people were uncivil, and where we found four other national guardsmen with three women. It should seem that these civic heroes cannot travel without adjuncts. A young fellow of the party showed us his musket, which was unnecessarily thick in the barrel and heavy. All these arms were French. At a very early hour the next morning we were at Nepi, where the people were removing their poles and palisades. We were assured that the festa had been magnificent. We arrived at Civita Castellana at the time of high market,

and were pleased with the sight of throngs of well-dressed peasantry. About noon we made a halt for two or three hours at the very spacious and not uncomfortable inn of the small village called il Borghetto, under the ancient hill town of Magliano di Sabina. An old priest, who was on his way to Forli, had arrived a few minutes before us, and was ordering his midday *minestra*. We joined him in the sala. He was very ugly, and very yellow, and very caustic—he was all legs and arms and head. He was a keen, worldly Roman priest of the higher or more prosperous class, partaking in none of the popular superstitions, and having no heavier burthen of belief than he could carry without breaking his curved and very short back. The complexion of the times had made him atrabilarious. He had a very neat and strong English carpet bag, which he had deposited in one of half a dozen bedchambers which opened upon the sala. The waiter, a little boy, not knowing which chamber had been taken by the priest, or which by us, asked him if that were his sacco. “Hem, hem,” quoth the priest, “if there is still the law of *meum et tuum*, I should certainly say that the bag is mine. If, nowadays, a gentleman and a sacerdote can claim a right of property, I should say *that is* my property.” The boy grinned, with difficulty understanding that the carpet bag was his, not ours. The ancient Arciprete struck the haft of his knife on the table, looked at me with his bright eyes, and went off at score. “*La proprietà è un furto*—property is a theft, so say these French

communists, and some of our people are beginning to say it after them. Can there be anything so wicked, so insane, so monstrous? Why? The little wren and her mate, the smallest of birds, claim a property in the nest they have made, and will fight for its preservation. It is a doctrine against nature. Take away the right of property, and men will become worse than wild beasts in a forest." "I hope," said I, "it is not come to *that* in Italy."

"But it is coming fast to it," said the priest; "the doctrine is spreading fast and far, and if it be not checked, the Lord have mercy upon us who possess something—*Dio abbia misericordia di noi che abbiamo qualche cosa.*"

"But this doctrine will become dangerous only by spreading among the mass of the people—it can scarcely have reached your peasantry yet—the influence of the clergy and the resident country priests over your rural population used to be so great."

"It *was* great—it *is* great, except where the evil spirit of communism gets possession; but that devil is stronger than their *superstition*. We are losing our influence even over the ignorant; I, who live much in the country, see we are gradually losing it, but only and solely through the communists, who are telling every poor man that he ought to be and easily might be rich. As for all this ranting about country, and political liberty and equality, and unity and independence of Italy, it may do among the citizens of Rome, but our peasants neither understand nor care anything about it. It is not by such

appeals that our rural populations are to be excited. Our revolutionists know this, and therefore have they brought in this communism to their aid."

He went on a good while longer, but it was only to illustrate and enforce what he had said before. His argument, his tone were entirely worldly. He did not once appeal to any religious principle. With an Englishman—with a heretic—why wear any mask?

This night we slept at Narni—or rather at an hotel a little beyond the town. The house was comfortable, and the people civil though sad. The landlord had spent a great deal of money to produce the comfort; and now no English travellers, no foreigners came. None came except national guards and volunteers, and some of these were in the habit of going away without paying their bills. How could they pay when they had no money? Some of these gentry had been here lately, and had left signs of the fact. In the sala one fellow had written on the wall, "*Morte allo Straniero!*" (death to the stranger); another, still more truculent, had written, "*Viva l'Italia!—Morte a tutti gli Stranieri!*" (death to all foreigners). I pointed this out to the waiter. "Let Italy live," said I, "but why should *we* all die? Beat the Austrian if you can; but why murder all foreigners?" The waiter said that it was only *pazzia* (madness), that it was very shameful, that he would rub the words out; that they ought not to appear in a house that had been turned into an inn for the accommodation of *milordi* and other

stranieri; that for his part he only wished the foreigners would come again to Narni as they used to do, and give honest quiet people the means of living. In another room there was a little coloured engraving (done at Florence), which represented Marshal Radetzky as a prisoner in an iron cage.

The next day we found them very busy at Terni, preparing for the festa of some saint or madonna. The people were all agog, and thinking no more of politics or unity or independence than if the phrases had never been invented. The fine modern oval church, on the Piazza, was full of wax tapers, tapestries, baldacchinos, bassoons, and fiddle-cases, all ready for the festival.

We stopped at Spoleto at about one o'clock in the afternoon. The volunteers we had left singing patriotic songs in the wine-shop, were singing still. Their chorus was louder than before. It was nearly all or always to the theme of *dulce est pro patriâ mori*, or to the oath that they would make Italy free or die :—

“ Tutti giuriam l' Italia
Far libera, o morir !”

The noise which came across the narrow street into our room in the hotel opposite was stunning, particularly when those deep bass voices joined in the war-cry, “ Guerra ! guerra !” I said to the waiter that if those men were so eager for war, they had better go and fight, instead of stopping here, singing.

“ They want to go and fight,” said the waiter, “ but the rich gentlemen will not go with them.

They have no money. *Per Dio Santo*, they have learned a lesson! They will not march again without the rich. If the rich will not go, or give us their money, we must cut their throats and take it. I say it must come to this! The rich are all thieves and traitors. Our poverty is becoming great: no business in this house; no trade anywhere in the town. Nothing is left to us but to make a general massacre of the rich—*un massacro generale!*”

The speaker was a youth—he could not have been more than eighteen—but there was in his countenance and manner the fixed ferocity of a veteran in crime. He looked like one that would be quite capable of taking part in the massacre he contemplated. He was inattentive and sullen when we were here a few days before; and since then he had been spending his idle time (and now nearly all his time was idle) with the patriotic volunteers in the wine-house, which at night was converted into a political circle. To have reasoned with him would have been to throw away words and breath. An unemployed vetturino—a fine, stout, fresh-complexioned, open-countenanced man—was a gentler and better politician. In a quiet corner, he expressed his utter disgust at the long-continued orgies of the braggadocio volunteers. “It was bad enough before,” said he; “but these *malcreati* are turning the heads of all our young fellows, and driving away all our gentry, or so terrifying them that they will not quit their houses or spend a paulo if they can help it. How can we expect foreigners to come when

things are in this state? But we are not all mad. The far greater part of us are for peace and quietness. We would put all this down; but we have no one to head us, and arms have been given only to the revolutionists. Our gentlemen took no measures in time. Some say it is now too late to do anything. But if something be not done soon we vetturini must starve!"

We dined and slept at Foligno. More war-and-death songs! As soon as it was dark a crowd of loud-voiced fellows came under our windows, and sang and roared till the house shook; and when they had gone there came another band of patriotic choristers; and after them we had the drums and trumpets of the national guard. We saw nothing of the two French propagandists, but were told that they had gone to Perugia. Four national guardsmen, with one woman bound for Rome, sat down to table with us; and for more company we had two ship-captains, with their wives, who were on their way to Ancona. These last formed a quiet, respectable party. The two captains had made voyages to Ireland during the scarcity, and had made good profits thereby. To us they made no secret of their great dissatisfaction at the revolutionary proceedings, which had wellnigh put an end to all trade and commercial speculation. They were sensible, well-mannered, and exceedingly well dressed. Of all the improved classes of Italians, I have seen none more improved since the peace than this important class. We saw a great deal of them in the Levant, and at

Constantinople, where, generally, the flag of Sardinia alone far outnumbered that of any other nation. They had all the outward appearance of gentlemen. It wounded my national pride to see the general run of our own skippers cut so mean a figure, not only in dress but in manners, when compared with these smart Italian captains. No farther back than twenty years ago the Italian skipper was mostly a coarse, dirty fellow, in an ill-cut weather-jacket or greco, with a greasy hat, and a very empty head under it. The change is prodigious. It seemed to me that, if there had been any change in the masters of our own common merchant-vessels, it had been a change for the worse. This is matter of serious consideration; and especially now that hazardous changes are contemplated in our Navigation Laws. Statists may make their tables, and bewilder us with returns and long arrays of figures, and treat men as ciphers; but if the condition of the merchant-captain is getting worse instead of better, it must be seriously doubted whether our mercantile navy is improving—and, without that nursery and treasury, what will become of our national navy? Twenty-five years ago, in every part of the Mediterranean, the preference was given to English bottoms whenever they could be procured, and the rate of insurance was increased upon goods shipped in country vessels. There is no such preference now, nor—as I believe—any difference made in insurances.

The next morning we started at an early hour for Perugia. We quitted the Ancona route and

struck away to the north by a road which was as good and quite as well kept as that which we had left.

We were now in the upper valley of the Tiber, and we soon passed that river.

The whole country was richly cultivated and thickly inhabited, and though poverty and distress might be coming on, they made as yet no visible signs of their approach. It was not the same land that I had seen before. This was a region abounding in beggars. Although we stopped several times we saw no mendicants until we reached the most famous church of Santa Maria and its adjoining and immense Franciscan convent on the left-hand side of the road, under the ancient hill town of Assisi, the birthplace of St. Francis of that ilk, and the founder of the order. Here there were beggars, but not many—units to the tens of former days. We alighted to see the church, which is remarkable for its size, but not for much else, unless it be the zeal and veneration for St. Francis which still survive. “In this monastery there are at this moment more than one hundred friars and lay-brothers—more than one hundred hypocrites, rogues, and drones, who do nothing but beg, and say masses, and show pretended miracles, and impose upon the credulous country people. Our present Italian civilization will not allow of this much longer! the friars must out—*bisogna che i Frati si sfrattino.*” So spake a fellow passenger whom we, or rather our Roman driver, who was one of the greatest rogues we had encountered, had picked up at Foligno.

He was another mercante in warlike habiliments, but unlike the forlorn trafficker who had gone with us from Terni to Rome, he had not been at the losing fair of Sinigaglia. He was very talkative and loudly patriotic, very full of the rote notions of the day, well acquainted with this strip of Italy, and profoundly ignorant of everything else. The man had the longest, blackest, grandest beard we had yet seen; it fell down below his breast and gave him an air which had been quite solemn and imposing until he began to talk. He talked of the war of independence afterwards, and, stroking his grand beard and lifting up his military cap, he even talked of going to the war himself some day or other. "We have been betrayed," said he, "infamously and horribly betrayed by princes and governments. The Italian glory will not be recovered until the people cut the throats of the King of Naples, the Pope, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and Carlo Alberto, and take all the country and the war into their own hands. Then you will see what the Italians are capable of—*allora vedrete di che son capaci gli Italiani*." This was club talk and newspaper inspiration. To do the talkative man justice I should say that I do not believe he was capable of cutting any throats. We learned at Perugia that he was a merchant of Leghorn straw bonnets, and that he had always been considered a very good-tempered, money-getting, tame fellow, and was so considered even now, in spite of his beard, and his club rant, and his martial cap, and scarlet

braided trousers. I broke out into involuntary praise of the cultivation of the country. "*Non c'è male*, it is not bad," said he, "but nearly all this land belongs either to the church or to the aristocracy, and it would be far better cultivated if people had to pay no rents." The farmers here divide produce with the owner of the land in equal or unequal proportions, according to the more or the less furnished to the tenant (in addition to the land), the landlord very commonly finding cattle, ploughs, carts, &c., and not unfrequently the seed that is set in the ground. This system—most ancient in Italy—precludes long leases and other arrangements which we consider advantageous; but I could hardly say that it seemed to operate very unfavourably or harassingly on the cultivators of the soil. The *coloni* or farmers have nothing to do with the paying of tithes and taxes, which fall to the share of the landlord: not many of them attain to luxury or wealth, but still fewer are sunk in poverty or crushed by difficulties; conformably to their notions the great majority live in ease and comfort, and proportionably so do their labourers, whose pay, as with the labourers in most parts of the kingdom of Naples, is about eightpence a day English money, a sum certainly commanding in this happy climate more than three times the sum in England.

Our "Barbuto" went on with his talk—

"Ne 'l dir l' andar, ne l' andar lui più lento
Facea, ragionando andavam forte
Si come nave pinta da buon vento."

As we were beginning the ascent of the Perugia hill, a priestly student passed us on a long-tailed, little, dark bay mule—

“ Uno scolajo
Sopra un muletto bajo.”

The priestling told us no such tale as was told to Ser Brunetto Latini by the Spanish student—he simply touched the front angle of his triangular hat and jogged on. But the sight of him awakened the sleeping eloquence of our bearded man. “*Vattene al diavolo—va!* Go to the devil—go!” said he; “*Non posso vedere ne frati ne preti*, I can’t bear the sight of friars or priests. They are bad cattle to meet on the road, and when a priest passes you on a mule it is almost certain to bring you bad luck. We educated people are no more Roman Catholics than you English may be, whom the priests call heretics; it is only the vulgar, the poor ignorant peasantry who care any longer for monks, and priests, and miracles, and all that nonsense.” But the contrast of unbelief on one side and superstition on the other is unhappily of no recent date in Italy. Were the Italians to claim their own, they would scarcely leave a twig or a leaf in the atheistical laurel of France.

That ascent to the Etruscan Perugia, though very long, and in part very steep, is one of the finest in Italy, and terminates at one of the most interesting of all Italian cities.

I found the broad main street of the town into

which we entered amazingly improved. They were just finishing the paving of it with fine, broad, well-fitted stone slabs. The houses, among which are several spacious and really magnificent palaces, were all in good repair and had quite a cheerful look. The vast and very curious half-Gothic, half-Saracenic cathedral on the square at the end of the street had been undergoing a thorough repair, a restoration perfectly in taste and in keeping with the original style. Under Gregory XVI. a great sum had been expended, and constant employment had been given to a great number of masons and other artizans. Now there were only a few men, and they seemed to be idling rather than working. Within the narrow limits of this neglected, now provincial town there are more stately and interesting edifices than are to be found in great capitals beyond the Alps. I would advise no traveller of taste to go hurriedly through Perugia. In the town itself there is occupation for days, and weeks may be spent in taking a survey of the Etruscan tombs and the other antiquities of that period which are so thickly scattered in the surrounding regions. There are at least two excellent hotels in the town, and Perugia is in peaceable times a cheerful place, a place of plenty and good cheer, and very cheap to live in. Our hotel was a spacious, elegant palace, well provided with English comforts; but it had long been empty, and the poor landlord was getting into sad straits. Our cicerone, a very intelligent, pleasing young man, was almost desperate, and

quite as hungry as our primo tiranno at Loreto. There seemed to be no students in the college, or, as it is styled, the University, except a few priestlings and fifty or sixty little boys of the town who were in their humanities. There were but few monks in the houses we visited, and they seemed forlorn. Scarcely a priest or a monk showed himself in the streets: all through the Roman States these classes of men seemed to have put on the coat of invisibility. The Franciscans of Assisi had not showed their forces; the town of Perugia seemed tranquil, but the tradespeople were full of complaints, and they had clubs.

We slept this night on the margin of the Thrasymentus, at the village of Passignano. Even in this little place, which used to be the dread of all travellers, we found a tolerably comfortable little inn; nor was there a single house in the hamlet that did not exhibit some signs of improvement. When I was last here it was a filthy hole; it was now cleaner and better than many of our villages at home. At the risk of wearying by repetition I dwell upon these facts, which go to prove how much the old governments have been calumniated, and how greatly the face of Italy has improved since the blessed peace of 1815. We asked for news: our Passignano host had a budget. This was Tuesday evening: on the preceding Saturday evening there had been barricades and terrible street fightings in Leghorn, and between the patriot citizens and the Grand Duke's troops there had been two thousand

killed or wounded. I demurred at the numerical, —our host was quite positive; he had the intelligence from two travellers, foreigners, who had passed through his village this morning, and who had been at Leghorn on Saturday and had seen the battle: two neighbours confirmed the correctness of our host's report of the travellers' report. *They* had said two thousand or more, and that the Grand Duke's soldiers had been beaten and had given up the possession of the fortresses to the men of the barricades. I was sure that this was some gross exaggeration, but I was equally sure that there was mischief in the wind. Our mercante, who had talked about going to the wars, was sorely troubled, for, at this present, he was going to Leghorn, where he had goods for which he had paid. He had no appetite for his supper, although the hostess served up fish just caught in the lake. He groaned like our merchant from Sinigaglia; he wished these troubles were over, but still adhering to the text he had learned, he said that the only way of ending the troubles would be by putting all the princes of Italy to death. Here, close to one of the greatest of ancient battle-fields, whereon Hannibal overcame Flaminius, but not until ten thousand Romans had died, we went to sleep speculating or dreaming about the miserable street-fight of Leghorn.

At an early hour of the following morning we crossed the narrow and now almost dry stream called by the country people the Sanguinetto, which

is said to have run with the blood of Romans and Carthaginians. The spot was now tranquil and lovely : the battle-field was rather thickly planted with trees, and it had been recently covered with wheat and Indian corn.

A few miles farther on we passed the Tuscan frontier. The Grand Duke's officials, few in number, and with no force except three or four citizen soldiers, were very civil and rather sad. We paid a trifle to avoid the trouble of opening our portmanteaus. Our Roman vetturino, who begrudged every paulo that he did not rob from us himself, thought that this money was thrown away. "Who cares for barriers now?" said he. "We live in times of liberty! We are all Italians now, and are all going to be brothers." As a corollary to this proposition almost the first words we heard in Tuscany were abusive of the Romans; and at the very first Tuscan village we stopped at, a man called our vetturino *un porco Romano*. We asked the old functionary who countersigned our passport at the barrier whether he had any news from Leghorn. He had heard the same intelligence which had been dropped at Passignano. Could he credit it? No! but he believed that there had been or soon would be something serious—" *c' è stata, o ci sarà qualche cosa di serio.*" But cannot the Grand Duke stop these insurrections? "How can he? He has scarcely four thousand regular troops, and these are scattered about the country, and are not to be depended upon ;

and the townspeople are armed as national guards, and the parliament and clubs at Florence give the law and encourage revolution."

The admirable road continued on to the capital and to the coast. It was even better macadamized and more perfectly kept than it was in the Roman states ; perhaps, also, there was some improvement in the cultivation of the country, in the aspect of the towns and villages, and in the dress and manners of the people ; but certainly there is no very striking superiority until you get near Florence. The states of the Church may now be said to be very nearly on a level with the states of the Grand Duke. If Rome have her Campagna and Pontine Marshes, so has Tuscany her Maremme ; and both territories abound with lofty rugged mountains, and poor, chesnut-fed populations. All the female peasants we met wore neat straw bonnets, with very broad brims, which flapped, as they walked, on their backs and shoulders. The national guardsmen seemed to be striving to outdo the very Romans in the size of their beards and mustachios. Their numbers were annoying. We saw none of them at drill or any kind of exercise. The Tuscans were as backward in training and discipline as any of the citizen soldiers we had left behind us. I doubt whether any of them could have gone through their facings. They seemed to think that they were made soldiers so soon as they could show a big beard, put on a military cap and scarlet-striped trousers, and shoulder a musket.

Without stopping, but not without regret, we drove under Cortona, the queen of ancient Etruria, the most ancient and proudest of the Etruscan cities, which crowns and entirely covers a steep, lofty hill, and shows out most picturesquely and magnificently. About noon we halted for an hour or two at a village. A poor image-vender from Lucca was seated disconsolately in the street, and saying in a piteous tone, "*Cosa ne farò? cosa ne farò?*" (What shall I do with them? what shall I do with them?) "Do with what?" "Ah, Signore, with these busts of Carlo Alberto and Pio Nono! Nobody will buy—nobody will look at them! People throw stones at them—and I used to sell so many—and we have made so many, and have so many on hand! What is to be done with them? what am I to do?" In our inn there was a plaster bust of the Pope, and a full-length statuette of the King of Sardinia; but his Majesty had lost his head, and his Holiness's face was turned to the wall, as if in shame.

We found the city of Arezzo, once so ultra-loyal and extravagantly devout, wearing a very revolutionary and thoroughly democratized aspect. It was placarded all over. Not a church or palace front but was disfigured by unauthorized proclamations and wild appeals to the passions of the populace. The Circolo Politico was to be opened this evening, and, as the rumour ran, it was going to declare itself in permanent session, as the country was in danger—"La Patria in pericolo" The people seemed to be doing absolutely nothing but

talking and raving about politics. They had left themselves little else to do—they had driven away their gentry, and trade, and prosperity. The coffee-houses were crowded. They had all new names. There was the coffee-house of the “Resurrection,” or “Risorgimento;” there were the cafés of “Liberty and Equality,” “Italy,” “Italian Independence,” “Italian Democracy,” “*Fratellanza Italiana*,” &c. &c. It was here that we first observed the custom of the Tuscan national guards of depositing and keeping the tri-colours of their corps in coffee-houses. Better here than in the churches. The venerable Duomo, or cathedral of Arezzo, was hung with contemptible banners bearing devices like the names of the coffee-houses, and with flags which had been assumed by the different corps of national guards in the city and neighbouring townships, and which, as we were solemnly assured, had received the benediction of the Archbishop. They streamed along the nave. Most of the priests of the chapter wished them away; but they could not gainsay the will of the citizen soldiers, and they were obliged to conceal their wish in Arezzo. Outside the cathedral, at the northern corner of the *scalinata*, stands the fine colossal marble statue of one of the most illustrious princes of the house of Medici, which, as a recent writer has observed with perfect truth, was the most national or most intensely Italian dynasty that ever reigned in the Peninsula. Some barbarians had been pelting this statue with stones

and mud; and other and more lettered Goths had been scribbling on the fair marble pedestal.

A poor tailor, out of employment and much out of humour with the state of the times, fixed himself upon us as a cicerone. He told us some mournful stories of the madness and excesses of the youthful portion of the patriots. We went to the public promenade, above the cathedral and the city. It is a fair plateau, airy and pleasant, and commanding some charming views. It had been greatly improved of late years, and had avenues of young trees which did not exist in my time. In the midst of the open square there was a column which had been erected to the memory of some one who had contributed to these improvements, and, as we made out from a fractured and almost obliterated inscription, had been a Mæcenas in Arezzo. It was not a column built for eternity: it was of brick, stuccoed over; but the young patriots had battered it and rendered it unsightly. A popular festa, which has been held on the spot for many ages, was not kept this year, owing to a dread of feuds and bloodshed; for in these free days men are armed, and old local jealousies and animosities are at full liberty to indulge themselves; and those who assume that the Tuscans are all of one mind as to the unity question and the main political points of the day either deceive themselves or attempt by a brazen mendacity to deceive others. Considering who and what are the now dominant authorities, I surmised that the

fear of some reactionary movement was the true cause why the Arezzo festival was not held.

The modernized front of the house in which Petrarca was born had been rendered still more modern and spruce; and the too long Latin inscription on it had been retouched a few years ago. But in the whole town we did not see a bust or portrait or print of the great poet. In that line we saw nothing but the effigies of Gioberti with his spectacles, and the outlaw Garibaldi with his long beard. We did not visit the house of Peter of Arezzo, or Pietro Aretino, that irreverent cynic, which was at present an object of much more regard than the birthplace of Petrarca, because the Liberali knew that Pietro had been called the scourge of princes. There is not a house in Tuscany that saw the birth or was the residence of an eminent literary character but has some inscription over the doorway or in some other part of the front commemorating the fact. This is a laudable practice, and consonant where houses are of stone and last for many centuries; but it did seem to me that they were rather too free in the distribution of these lapidary immortalities. It is an incident in a man's life to be suddenly stopped in a street by a stone which tells him, "Here lived Machiavelli," or "Here lived Michael Angelo," or "This was the house of Galileo;" but it is vexatious to have one's steps arrested by the mementos of mediocrity.

Another most comfortable, spacious hotel, in a real palazzo, and nobody in it! A very civil waiter,

who laid us out a good dinner, in a charming cool gallery, floored with marble slabs (real and no shams), and opening over a palatial courtyard and pleasant garden, told us that there had been nobody there for months, except a few little Italian families, who made no stay and spent very little.

Our Roman vetturino wanted to stop at Arezzo, because his horses were done up, and our long-bearded dealer in straw bonnets wanted to go on to Florence that night, being anxious to ascertain the fate of his bandboxes at Leghorn. We had paid an exorbitant price for our journey, and the mercante had given two scudi, or 8s. 2d., to be conveyed from Foligno to Florence—cheap travelling, and at our expense. The vetturino proposed an exchange. Paying the fare, he would put us into a carriage better than his own, which would travel with post-horses, and convey us to Florence in four hours. The mercante declared that it would be a good exchange; that the carriage was *come si deve*, and would go very fast. The machine drew up to the door. It looked like a diminutive omnibus; but we fancied that there would be room enough for us three, or at least that they could not possibly attempt to put more than an additional one or two into it. The bearded man knew better, and he took military possession of the best place; and before we got fairly out of Arezzo we had nine insides, some being fat and somewhat frowsy, and it being one of the hottest of Italian evenings or nights. The best place, which the straw bonnet

patriot had taken (without a hint of the Black Hole of Calcutta we were to expect), was outside, in front, in a sort of cabriolet. Another wise man with a beard had got up and joined him; there was only room for one more, and that place I took, but not before I had suffered a little martyrdom. The overloaded machine performed about five miles an hour. At eleven o'clock at night, when, according to promise, we ought to have been at Florence, it stopped in the little town of San Giovanni. Sick to death of the vehicle, and reflecting upon the enormity of driving over the choicest part of Tuscany and entering Florence in the dark, I claimed our portmanteau, and we stopped where we were, at a café, in the broad doorway of which there was a tricolour flag on a tinselled flag-staff, and in the interior divers bearded patriots, some playing at dominoes and some taking coffee. The café had no beds: and we were obliged to retrace our steps through the town to find quarters.

The pleasure of the morning was a tenfold compensation for the annoyances of the over-night. The drive from San Giovanni to Florence, over hills and through villages, and a world of scattered, picturesque, charming villas, is a pleasure above price. It was another pleasure to find at the entrance into Florence a few regular troops, who were keeping guard by the barrier. We asked for the Leghorn news, and were told that Leghorn was uneasy, but had not fought as yet.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Florence — A Tuscan Priest-Patriot — A Piedmontese General — Charles Albert — The Grand Duke Leopold II. — Guerrazzi — Vendette — Murders — The Young Italy of the Tailors — Incredulity and Bigotry — Florentine rudeness — Material Improvements — Fiesole — Santa Croce — Playing at Soldiers — Barricades at Leghorn, &c.

“WE have not been beaten ; we have been betrayed ! Charles Albert has betrayed us ! Charles Albert is the infamous traitor of Italy—*l’ infame traditore dell’ Italia !*” So spoke a Tuscan priest at the first table d’hôte to which we sat down in Florence. Besides the priest, our party consisted of the host, a fine, robust, honest-faced man, who had been an old soldier and who looked like one, a Spaniard, a Piedmontese, a Lombard, a Roman, a Corsican, two Russians, and three Englishmen. They were ding-dong at politics before we took our seats. It may be imagined that the dispute had become warm. The priest, whose lips were quivering with rage, sat next to me, having our honest-looking host on his right hand ; the Piedmontese sat opposite, and had the unmistakeable air of an officer and gentleman. He took up the defence of his sovereign very firmly, but with much mildness. His accent ought to have told the priest that he was a Piedmontese, and a subject of Charles Albert ; but that there might be

no mistake about it, he told the furious Tuscano as much, and a little more—for he said that he was loyal, and that he must request the priest not to apply such language to his sovereign.

“I repeat,” roared the priest, “that we have been betrayed, and that Carlo Alberto is a traitor! I say that Radetzky must have been beaten, and would have been a prisoner at Milan, if it had not been for Carlo Alberto and his treacherous generals!”

“I am a general of Charles Albert,” said the Piedmontese, with a marvellous command of temper. “I have served in this campaign, I have known his majesty nearly all his life, and I deny that he betrayed the cause, or that it was betrayed by any of his generals. The king exposed his life and the lives of his two sons in the field, and who among those who are reviling him have done so much? His generals did their best. It is possible that military mistakes may have been committed. Let military men judge and decide. It may be true that the hearts of some of the superior officers were not in the cause—that some felt they were fighting against their own principles and interests, and for revolutionists who hate them because they are aristocrats; but I solemnly aver that there was no treachery among them or in any quarter—that we all did our best in the field, and that our inevitable reverses were owing to the insufficiency of our regular army to cover such a long line, to the insubordination and total want of discipline of the militia and

volunteers, to the lukewarmness of the mass of the population in Lombardy, to the hostile feeling manifested towards us and our cause by the rural population in the Venetian provinces, to the dissensions and jealousies of the provisional managers of affairs at Milan, who were calumniating the king my master and his generals and his regular army before ever our reverses began, and who—or at least some of whom, like Mazzini—were preaching up a republic and disseminating there, and all over Upper Italy, and in Turin, the very capital of Charles Albert, subversive, dethroning, anarchic doctrines; and all this, while Charles Albert away from his country and his menaced throne was fighting—as princes of the house of Savoy have been accustomed to fight.* Then take into consideration the want of money, the want of provisions, the absolutely starving condition of our army when the retreat commenced. How had the managers at Milan and the Lombard patriots generally kept their promises and

* All the sober friends of Italian liberty complained of the irreparable mischief done to the cause by the mad vanity and republicanism of Mazzini, and his journal, entitled ‘The Italy of the People,’ which he set up at Milan as soon as ever he could do so. There had been all along a terrible feud between the Giobertisti and the Mazzinisti. The former accused the ex-editor of Young Italy of being the most fatal enemy to Italian independence. “The Genoese Mazzini,” said one of them, “is a man who, for our misfortune, would never let Italy be quiet: he is a proud republican, *fiero repubblicano*. Instead of adapting himself to a possible *constitutional union*, his ambition to lead and figure as the head of a party impels him to divide that which our common safety requires to be united. He is betraying the country!”—*Cenni pel Popolo di Felice Govean*.

engagements? Who committed the frauds, and monstrous speculations, and monstrous blunders which destroyed the commissariat of the army, which left our men without bread, which threw so much of the stores out of our reach, but in easy reach of the Austrians? Where were the supplies of food and ammunition and balls and money which had been promised us at Milan? Our men retreated starving to that city, to find that if they stayed they must starve there. We are not advancing the cause of Italian union and independence by criminations and recriminations like these, but you have called my king a traitor, and I tell you that Charles Albert has more reason to complain that he has been betrayed by the people than the people can have for saying that he has betrayed them."

The Tuscan priest moderated his tone, partly in deference to the avowed military rank of his antagonist, and partly, as I fancy it, in consequence of a few words whispered in his ear by our host. He was fain to allow that all the blame of the recent failures was not attributable to the King of Sardinia and his generals; that it was difficult to carry on war without food and money; that it was much to be regretted that the patriots at Milan had agreed so ill; and that it was quite clear that there must have been a sad mixture of rogues and fools among the commissariat departments, the army contractors, and those charged with taking up the supplies to the army; but he would not admit that the people of Lombardy were lukewarm, or the people of the

Venetian provinces adverse. "I was in those provinces during the war," said he, "and I found Brescia boiling with Italianism and hatred of the Austrians."

"You might have found such demonstrations in Brescia, and in two or three other towns," said the Piedmontese; "but it is a serious mistake, and one often committed of late, to judge of the temper and feelings of a whole people by the spirit of a few towns, or of a part of the population of those towns. However anti-Austrian they may have been, the Brescians did more harm than good to our army of Italy. Beyond the Mincio we could hardly see our few friends among our numerous enemies. So soon as we crossed that river, we found ourselves as it were in an enemy's country. The whole of the rural population was against us. The peasants who would run miles to give advices to the Austrians, and to furnish them with refreshments, would not stir a step to serve us—would not give a glass of water to a poor Piedmontese soldier without demanding payment for it. There are thousands who can bear testimony to these facts."

Here our Lombard *convive* put in a few words, abusing all the people beyond the Mincio as vile, selfish, greedy, villainous anti-Italians; but saying a great deal in praise of the Lombards, their patriotism, Italianism, hospitality, fraternity with the Piedmontese soldiers, and so on. "In a good part of that country," said the general, "our irritated soldiers would rather have fired upon the Lombards

than upon the Austrians who were following them in their retreat."

"Incredible, horrible!" said the Lombard.

"But true," said the Piedmontese.

The priest changed his theme, and instead of abusing Charles Albert fell upon Marshal Radetzky, his generals, and the whole Austrian army with a vehemence of voice and manner, and a richness of abusive language of which I should vainly endeavour to convey a notion. He chose to address himself principally to me. When he had done this for some time, I chose to take exception to a phrase that was constantly recurring, "*gli infami, barbari Tedeschi*"—the infamous, barbarous Germans. I reminded him that the Germans were a very great family, that the Austrians were only a part of that family. He then retracted a little, and said that by Germans he meant Austrians.

"But the Austrians," said I, "are not a barbarous people."

"But the Croats are; and they are warring in Italy. You will not deny that the Croats are barbarians."

"They are not highly civilized; but they are not of the German race, they are not Austrians."

"But they are subjects of Austria—and a set of savages."

"They are not savages; they are not more barbarous or less civilized than the people of Calabria or of Sicily; and these are Italians, and persons of your opinions have taken pride in setting the Sici-

lians of the day at the head of the Italic family. You should civilize the Calabrians and Sicilians—not to mention other mountaineers and Italians nearer at hand—before you talk of the barbarism of the slave subjects of Austria.”

“By the term *barbari*,” continued the priest, “I meant *crudeli* (cruel). Everybody knows that Radetzky is a monster, and that his army has committed the most atrocious cruelties.” And he went on to repeat nearly every horrible story that had appeared in the newspapers, or had been told in the clubs. Being excited to the very utmost, he made an unlucky appeal to the Piedmontese, who frankly denied that any such stories had come to his knowledge during the campaign. The Tuscan priest said that he had come through Friuli, and that he had there seen with his own eyes the barbarities of the Austrians. But when pressed with the questions whether he had seen them in their reported cannibal state, or whether he had seen them making an indiscriminate massacre, or torturing their prisoners, or carrying babes from the breast spitted on their bayonets, he could only say that he had seen some villages in flames; and, whether the fire had been lighted by Austrians or Italians, or whether the resort to such an extremity were or were not rendered a military necessity, he could not prove. Still maddening in his ire, he maintained that the stories he had read and heard were true, and that the Austrians are, were, and ever had been atrociously cruel. I said that it

was to be regretted that some of the Italians had been so abusive, violent, and implacable at the beginning of the revolution in Lombardy, and during their brief success; and that it was to be feared that their persevering in the same language, now that they were defeated, would do them no good.

“It will stir up and arm the people,” roared the priest, who was now gesticulating like a maniac. “I say it will arm the people against the accursed Austrians! It will plant the passion of *vendetta* in their souls; it will put daggers in their hands! The Austrians will not be able to stay in Italy! They will disappear by assassination. A steady, secret system of assassination may do more for us than great victories gained in the field.”

At this moment the priest looked very like an assassin himself; his eyes glared, and his dark countenance was quite distorted with rage. The host, the Piedmontese, and one or two more, said that they did not think that it would be honourable to the national character to have recourse to such means, and that they doubted whether a large army could be disposed of by daggers and assassins. The priest took breath, cooled a little, threw his long hair back from his face, and said—

“It will not need! The French will send us an auxiliary force of fifty thousand men.”

“Fifty thousand communists,” said the Piedmontese.

The little Corsican said that communism was no such bad thing when rightly understood; but

nobody backed him, and the storm of argument soon died away in a calm.

Our Tuscan ecclesiastic was a fine, tall, well-framed man, apparently about thirty years of age ; his face would have been decidedly handsome, but for a certain sinister expression : he was exceedingly well dressed, his dress showed as little of his profession as possible : he was a priestly dandy—a character rare, but not altogether unknown among the clergy of Italy. The following day we saw him promenading the fashionable streets of Florence with a cigar in his mouth, and eyeing the ladies with a serene, smirking countenance. The Piedmontese was General Count C——. I had a little quiet conversation with him afterwards, and regret that I had not more. He was animated and intelligent, very communicative, and, I believe, very frank. I liked him all the better for the warmth with which he defended his much-abused prince, through thick and thin, right and wrong. He said that the real history of this revolutionary year—of this war against Austria, and of the motives which had urged Charles Albert to cross his frontier and march to the aid of the Lombards—would not be known just yet ; that the day would come when it would be known, and that then it would be made evident that ambition or a desire of territorial aggrandisement was the *weakest*, and patriotism or a high Italian feeling the *strongest* of his motives. He thought that a revolution or some dreadful confusion would have been inevitable at Turin if

the King had not consented to put himself at the head of his army and march into Lombardy. I made some allusion to the revolutionary movements, and the revolt of part of the Piedmontese army in 1821, and to the dubious part which Charles Albert, as Prince of Carignano, had played on that occasion. He said that those incidents had been misrepresented; that that was another story which would be cleared up hereafter; that the Prince was then young, ardent, and inexperienced; that some rash but honest men were carried away with him when designing men took advantage of his inexperience, and involved him, before he was aware of it, in a labyrinth; but he stoutly maintained that even then the Prince had made the best of a bad affair, and had averted or greatly diminished many evils that were falling upon his country. He said,—"Some of those who had misled him, and who had put the constitutionalism of 1821 in such a posture that it could not but fall—as it fell, afterwards excused themselves and their own arrogance and precipitancy at the expense of the Prince; and some went so far as to charge him with a deliberate treachery from the beginning to the end of those unfortunate affairs—nay, even to accuse him in the eye of all Europe of being the sole cause of their exile and suffering—of having purchased immunity for himself by denouncing the names and revealing the secrets of constitutionalists in Lombardy, as well as in Piedmont. I know him well! Charles Albert never was the man to be guilty of such

treachery and baseness. He was always high-minded. His own long exile here in this city of Florence, and his mental sufferings which then impaired his health, ought to have refuted the foul calumny."

The General appeared deeply to regret that this present war had ever been commenced, as it had already drained the revenue and put a stop to all improvement in Piedmont, Sardinia, and Savoy. He warmly extolled the internal administration of Charles Albert: this I had heard reluctantly praised before by some who were not the King's friends.

We found that the Grand Duke was almost as much a prisoner at Florence as was Pope Pius at Rome. He who was accustomed to walk with his family about the streets and in the public promenades like a private gentleman, now hardly ever appeared abroad. He had not been seen out for a long time, and he did not quit the Pitti palace or show himself in the Boboli gardens immediately behind and connected with the palace, while we were at Florence. The palace was guarded solely by citizen soldiers, who seemed to do the duty negligently and reluctantly. A mob might at any moment have entered the palace and forced their way to the Grand Duke's apartment: he was at the mercy of the national guard, the mobs, the clubs, and the radicals of the Chamber of Deputies. His private purse was as void as the state treasury; we were told that both were vacuums, and that the deputies and nobody else knew how credit was to be

obtained or money raised for the current expenses of government ; and yet the patriots kept shouting *Guerra ! guerra !* and the deputies were for tying the Duke to the stake of Italian union and independence, and telling him daily that he must resume hostilities and carry on the war with vigour. Perhaps at this moment the most influential and flaming of these deputies was the writer of historical romances and *ci-devant* lawyer of Leghorn, Signor Francesco Domenico Guerrazzi, a thorough-paced democrat and demagogue, drunk with vanity, drunk with Italian unitarianism. He and the party with whom he acted were delighted at the pecuniary embarrassment as at something tending to discredit the Grand Duke, and to make men look for a cure in a republic. His adversaries in the chamber, and many who were jealous of his influence without venturing to declare themselves his opponents, denied him the merits of eloquence or any of the qualities of an orator, and said among themselves that he would have done better to stick to his inkstand and write more novels. But Guerrazzi was potent in the clubs, and all but politically omnipotent in Leghorn, where the revolutionary lever was applied far more than in any other part of Tuscany. Months before this he had excited popular demonstrations in that sea-port, had set Leghorn in a blaze, and had triumphed over a too timid and too merciful government. His influence there was greater than ever ; and when he was opposed at Florence, or fancied that the capital was losing its

revolutionary energy, he put himself on the railway and glided down to Leghorn, or by means of his emissaries he stirred up the rabble of that town, which was to him what the faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau were to the French Jacobins. He had a close alliance with the democratic leaders of Genoa, with the Mamiani, Fabbri, and Sterbini of Rome, and he had been in correspondence with the insurrectionists of Naples and the revolutionists at Palermo. I believe that the clashings of their several vanities and schemes had prevented any fraternity between Guerrazzi, Gioberti, and Mazzini, but that the author of the 'Siege of Florence' corresponded with the ex-editor of the 'Young Italy.'

No country in Europe has been so indebted as Tuscany to a succession of mild, enlightened, peaceful, paternal princes; her debt or obligation to her grand dukes—archdukes of the House of Austria, but naturalised Italians, and in some instances Italians by birth—has been immense. It was that wisest and gentlest of reformers, Joseph Leopold, who turned a good part of the country from a den of thieves and cut-throats into a well-ordered and prosperous community. It was these princes of the blood of Hapsburg that really created Leghorn, draining the swamps which then surrounded it, giving it the privilege of a free port, giving to its inhabitants a free scope for their enterprise in trade, inviting foreign capitalists to come and settle there, and making, out of a miserable *scala*, one of the greatest commercial cities in the Mediterranean.

After the French occupation, the return to Florence of the Austrian Grand Duke was regarded by the great body of the Tuscans with a feeling only a little inferior in warmth to that with which the Romans hailed the return of Pius VII. And the restored Grand Duke of Tuscany proved himself the gentlest of rulers, and one of the kindest and least ostentatious of men. It was pleasant living in Florence in those days. It was an Ausonian reign, the government being as mild and sweet as the climate. The "down-fallers" of the Bonaparte period, the political exiles of Poland and of Spain, found refuge in Tuscany; and at a later period—after the convulsions to which the Peninsula was subjected in 1820-1—many Italians, driven from other states, were allowed to live unmolested at Florence. The successor of the restored prince—the living, but not reigning, Grand Duke—continued in the same track, or if he diverged from it, it was only to give more ease and liberty to his people and his many guests. No man was molested for his private political opinions. Many were tolerated, and even treated with courtesy, who had been life long enemies of the house of Austria. Even the press was to a very great extent a free one—as may be judged by the periodical publications, and the many books printed and published in Florence and Leghorn—between the years 1827 and 1847, when it began to grow (owing to the movements of the Pope) licentious, anarchic, and a nuisance in civilization. *Perhaps*, under the unconstitutional régime of Leopold II., the Tuscan

press had nearly as much liberty as is compatible with law and order and the excitable temperament of the majority of Italian writers. The scribblers indeed complained that even the slight restrictions of the Grand Duke's government were inimical to freedom of thought, and fatal to Italian genius. But where has this genius been hiding itself since every restriction has been torn away? And where is the freedom of thought, when a dominant faction insists that all men shall think in one way, and when *autos da fé* are made of contrary opinions? The internal administration of Tuscany was admirable. The political storms and troubles which occasionally shook other parts of Italy respected the frontiers of this happy state. Thus industry flourished, and no interruptions were offered to internal improvement. Numerous roads were made or improved, and there was a good commencement of communications by railroad and steam. When the present Italian movement began—at more than railroad pace—when Leopold II. was subjected to the influence and example of his neighbours the Pope and the King of Sardinia, he met half way every wish of his people. He could refuse nothing. Concession followed concession; the patriots could not ask so fast as the Grand Duke granted. The great body of the people, who had not yet been indoctrinated by political clubs, were strangers to these movements, and could not comprehend their signification. When the Liberals went forth to draw up their lists of electors and establish their electoral colleges, the

country people were greatly perplexed. "Gianni, what does it mean?" "Geppi mio, I cannot tell." They were told that they were to meet and choose deputies to represent them and take care of their interests—that they had nothing to do but to elect those in whom they had most confidence. "*Then,*" said many of them, "*let us elect the Grand Duke, for we have more confidence in our good Leopoldo than in any one else!*"

Everybody remembers the high-flying panegyrics and extravagant laudations of which Leopold was made the object. Even when every Austrian was to be expelled from the Peninsula, he was to remain as a patriot prince, as an adored sovereign, surrounded, guarded, sanctified by the universal love and devotion of the people. If Charles Albert, as a prince of martial descent and tastes, was to be the "Sword of Italy" (*La Spada d'Italia*), Leopold was to be the "Guardian of the Arts," and, presiding over the Italian Athens, he was to fulfil the mission for which Nature had destined him. But all this had passed away like the cuckoo notes of last spring, but not with the same certainty of returning. The Guardian of the Arts was now called a thick-mouthed, thick-headed Austrian; the patriot prince was nothing but a shuffling despot, who would be a bloody tyrant if he had only the courage. Leopold II. may have been guilty of extreme weakness and of some (all but unavoidable) vacillation; but it was revolting to hear how the *polite* Florentines were

now talking of one who had given them so much happiness and had borne his faculties so meekly. Gallantry to ladies does not appear to be included among the assumed virtues of "Young Italy." The Grand Duchess, a Neapolitan princess, was treated with as little respect as her consort—was almost as much traduced as the Austrian-born Queen of Naples, or the weeping wife of Charles Albert, sister of the Grand Duke. "We have ten centuries of outrages to revenge," says Mazzini *—" *Abbiamo dieci secoli d'oltraggi a vendicare.*" His disciples and rivals seem determined to take all this glut of vengeance in a few months, and to gratify their appetite of revenge without any distinction as to the victims they are to sacrifice.

During our short stay in Florence there seemed to be a lull in the storm of clubs. One or two of the theatres had been recently opened. Only a few days before our arrival there had been two significant little incidents which seemed to be regarded with complacency by some, and to be already forgotten by others. A crowd of patriots had assaulted, in the streets of the city, a son of the Grand Duke's un-

* Art. in 'La Giovine Italia,' re-published in 'Prose di Giuseppe Mazzini.' Florence, 1848.

This writer and his emulators are constantly conjugating the verb *vendicare*, or dwelling upon *vendetta*, which is the very noun a wise, moral reformer would wish to see expunged from the popular vocabulary of Italy. The phrase we have quoted in the text was used by the author in explaining to the world what was meant by the expression "Giovine Italia."

popular Minister of Finance, Baldasserone. In the country a colonel of a regiment had been shot dead by one of his own soldiers; and, that there should be no clue as to the musket from which the murderous ball proceeded, all the rest of the men fired off their pieces at the same time, thus making themselves the accomplices of the murderer. In neither case had the government or the law been able to do anything.

We never took a walk in the town without meeting some of the "hopes of the country"—boys with cigars in their mouths and uniforms on their backs. All the citizens seemed citizen-soldiers: military caps, braided trousers, crosses on the breast (to denote that the wearers were crusaders against the Austrians, and engaged in that holy war which nobody was carrying on), met us at every step. How different from the former state of Florence!

The shop-windows of the printsellers, and other shop-windows, exhibited, in nauseating profusion, coloured prints representing the interminable variety of the fopperies of the military and other costumes of "Young Italy"—the "Giovine Italia" of the tailors, not the "Giovine Italia" of Giuseppe Mazzini. There is not much originality in either, but I think the tailors have the more of it.

The ultra-Liberals of Florence were all counting on an armed French intervention, though some of them were beginning to be suspicious of General Cavaignac's *pure* republicanism. But the rich, or

those who had something to lose, stood in dread of the French communism, not believing that it had been smashed and finished with Cavaignac's victory over the barricades in June; and the devout Florentines and such as had some religious sentiment dreaded the irreligion and irreverence of the French.

"If you bring a French army across the Alps," said an old Florentine nobleman, "you inundate Italy with incredulity, and give a mortal blow to the church. The French are Voltairiens—the French have no religion!"

"And we have only a superstition."

The last words were uttered by a Florentine priest, and one who is not in the lower grades of the Roman hierarchy, but a reputed wit, and having about as much belief or spirituality as that worldling of a priest we had left at Borghetto, in the country of the Sabines. As this witty priest believed, so do a considerable portion of the Italian clergy; but the tone of infallibility of the Roman church is not lowered, its catholicity, its supremacy, its oneness, is asserted as arrogantly as in the days of Gregory the Great; nor is there any abatement to its *superstition*. On the gates of the Cathedral of Florence we read another "Invito Sacro." The people were bidden to an approaching feast of the Immaculate and Blessed Virgin, and for such as would attend the celebration, and perform certain rites, and say certain prayers, there

was a promise of plenary indulgence. Most conspicuous in the list of prayers to be said was one for “the *extirpation* of heresy.”

The booksellers’ shops were mostly filled with the wares already described. Close by the cathedral they were openly selling the ‘*Système de la Nature*,’ into which the Baron d’Holbach, and d’Alembert, Diderot, Grimm, and all who frequented the rich Baron’s table, had united their atheism and fanatical unbelief. But the work that was making the greatest noise was a production of the Tuscan genius, which was in the course of publication in parts, and the title of which was placarded all over Florence. This was ‘*I Misteri di Firenze prima del Risorgimento*,’ or, The Mysteries of Florence before the Resurrection. The title, of course, implied that all mysteries and crimes had vanished with the political regeneration. The work appeared to be a wretched imitation of Eugène Sue, *only* disgraced by a great deal more looseness and direct personality than the Frenchman’s tissue of extravagance and depravity.

The Upper House did not meet, but we had one, and only one, opportunity of hearing a debate in the Lower House. Nothing could well be more tame. A dapper, pragmatical, prosy little man was delivering “pedants’ periods,” which were indeed “very inanimate and very round.” He was followed by another deputy, who re-said what he had been saying, and in the same pedantic manner, and in very nearly the same words. The person who had

conducted us to the House said that there would be no sport to-day, that none of "the wild ones" (*gl' arrabbiati*) were present. It was very hot, and the gallery was crowded and noisy and disorderly. We quitted the parody of a House of Commons, and were soon followed by the honourable deputies. Their sitting had lasted not quite two hours, and this was the only sitting they had during a whole week. Those who have been in the habit of seeing Italian newspapers must often have been astonished at the tiny dimensions of their parliamentary reports; but their astonishment may cease when they have read these notes and some others which I have inserted in preceding chapters. I believe that even Mr. White-side would alter his opinion about the eloquence of the Italian Liberals, if he could only hear, and understand, a few of their debates.

In Tuscany, as all through the Marches of Ancona and the other portion of the Papal States we had traversed, we found the country-people civil and good-natured. But the citizens of Florence seemed really to have sacrificed at the shrine of liberty and equality, not only all the somewhat formal, precise urbanity upon which they had formerly prided themselves, but also every pretension to common courtesy and good manners. It was as clear as the dome of their Cathedral at noonday that many of them treated us with incivility *because* we were Englishmen. One party hated us because Lord Palmerston and his diplomatists had gone too far; and another party hated us because they had not

gone far enough. We devoted a part of the last day we had to spend in Florence to the picture-galleries of the Uffizii and the Tribune. Before quitting those wonderful collections I returned into the room containing the masterpieces of Baroccio to take a last look at a grand picture which, I think, had been added to the collection since my time. I had scarcely taken my stand before the picture, when the custode, with a gesture of impatience, drew the curtain across the window and darkened the room. It wanted good ten minutes of three o'clock, the time fixed for closing the galleries. The insolent understrapper knew the time as well as we did, for there was a clock close at hand; and the great clock of the contiguous Palazzo Vecchio did not strike until we had retraced our steps through those immensely long corridors and had descended the long staircase and crossed the large Piazza del Gran Duca. Even if the clock had been on the strike, he ought to have allowed me a minute or two; but we should have been gone before that. In other times there was not a man here in Florence that would have behaved so discourteously to strangers, or that would have dared to darken the room a minute before the appointed time. I have seen the attendants wait half an hour beyond that time rather than disturb a few amateurs. I looked at the rude man, but said nothing. He told me that we might come again to-morrow. "We leave Florence to-morrow morning," said I. He replied, insolently, "What have I to do with that? It is

time to shut up." I told him that it was not three o'clock. He said it very soon would be. I give this as one of several little incidents which strongly marked the change which had come upon *la gentile e cortese Firenze*.

We commenced our short sojourn there by submitting to an imposition for the sake of avoiding an altercation. Upon stopping at the hotel door, we requested the waiters or people of the house to take in our light luggage. They told us that they could not do so; that *that* was work now monopolised by the street porters; and that, as there were few arrivals, and work of all kinds scarce, the porters very sharply insisted on their right. Presently *three* rough fellows came racing to the carriage: one took one small portmanteau, another took the second light portmanteau, and a third burthened himself with our very light carpet bag. Having carried these effects to our bed-room up two pair of stairs, each of these worthy Florentines demanded about tenpence English money for his pains, telling us that this was the price fixed by *tariffa*. When they were paid and gone—and gone with an insolent swagger, and without a thank—I remarked to the waiter that they were extortionate and uncivil. The young man shrugged his shoulders, and said that now-a-days people did not like to dispute with them; that they formed a strong united body, and were apt to be turbulent. The master of the house afterwards said that they had become an insolent *canaglia*, but that, at present, he and the

rest of the hotel-keepers found it expedient to humour them.

The hotels were nearly empty. When I first knew Florence there was only one really good house of the sort in the city—the most comfortable, first-rate “Hôtel Schneider” on the Lung’ Arno: there were now twenty such houses, and some of them were magnificent. Gratitude for past benefits—gratitude for the good conferred by Englishmen during the preceding thirty-three years—ought to have modified in our regard whatever anti-English feeling had been created by the unaccountable policy of Lord Palmerston; but, except in the case of the immediate sufferers by the suspension of English intercourse, it did not appear to have had any such effect. The Florentines were doing their best to merit again the bitter epithets which their illustrious exiled fellow-citizen had bestowed upon them in the olden time—

“Quell’ ingrato popolo maligno.” *

In every part of the town there were visible traces of English “frequentation.” In the fashionable quarters, bating the fantastical and ridiculous Young Italy costumes, nearly everything was either an imitation of something English, or a real English object imported by way of Leghorn. Carriages of all sorts, saddles, saddlery, were all of the Hyde Park fashion. At the Cascine there were a good many gentlemen, and not a few ladies, taking exercise on horseback, on well-bred properly accoutred

* Dante.

horses. Some of these animals were English, some Hungarian or German; but in many instances they were native horses of an improved breed. The *locale* itself was vastly improved and beautified. The roads and avenues among the cool trees were more extensive and far better kept than formerly. Below the Cascine the Grand Duke had begun to build a fine long bridge across the Arno, which, besides adding another feature to the scenery, would have been of great convenience and utility to the public. The work was suspended. *Non c'è più moneta! Non si fa più niente!* And, in effect, every improvement had been suddenly stopped.

While we were at the Cascine observing the well-dressed multitudes, the eldest son of the Grand Duke rode up on horseback. He was a light-haired, fair-complexioned youth, apparently about fifteen years old. His countenance was amiable. He looked like a young English gentleman, and sat his horse like one. He was accompanied by a gentleman of the court, and followed by a single groom. We watched attentively, and in all that throng of carriages and horsemen we scarcely saw one hat raised in token of respect.

We went up to Fiesole; and those who fail to do as much can have no distinct notion of the external loveliness of Florence, or of the poetical but positive fact that, if all the surrounding villas and palaces were girded by the city walls, it would take more than two Romes to make one Florence.*

* Ariosto.

O! quante ville, quanti palazzi! Quante vigne, quanti oliveti, quanti poderi! There might have been, as in the days of poor Forsyth, some peasants to murmur, "and we have nothing of all this," but we did not hear them. The men we met with were humble and thankful and contented, or seemed to be so, notwithstanding there had been some serious checks to industry. The clubs had not yet climbed that high hill. As we were standing under the Cyclopæan walls of the ancient city, and looking towards that most colossal of statues which typifies the big and rugged Apennine, our old and more than half-starved cicerone asked how it was that so few of our countrymen had been of late at Fiesole, and how it was that all matters were all out of joint? Though living so near to Florence, the old man did not seem to know that there had been a revolution in Paris, and that all Italy was in orgasms. He only knew that, up on his hill-top, people were not so well off as they used to be, and that there had been scarcely any foreign travellers to keep his own trade a-going. Only some four years previously the Grand Duke, at a great expense, had improved the road from Florence, and had carried it, in ramps or terraces, to the very apex of the steep, lofty, rugged hill. An inscription commemorated the fact, and the gratitude of the Fiesolani and their rapturous joy at seeing the Grand Duke and his family ascend the whole of the mountain in their carriages. We humble travellers ascended it in a Florentine street carriage, and found the road deserving of all

praise ; but neither the Grand Duke nor any of his family had been up here of late.

“ *Il vecchio è sempre nuovo à chi comincia, ed il nuovo sempre vecchio à chi finisce.*” We had not quite finished yet ; but after a month which we had spent in Italy I was growing tired of the study of revolutionists and ultra-liberali, and was prepared to leave Florence with much less regret than I ever thought I could have left it with.

At a very early hour of a Sunday morning we were roused from our sleep by a tremendous beating of drums. What had happened ? Simply this : on the Saturday afternoon and evening there had been barricades and combats and slaughters in the streets of Leghorn. This was exactly a week after the date of the news to the same effect which the two travellers, *en passant*, had dropped at the Roman frontier and at the village of Passignano ! “ Who is victorious ? ” “ The people. ” “ Has there been much bloodshed ? ” “ About *two thousand* killed and wounded. ” *Bagatella !* We were still incredulous.

We went to make our adieux to the cathedral, the Campanile, the glorious bronze gates, Santa Croce, and Santa Maria Novella, which Michael Angelo called his delight, his bride, his *sposa*.

In Santa Croce the monuments of the Bonaparte family are in a high state of preservation. The relatives of Napoleon, who died and were buried here, have a whole cappella to themselves, and their tombs stand out in brighter light and in better order than any others. In the church of Santa

Maria Novella, when we were looking for the greatest picture of Cimabue, people came flocking in, the silver bell rang, and mass commenced in two or three parts of the church. Not to offend any religious feeling, we gave up our search, and walked out into the nearest of the several cloistered squares of the monastery. But we had been there a very few seconds ere we were startled by a loud rattle of drums, which must have been nearly as audible to those who remained at the mass as to us, for a side-door of the church was wide open, and so were some of the windows. One of the Dominican monks passed hurriedly through the cloisters. We asked what that noise meant, but he was gloomy and taciturn, and would give us no answer. The tinkle of the mass bell was heard on one side and the loud drumming continued on the other. We walked out of those cloisters and through a long passage and other cloisters (where some of the monks were chanting the offices), and came upon a more spacious quadrangle, on the four sides of which were other cloisters, and over the cloisters the cells of the monks. In the open space there were between fifty and sixty "hopes of the country" learning to march to the sound of the drum. The greater part of these hopefuls were mere children, but they had two solemnly bearded men acting as instructing officers, and they had two of the most strenuous and loudest of drummers. The exercise consisted solely in marching or moving and trying to keep step, the last being something which very few of the little

urchins could do at all, having never practised their "goose-step." Formations, or even a plain single line, were quite out of the question; yet this child's play was the only species of military exercise we ever witnessed among the citizen soldiers. One would have thought that they might have played at soldiers elsewhere and at a different time from that of mass on a Sabbath morning. One would have fancied that they would have been altogether ashamed of such a caricature of the art military, but such exhibitions were warmly promoted by the patriots, and the journalists quoted them as knock-down proofs of the martial ardour which was pervading the Tuscan people. In the midst of the area round which these little boys were moving, there was a fine statue of *il Beato Giovanni*, or John the Beatified, the founder of the house, whose arm was outstretched as if in the act of preaching. That solemn figure and outstretched arm seemed to reproach the authors of this profanation, and to warn back the childish actors in it. But *rat-a-tat-tat* went the drums, and away went the urchins treading on one another's heels and laughing. A sombre old Dominican, in his white robe and cowl, came down from his cell, probably being unable to bear that noise and clatter any longer. As he passed us in the cloisters we spoke to him, but he scarcely made a reply, and glided on and vanished. There came down another monk, but he was still more surly or discomposed. In the *Spezzieria* or *Farmacia*, a very important and widely-

famed part of this ancient monastic establishment, we found two of the Dominicans who were somewhat less desperate or more self-possessed. "This," said I, "is a strange place to choose for these exercises." "Ah," said one of the friars, "you see to what we and this ancient and holy house are reduced! But these are strange times." We asked whether, among all the many piazze and other open places in Florence, they could not find some more suitable place for exercising? "They could find plenty," said the monk, "but they like better to disturb us! They give a preference to our cloisters and courts—they do as they like—this is an awful sign of the times!" "And ours is not the only quiet monastery that is thus invaded," said the other monk; "every Sunday morning several religious houses in the city are subject to the same annoyance—the same profanation! *Dove va finire? Chi lo sa!*"

The Farmacia, where the Dominicans prepare not only medicines, but also choice perfumery and an exquisite liqueur called alchermes, and much celebrated all over Italy, contains a curious series of portraits of priors and chemists of the house, and other interesting pictures and works of art. The atmosphere is charged with the sweetest perfumes, all so happily mixed and blended together and amalgamated, that no one predominates, and although the perfume is strong it is not irritating to the nerves. It is what William Stewart Rose used to call "a tune of scents." The Dominicans sell their medicines, their perfumery, and liqueurs,

and for many centuries this fair trade has been one of the principal sources of their revenues. They had finished, quite recently, a splendid little sala or hall of reception for distinguished visitors : it was one mass of carving, rich gilding, and mirror. I never saw anything richer, or in its way more beautiful ; but it seemed out of place here—it ought to be the boudoir of a queen or empress. The monks would have done better if they had spent the money in restoring their cloisters or improving the exterior of their church. An inscription in Latin, Italian, French, and English, set up in the four corners of the sala, commemorates the work. In English it runs thus:—

TO THE MAGNIFICENT MONUMENTS EXISTING IN SANTA MARIA
NOVELLA,

THIS, PERHAPS NOT THE LEAST, HAS BEEN ERECTED BY FRIAR
DAMIANUS BENI, DRUGGIST, IN THE YEAR 1848.

The entire extent of this monastery is immense. It once contained more than a hundred monks and lay-brothers : at present there are not above twenty-five in all—and these seem to have a very insecure tenure. While we were examining the Spezzieria and talking with the two Dominicans, the “ hopes of the country ” cleared out, and left the solemn cloisters to us. These are only less interesting than the cloisters of the Campo Santo at Pisa : their walls are covered with frescos of the earliest dates. The masses were over in the church when we found out the crowning glory of old Cimabue, the Inferno

of Orgagna, and the admirably outlined frescos of Domenico Ghirlandajo; but no long time was allowed us to feast our eyes upon these treasures, for the silvery little bells tinkled again and masses recommenced; and although a hungry sacristan invited us to stay and continue our examination, we did not think it decorous to do so. The church was crowded by the humbler class of citizens, who, however, were nearly all clean, well dressed, and respectable-looking people. Outside the church, in a small enclosed court, there was a very shabby shrine, a paltry wooden shed, in which were hung two or three miserable daubs of Saints and Virgins, which, apparently, had the reputation of working miracles, for a number of women who seemed to be from the suburbs or from the villages on the neighbouring hills, were praying and crossing themselves before them at a great rate, and making votive offerings, and dropping their little coins into a little money-box. Here were more of the striking contrasts between under-belief and over-belief—between the civilization which is marching to the sound of the drum, and the superstition which stands stock still!

We walked back to our hotel to make the very brief preparations for our departure. The drums of the National Guards were again beating in the streets. The waiter doubted whether the railway trains would go that day to Pisa—whether the insurgents had not torn up the rails. Though not above a mile from the Pisa and Leghorn station

nobody could tell us whether the trains were going or not, until our landlord came in and assured us that the line was uninterrupted as far as Pisa, although between that city and Leghorn it had been stopped more than a week. He advised us not to go on to Leghorn that day, as there might be some "popping" in the evening when the wine would be in men's heads, and as all the principal streets were reported to be barricaded. We had never had the intention of proceeding farther than Pisa.

As we drove through Florence and saw the crowds of exceedingly well-dressed people, all out in their Sunday clothes, and the widened, clean streets, and the improved, splendid quays along the Arno, and the other recent improvements which met our eye at every turn, I could not help feeling that Florence, too, was a different city now from that which I had left.

CHAPTER XIX.

Journey from Florence to Pisa — Lombard Volunteers — Splendid Railroad, Carriages, &c. — A pleasant Companion — Looking for a Coachman — Florentine Profligacy — Nunnery Education — Cecisbeism — Tuscan Farming — Pisa and its Porters and Patriots — Demonstrations — Socialism — Grand Duke's Proclamation — National Guards — The Tocsin of Pisa — A Storm at Midnight — Jealousies and Antipathies between Pisa and Lucca — Ponte Carraja — Material Improvements — University closed — Professors killed — The Cascine of Pisa — Model Farm and Camels — Another Railroad — Lucca — More Clubs — Baths of Lucca — Catholic Intolerance — Wretched submissions of Government — Popular insolence.

THE railway terminus, close by the Cascine, is magnificent, but not *quite* finished. The line is one of the best I have travelled on, with an extra broad gauge, running on almost a perfect level, with few very slight cuttings. The carriages are by far the best I have seen in any country. The best of our railroad carriages in England are mean, narrow, close, pinched, and uncomfortable in comparison. The engineers were all Scotchmen. They gave us tremendous accounts of the war at Leghorn, which they said was still raging; but as they had not been beyond Pisa for more than a week, and had nothing but hearsay accounts, picked up from excited Italians, their narratives did not make our hair stand on end. In one of the open third-class car-

riages there were two young Lombards—fugitive volunteers, or warriors included in the late capitulation under Vicenza. They wore the slouched hat and drooping feathers, the dark green jerkin, and the classical short Roman sword, and each had a musket stowed away under the seat. Furthermore each was armed with a little flask, suspended round the neck by a tri-colour ribbon. The flasks were frequently to their lips, and smelt of brandy. We very rarely saw a volunteer without a flask of the sort—without his provision of “Dutch courage.” Although pretty hard drinking prevails in some portions of Italy to a degree which our tourists seem not to have been aware of, drunkenness was not to be called in my time an Italian vice. It now looked as if it were becoming one. There, in the open carriage full of passengers, at the Florence terminus, which was crowded, in the midst of men wearing the Grand Duke’s uniform or the dress of the National Guard, these hair-brained, half-drunken Lombard volunteers were saying aloud that they were going to join the patriots at Leghorn; that they had been promised at Florence three francs a day each, and that they meant to do good execution. There was not a man there to step forward and seize the braggarts—there was not a man to raise his voice against these mercenary assassins; and the boasting and noise they made here they repeated at every station at which we stopped, without challenge or check from any human being. We were told that there were three Polish refugees

engaged on the same mission in a carriage behind, but we did not see them.

The spacious, lofty, second-class carriage in which we travelled was like a parlour or drawing-room set upon wheels. Sofas, well-cushioned settees, everything was comfortable—luxurious! How different from the bare, raw, hard wooden pens in which our railway companies shut up their unhappy passengers to whom the difference in price between the first-class carriages and the second may be a serious consideration! We did not see such vile pens anywhere on the Continent.

I fell into talk with a very agreeable and well-informed old English gentleman, who had been living a long while in Florence with his family. For a little change, for the benefit of sea-air and sea-bathing, he had taken a house at Leghorn some ten days previously, believing that the long disturbances there were all settled; and at an early hour this morning, before he could know anything of last night's *fracas*, he had sent off coach and coachman and a stock of clothes and other things necessary to the seaport. He was now trying to overtake them, and send them back to Florence. He hoped to find his coachman resting the horses at Empoli, or somewhere on the high road near to that old town. His errand was not a pleasant one, but his temper was certainly not in the least ruffled. He had the composure of a well-bred gentleman, the mildness becoming one who was considerably past "*il mezzo cammin*." In speaking of the Florentines he did

not use harsh words, yet the effect of his conversation was a withering censure of well nigh the entire body of that society. The poor were exceedingly ignorant, and violently superstitious; the rich were materialists, sensualists, profligates. The domestic virtues were almost unknown in the upper classes. The families who made an exception were as rare as they were admirable—wonderful, considering the circumstances in which they were placed and their *entourage*. He had read of the decay of cecisbeism, but from all that had come to his knowledge, and from all that he had seen during his long residence, he did not believe in it. “But how should it be otherwise? Look at the system of female education as it still prevails. They shut up their children in convents and bring them out to be married. The mothers are *jealous* of their own daughters. They will not have them about them. If matches, considered suitable, and in which the inclinations or feelings of the young ladies are the very things which are not consulted, or considered at all, are not found for them, they are very soon sent back to their nunneries and the veil; and a distribution of sweetmeats at the taking of the veil, and a very small dotation, get rid of them, and make them nuns for life. You do not find in the world of Florence a single specimen of the painstaking, affectionate, useful class of old maiden aunts that we have in England. They have no kind aunt Sarahs and aunt Marys. There is hardly a family in England but is benefited and made the better and

the happier by that active class of old maids. Here the only old maids are useless nuns."

I praised the neatness and cultivation of the beautiful country—the valley of the Arno—which we were passing.

"But agriculture is not conducted on the best principles. Half as much again might be got off these lands by the introduction of a better rotation of crops, of better agricultural implements, of a more careful practice of cleansing and weeding. Much that looks so well to the eye is not good farming. Some of the landlords know this; but the farmers are ignorant and obstinate, and some of the French laws which they have kept here, make the tenant all but independent of his landlord. These laws, wherever they may be established, tend to democratize everything, and to break the fair share of dependence which the tenant ought to have on the landholder. There are some Tuscan gentlemen who would have introduced a better system of farming, with implements and processes they had seen in other countries. Their own farmers would not let them do so. A good many of the farmers are now beginning to cry out against the enormity and flagrant injustice of every kind of rent, and are beginning to claim as their own property the farms which they have held for a certain number of years. *They* will not improve agriculture; they have no accumulation of capital, and being ignorant, they will go on just as their fathers and their grandfathers did before them."

Our agreeable acquaintance left us at Empoli. I hope he found his coachman and all that he was in search of. At every station the number of the killed and wounded at Leghorn grew less and less. The two thousand of Florence was dwindled down to two hundred at Empoli. At Pisa, where we arrived at about three o'clock in the afternoon, the number fell down to forty killed and seventy wounded.

The city of Pisa, which I had always known as a most quiet place, and which until very recently had been the seat of tranquillity, now wore quite a revolutionary appearance. At the station men were brawling about politics; in the streets there were groups of bearded men disputing, haranguing at every corner, and in front of every coffee-house; the quays along the Arno, the Piazza over the bridge were crowded; and the majority wore uniforms, or something to show that they too were citizen soldiers. "*Abbiamo molti forestieri*," we have a great many foreigners, said the coachman who was driving us from the terminus, and who by *foreigners* meant people from Leghorn or Lucca, or townships still nearer at hand. "What does it all mean?" said I. "O, Signore, the Livornesi made a grand revolution last night, and I suppose we are going to have a demonstration here to-night." It looked very like it.

On stopping at the door of the hotel, three porters fell upon our luggage. We had with us a young English master mariner, who had lost his schooner, and nearly his all, at the mouth of the Danube, and

who was now finding his way homeward through the continent with a very light purse. His travelling wardrobe lay all in a small knapsack, which he had kept in his hand. One of the porters tried to snatch it from him, and the rest joined in telling him that he had no right to carry his own effects. "Barring their knives," said our skipper, who was a tall, sturdy fellow, "I would thrash these thieves all round." When we had ascended one pair of stairs to the sala, they demanded from us a piece of five francs. We laughed, and said it was too much. They became very noisy, and said that it was according to their fixed tariffa. I appealed to the waiter, and he was afraid to say anything. We walked into a bed-room. Two of the black-visaged plunderers followed us; and he who was leader or chief bully of the party came in roaring "*Pagate! pagate!*" Pay! pay! I told him I would do so if he would show me a copy of their tariffa. Gesticulating like a maniac, and as if he would strike me, he came close up and roared "*Pagate!*" My patience, which had been some time on the wing, here took flight: I told him that they were an insolent set of slaves, gone mad with their new liberty; that they were only fit to be slaves, and that I hoped the Austrians would soon bring them to reason. This had at least the effect of making them leave the room. The mistress of the house, who was much alarmed, came in and mediated; and at last we got rid of the facchini by paying three francs. When they were gone and out of hearing, the hostess and the waiter

said they were insolent people, extortioners, thieves —“ *Ma che ne volete? Il basso popolo fa come vuole! Son tempi di rivoluzione e libertà! Da qualche giorno in quà non c'è più legge in Pisa.*—But what will you have of it? The low people do as they like! These are times of revolution and liberty! For some days there has been no law in Pisa.”

An officer of the Grand Duke's regular army came in: he was in full uniform; his epaulettes were very bright, but his countenance was clouded. He had not been at Leghorn, but he had heard that the fighting had ceased last night, *because the regular troops had joined the people, as the people knew beforehand they would do.* He did not know whether the barricades had been removed or not. He had been told that the people this morning would allow no one to leave Leghorn, but that some travellers had been permitted to enter the city. He said that these were sad times for an officer who felt the obligations of his oath to his prince, and who wished to do his duty by his country.

We went away to the site of the “Torre di Fame,” where Count Ugolino and his sons and nephews were starved to death:

“Ahi! Pisa vituperio della gente!” *

and thence to that wonderful Piazza which contains the Leaning Tower, the Cathedral, the Baptistery, and the Campo Santo; and then forgot the dirty politics of the day, and all things belonging to the

* Dante.

present time in contemplating the arts and ancient grandeur of the Pisan republic. The exquisite, far prolonged, organ-like echoes of the marble dome of the Baptistery afforded more acceptable music than the roaring and ranting of the patriots in the town below. We lingered here and in the Campo Santo until it was dusk ; and we returned thither the next morning soon after daylight.

We had no armed demonstration ; but all that evening and night the excitement and the noise continued. At rather a late hour the following proclamation was stuck up on the columns of the Piazza :—

“TUSCANS!

“A horrible misfortune has happened in Leghorn, the circumstances of which are not well known ; but this we know, that a very serious conflict has been provoked, as will happen where violent passions and perverse instigations agitate the multitude. And to-day Leghorn is under the scourge of anarchy. The people of Leghorn are my witnesses that all means of mildness have been exhausted, and that in the necessity of recomposing that unhappy city, every care has been adopted in order that re-established public authority should bring nothing but peace.

“It has pleased Divine Providence to reserve me for these pangs ; and you, O Tuscans, for these perils. These twenty-five years you have known me.

“A machination which tends to make Tuscany the centre of a general convulsion of Italy, puts in

danger, with your institutions, tranquillity, order, and the future.

“In this moment, solemn to all of us, the country demands your aid—the work the arm of all.

“I rely that the Civic Guard of all Tuscany, gathering round me, will rush to the common defence.

“Florence, 3rd September, 1848.

(Signed)

“LEOPOLD.

“The Secretary of State President, ad interim,
of the Council of Ministers.

(Signed)

“G. CAPPONI.”

Some were laughing at this proclamation, and calling the Grand Duke indecent names. “Is the Duke coming himself against the people of Leghorn?” said a man. “They say so,” replied another, “but what will the poor fool do when he comes? Does he think that the Civic Guard will fight for him, when his own soldiers, last night, would not? Signor Guerrazzi has more to say with the Civic Guard than Duke Leopold. Signor Guerrazzi has set on the Livornesi, and he is not going to allow anybody to fight against them.” “But,” said a third politician, “it is reported as certain that Leopoldo will be here to-morrow morning with three thousand men! Some of the Mangia-fagioli (bean-eaters, or Florentines) are come here already—arrived by the last train—are now in this city! Are we Pisans to suffer that? We did not send for them. What right have they here?” “Gigino

mio," said another of the group, "don't be disquieted; they will not hurt us: *they have not brought their muskets with them.*"

There were, however, other men in Pisa, whose comments on the proclamation were not so loud and public, who confessed that for twenty-five years Leopold had been a good and most gentle ruler, and that it both grieved and shamed them to see his authority set at nought by a mere faction.

We here learned the true story of the Pisa tocsin, which, like Hadji Baba's drum, had made a great sensation all over the country, and the *rimbombo* of which had reached our ears afar off. Some Pisan patriots, after trying various other experiments, broke at midnight into the square old Gothic campanile, or bell-tower, which stands close by the University. The bells are those which used to call the students to their classes, and to ring out merrily when the degrees and honours of that "Alma Mater" were distributed. The old custode and bellman-in-chief remonstrated with the intruders, and got a sound drubbing. The patriots, excited by drink as well as by politics, set to work at the bell-ropes, and made noise enough to wake the dead in the Campo Santo. But the citizens were in bed, and would not be roused that night. Only a few late stragglers collected at the foot of the tower, and heard an harangue about liberty and independence of Italy and a republic. The majority of the citizens complained of this shameful nocturnal disturbance; strong representations were made to

government, and government had the courage to order the arrest of the culprits. Three of them were seized by night, at their own houses at Pisa: a fourth, who had thought it prudent to abscond, was caught at Lucca in company with a patriotess, who happened to be another patriot's wife. They were carried off to a castle, where they declared that the air did not agree with their constitutions. All this happened about a fortnight before our arrival at Pisa. The makers of trouble at Leghorn, having but a slight stock of grievances, took up the matter of these arrests; and in this way the Pisan tocsin became a cow that gave some milk.*

The young fellow who conducted us up to the top of the Leaning Tower on the following morning was a son of the custode and my conductor of a quarter of a century ago. I know not for how many generations the honours and emoluments of the office had been hereditary in his family. He was a brisk, spirited young fellow, not without a spice of the devil in him; but strongly attached to the object of his family's care, proud of the other glorious buildings in this Piazza, and very proud of being a Pisan, and one born and bred on the right side of the Arno. He was in a bad humour with the revolutionists for keeping away foreign travellers, and with the national guardsmen and vo-

* "*La vache ne rend pas!*" Phrase of the Parisians in Danton's time.

By special enactment the Tuscan parliament had given Government the power of making such arrests in particular cases.

lunteers for insisting on seeing everything without paying, and for treating the dear old tower with very little respect. In the winding staircases there was a foul smell. He said it proceeded from the *scostumatezza* of the liberali, who did just what they liked wherever they came, setting manners and decency at defiance. Leaning over the iron rail, at the summit of the tower, and having under our eye the city and the Arno which divides it into two, and the Ponte Carraja and the other curious and picturesque bridges of Pisa, and a view of the level country between us and Leghorn, and of the two islets with which Dante would have dammed up the Arno and have drowned all the Pisans, and a more distant, fainter view of the island of Elba, we talked away a pleasant matutinal half hour with our animated companion. "You cannot imagine," said he, "how brave they were here when the Austrians had retreated from Milan, and Charles Albert had gone into Lombardy, and all the Tuscans and Romans were going to the wars. They mustered seven hundred volunteers in Pisa alone. They wanted me to go too, and said I was a proper young man to be a volunteer. I was too wise to consent. Down there at head-quarters they threatened me—a great many of my own companions abused me—the enrolling officer said I should be a volunteer whether I would or not—swore that he would force me. I was too nimble for them. I just stretched my legs over that mountain into Lucca, and ate chestnuts for a day or two with a friend of our house. Well!

when I came back to Pisa I found that more than half of the volunteers had got back before me. More than three hundred returned the very night of the day on which they had marched, with flags flying, drums beating, and all that. *Poveri diavoli!* They had no shoes, no money, no anything; and the people along the road, and where they halted, instead of giving them all they wanted out of love for the independence of Italy—as they had been told they would do—wanted to be paid for all that they furnished, or hid their wine and provisions, and swore that they had nothing. It is all very well for gentlemen to go volunteering who have got money in their pockets and plenty of boots and shoes; but for a poor man it is not the thing—*non è cosa che possa convenire*. More of our poor ones came back soon after. About two hundred got to the wars, and some of them got knocked on the head. The greater fools they!"

"But do you not feel the love of country, *l'amor patria?*"

"Do I not? Put a Florentine or a Lucchese before me, and see how I will answer the question. My country is Pisa—*la mia patria è Pisa*. What have I to do with the people up above?"

The mountain just by our side, which our friend had strided over in order to avoid being made a forced volunteer, is the very—

" Monte

Perche i Pisan veder Lucca non ponno."*

* Dante.

But in a different sense from that of Dante, and for other reasons than the topographical, the Pisans cannot bear the sight of the people of Lucca, nor the people of Lucca of them : I speak of course of the populace, of the common or *sovereign* people, whom the revolutionary lawgivers are stirring up and counting upon for their unity. The hatred between these Pisani and Lucchesi, founded on the rivalries and petty wars of the dark ages, is ancient enough, but it cannot be set aside as an “*odio antico*,” or superannuated hatred, too aged to do anything : to this day it is robust and rabid among the common people, and takes the field under any excitement. The recent union of the little duchy of Lucca with the grand duchy of Tuscany has certainly not contributed to allay the feeling. Our young Pisan up at the top of the Leaning Tower told us a story of feud and local hate which might have been narrated by Benvenuto Cellini.

But why talk of hatreds between two neighbouring towns when there yet lurks a hatred and jealousy between the inhabitants of the selfsame city ? The sight of the Ponte Carraja suggested the recollection of the mock combats, which, from an early period in the middle ages, used to be held on that bridge between the citizens of the right and those of the left bank of the Arno. These sham fights very often turned out mortal combats, and people were killed or drowned in the river, men from the oppo-

site banks grappling each other in the water with such vehemence of hatred, with such death-grips, that both would perish rather than let go. These annual casualties were so serious, and the hatred kept up between the rival banks became the causes of such frequent quarrels in other parts of the year when there was no festa of the Ponte di Carraja, that about forty years ago it was found expedient or absolutely necessary to put down that festival altogether. "But," said our young Pisan, "there are some who remember it still, and often talk about it, and dispute which of the two banks used to be the braver. There is an old man—you may see him begging down at our end of the bridge, for he is very old now—that was a marvellously strong brave man in his younger days, and one of the very bravest that ever met on the bridge for us. We are of Santa Maria, those on the other side of the river are of Sant' Antonio. Well! let anybody go and shout 'Viva Sant' Antonio!' in that old man's ears, and then see how he will be ruffled. He begs for his daily bread, but he would not shout 'Viva Sant' Antonio!' if you would give him a purse of gold—no! not if you were to give him a thousand zecchini. He has not passed the centre arch of the bridge for many years; he will never cross the whole bridge again."

In the Duomo, to which we returned, we were under another guide, who was an older and staidier man, but who was still a thorough Pisan.

This morning the Campo Santo was thronged with national guardsmen from Florence, who had arrived by the railway. Their countenances and their conduct did not betoken any sensibility to the solemn appeal made to them yesterday by the Grand Duke: they were seeing sights as if they had nothing else to do, and talking and laughing as on ordinary occasions.

Considerable repairs have been made in order to preserve from further injury the ancient frescos in the cloisters and all that is left of this holy place. Alas! the frescos of Giotto are gone past recovery. They have made a new roof over the cloisters since I was here; and before these political troubles began they had resolved to glaze with good strong glass all the Gothic, light, perpendicular windows, which have had no glass in them for ages. Very large sums had been spent upon the cathedral and the baptistery, and some external repairs, which had been in progress there, had been interrupted only a few weeks ago. The interior of the Duomo had been thoroughly restored: it is now one of the most beautiful temples in all Italy. But restorations and improvements had not been confined to churches; they had been spread in all parts of this ancient and most interesting city: whole streets of what had been rough, gloomy houses, were now repaired and stuccoed, and looked bright and cheerful; several of the dingy, narrow streets had been widened and well paved, and in the very poorest quarters there was a noticeable increase of comfort

and cleanliness. The fixed population of the place had greatly increased within the last quarter of a century. I no longer saw grass growing in the streets, as I had done in former times. I was particularly struck with the difference in the street of Santa Maria, where I lodged for a short time in 1820: long grass was then growing in the interstices of the rarely trodden pavement, which reaches all across the street, and the stately houses all looked grim and desolate. Now you might as well have gone to look for grass in Cheapside; and the houses had all been renovated. But here, too, in the town as up above, the improvements in progress were all stopped. Truly these ultra-liberals are your retrogradists!

The University of Pisa, which of late years had been so thronged—having counted nearly a thousand regular students—and which had contributed very materially to the prosperity of the city, was closed, and had been so ever since the end of April, when professors and alumni hotly took up the unity and independence notion, and, becoming invaded with military ardour, threw aside their books, took up musket and sword, clapped crosses on their breasts, and prepared to march to the Holy War. A good many Greeks, from the kingdom of Otho and the dominions of the Sultan, have been accustomed to study at Pisa. Some of these remained until the month of May; but, as the professors were nearly all gone, and the course of lectures was completely interrupted, these Greeks took their departure also.

Many of the townspeople were deploring this loss, and were unable to see any prospect of the university being re-opened on the 10th of November, which is the beginning of the academical year.

In the Botanical Garden, where we made the acquaintance of the largest, most gentle, and most beautiful giraffe that we had yet seen (a present from Ibrahim Pasha), we heard other lamentations, and saw more signs of coming neglect and desolation. Ten or twelve gardeners used to be constantly employed here; but now money was scarce, and there were only an old man and a boy, and many curious shrubs and plants were perishing for want of water and necessary attention. According to the old gardener, neither the students nor the professors had come off scatheless in the crusade. One of the professors had been killed outright. This was Leopoldo Pilla, a Neapolitan by birth, and lecturer on mineralogy. He was a remarkably tall, strong, handsome man, in the very prime of life. He was wounded by a grape-shot, but did not quit the field; a second discharge finished him. His brother, also wounded, came up in time to see him die.

It was quite clear that our Florentine citizen soldiers had no notion of dying just yet. We found the Piazza and all the neighbourhood of our hotel quite crowded with them. There must have been by this time some hundreds at Pisa; but we did not see a musket among them. Yet some of them were talking about blockading Leghorn on the land side, and reducing the anarchists by stop-

ping the aqueducts which supply that city with water! But the men of this talk were very few; the majority seemed to be fraternizing with the most noisy of the Pisans, among whom were mixed sundry bearded men from Leghorn. They told us that the Grand Duke was expected every minute, and that then it would be seen what was to be done. Being curious to see any solution to so strange a riddle, we waited more than an hour; and then, as no duke came, we drove to the Cascine to see his experimental farming, his breed of camels, his cows, horses, and sheep. The road leading to that place, and the place itself, and the numerous roads and bridle-paths by which it is traversed in all directions, were greatly improved; but in spite of this, and of one of the most beautiful days that ever shone out of the heavens, there was a feeling of gloom and desertion about the Cascine. For the financial reason, a good many of the country people employed here had been dismissed. The modest country house of the Grand Duke was all shut up; and some patriots had written on the door, "Beni Nazionali;" "Robba del Popolo." Leopold had been accustomed to come here rather frequently, to pass a few quiet days like a plain country gentleman, among the rural objects which interested him, and the experiments and improvements which he and his father had introduced. He had not been here since the beginning of these troubles. The guardiani spoke of him with affection, as well as reverence, as a most kind master. They complained bitterly of the Liberali. Ever since the

people had been armed, they had been constantly trespassing upon this the duke's private domain. We saw some large herds of beautiful cows, white, straight-backed, and small-headed. There were others descended from some of our best English stocks, and other breeds from Switzerland. We also saw a few well-bred horses, but the mass were out of sight; and the interesting camels, which have been so well acclimated, were altogether invisible, being down among the *macchie* by the Mediterranean shore. I was told that the camels had increased to the number of one hundred and sixty-five, and that the full-grown ones were found very useful in the *landi*.

We drove back to Pisa. Still the Duke had not come, and some were doubting whether he would arrive before to-morrow. We went to the terminus of another new railway, and took tickets for Lucca. Though but a single line this railway is magnificent. It extends a few miles beyond Lucca. The carriages were even more elegant and luxurious than those of the Florence line. Our second-class carriage was the very perfection of neatness and comfort. The countrypeople seemed prosperous and cheerful. We stopped for a few minutes at the baths of San Giuliano, which was the sort of place where one can fancy he would like to stay for ever with a few choice friends and plenty of good books. The engine-drivers were Englishmen or Scotchmen, but they never drive in Italy at such a rate as they do at home. We were about an hour and five minutes

in getting to Lucca ; and were sorry when the journey was done. The station there, at a few hundred yards from the city walls, was a spacious elegant structure. As seen from the station and from many other points, the compact trimly-walled city of Lucca looks like a model, cut out and coloured, and set down on a garden lawn for inspection. We entered by the gate mentioned by Forsyth, over which, on the inner side, is the simple inscription “ LIBERTAS,” cut in rough stone and in enormously large letters—a remnant of the old republic, which so long resisted the Pisans and the Florentines. Everything was quiet until we reached the centre of this miniature capital, or the grand Piazza. There we found a bustle and commotion like what we had left behind us at Pisa, with street politicians, drums, and national guards, trumpets, placards, proclamations, and summonses to the Circolo Politico. Having still good four hours of daylight we devoted them to the cathedral, the churches, the pictures, which, though generally overlooked, are neither few nor of mean value, and the drive round the ramparts, which now form a promenade—perfectly unique, and one of the most beautiful drives or walks in the world.

Our hotel was excellent, but we had it all to ourselves ; and the host and his family, and the one forlorn waiter who had remained in the hope that times might improve and bring foreign travellers, were very despondent and unsettled. At the Ave Maria there was a beating of drums and noise enough to make one fancy that the town was just

taken by assault. It was only the national guards at their usual tom-fooleries. The piazza and the main street now swarmed with them to such a degree that (they having lost their civility as much as the polite Florentines) it was not easy to find one's way through them, or avoid being jostled by the blue and scarlet. There was no decrease in the monstrous dimension of beards—no abatement in the violence of language, no softening down of the new republican asperities—the Lucchesi had gone just as mad as their neighbours, and this so lately most tranquil town, or happy "Sleepy Hollow," was turned into another bear-garden, or into one broad platform or hustings of revolutionism, whereon the Grand Duke of Tuscany was treated as a contemptible tyrant, the King of Sardinia as a traitor, and the Pope of Rome as one of the worst enemies of Italy. Yet upon stepping out of this throng into the splendid old church on the grand Piazza, we found it crowded with devotees, who had collected there for vespers, and who remained praying and genuflecting in the expectation of obtaining some great spiritual advantages which had been promised to believers by this very Pope. Later in the evening the coffee-houses in this grand centre of agitation were crammed full. We entered two without finding room. As for the old Italian politeness, in such places, of making room for strangers, that was all *rococo*—obsolete, forgotten. It was quite evident that Lucca was on the eve of a "demonstration." This did not take place during our stay, but there

was one very soon after our departure, and they have had two or three more since that. The joy with which the great majority of the Lucchesi had hailed the Grand Duke Leopold as their sovereign had been of very brief duration.

The statesmen who sat in the Great Congress of Vienna to recompose disordered Europe, and whose labours, however far from ideal perfection, have given to Europe so long and blessed a peace, might have made much more of a chessboard of Italy than they did. They might have revived several of the petty sovereignties which had existed in Central and Upper Italy, and they were not without temptations and urgencies so to do. They preferred the aggrandisement of the greater States, which might indicate anything rather than their wish or design to keep Italy miserably weak and divided. They annexed Genoa to Piedmont ; and by this one act, which, in spite of all the denunciations of all the Liberals of that day, has been attended by the most happy results, they did more for Italian unity than will ever be done by the present revolutionists. By other provisions of the Treaty of Vienna, the duchy of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastallo, reserved as an *apanage* for Maria Louisa, the wife of Napoleon Buonaparte, was to fall to the Bourbon house of Lucca on the demise of that princess, and the duchy of Lucca was to be united with the grand duchy of Tuscany. Thus, the Dukes of Lucca were to change their small State for a much larger one, and Tuscany was to be enlarged and rounded. Maria

Louisa died at Parma on the 17th of December, 1847.

Though much agitated by the precipitate reforms, the “indiscriminate amnesty,” and the vague aspirations of Pius IX., who indisputably and avowedly was the original cause of the Italian movement, the beautiful country was not yet a prey to anarchy, *because* the French revolution of February and the Vienna revolution of March were yet to come. The Duke of Lucca proceeded to Parma—to be very soon expelled, less by the people of the country than by the confederated ultra liberals of all Italy. The Duke of Tuscany quietly took possession of Lucca and its territories, with their population of about 160,000 souls. Leopold, who was then only known as a mild, beneficent prince, was received with general satisfaction. Some of the deep-rooted municipal jealousies might be excited, some might grieve for a moment that Lucca should cease to be the capital of a separate state, however small, and the seat of a government, however puny, and some few might lose by the removal of the little court; but the Duke of Lucca had been living, for long seasons, out of his states, and his thoughtlessness and extravagance had pressed rather heavily upon his people. He can scarcely be so bad and depraved as the liberals paint him—for the honour of human nature I trust that he is not; but neither as a man nor as a sovereign prince could the Duchino be compared with the Grand Duke. I saw many reasons for believing that the change was acceptable

to the mass of the Lucchesi. "We hoped to be happy under the good Leopold," said one of the citizens, "but you see into what confusion and misery these revolutionists are driving us. *We* want to be quiet: *they* will not let us. Lucca is not all of a mind; blood will be shed yet."

Very early the next morning, before the patriots were stirring, we began our journey to the Baths of Lucca. The distance is about fifteen miles; the drive or walk one of the most lovely and picturesque. The small Duchy of Lucca has long been known as one of the most densely populated districts in Europe. In this valley, population seemed to have considerably increased. The villages were larger and much neater than they were when I last saw them. In various ways English money has contributed to these improvements. The image venders who frequent our streets are nearly all from this valley, and they almost invariably return to their native homes and purchase or hire a small farm so soon as they have made some money. Go up to any of these villages that are perched on the mountains, just as a painter would place them, and you will find thriving fellows who, with their plaster casts, have wandered over the length and breadth of our island, and who can speak a little English. The town of Borgo, on the right bank of the Serchio, is the little emporium of the commerce of the district, which lies chiefly in wool, hemp, and silk. It was improved out of knowledge. So were the groups of little townships

and villages which compose the Bagni. In 1820, when the Baths were getting into high vogue, and beginning to attract numerous foreign families, there was quite a scramble for accommodation, and many were the amusing shifts to which the visitors were put for room. There was only one house that could be called an hotel. There are now twelve or thirteen good hotels; many new houses have been built, and more than half of the old ones have been enlarged and repaired, and converted into lodging-houses, or private apartments for summer visitors. There are two good English shops kept by Englishmen, and stored with English comforts. There are English physicians and Italian physicians; there is an English dentist; there is even a "fashionable" English tailor, with the peremptory, unfashionable name of JOHN PAY; there are language-masters, drawing-masters, music-masters; there are stationers, haberdashers, ladies' shoe-makers, a French milliner, three livery-stables letting out carriages, horses, ponies, mules, and donkeys, and two or three bazaars. There is a little theatre for amateur performers. Through the exertion of foreign visitors, in 1841, a "Cercle de Réunion des Etrangers" was established at a delightful, very accessible spot. It consists of an assembly and dancing-room, a reading-room with newspapers, and a small library, chiefly English, two billiard-rooms, refreshment-rooms, and cool, comfortable ante-chambers; and attached to all this is a pleasant garden. There was nearly every

desirable comfort, and all the usual resources of a highly civilized watering-place; and nearly everything was cheap. We found, in quiet enjoyment of the place, and its comforts and scenery, our wandering, amusing, good-natured friend Captain M——, who had left us two months ago at Constantinople, groaning under the discomforts, innumerable annoyances, and nameless abominations of Pera. The beautiful walk we took with him in the valley of the sparkling river Lima, which falls into the Serchio a little below the Baths, now appears like a fairy vision.

“Non vide il mondo sì leggiadri rami,
Ne mosse 'l vento mai sì verdi frondi.”

Up this valley, at what is called the Villa, the English have built a Protestant chapel, having attained the necessary permission of the ex-Duke of Lucca in 1839. The costs, as usual, far outran the Italian architect's estimates, and a heavy debt still hangs over the English chapel at the Baths of Lucca. There was a small library of religious books in charge of the clergyman. On the other side of the Lima, on the last gentle slope of a green mountain, is a neat, quiet English cemetery, with a little chapel for the last service of all, an avenue of young cypresses and a few white marble tombstones. All this looks like liberality in a Catholic country; but religious toleration must not be too much counted upon. An English lady who had been distributing translations of a few of our religious tracts

had been suddenly ordered to quit the country, and had, of necessity, submitted to this harsh order only a short time before our arrival. If we were to send out of England every propagandist of Romanism but let that pass. The arbitrary measure, against a poor widow who had, in a worldly sense, done good to many of the people, was achieved in the full blaze of this new Italian liberty, and when men who are no more Catholics than they are Protestants were domineering over the Grand Duke. The mountain priests took the alarm and represented the case to the high clergy at Lucca, the high clergy of Lucca reported it to the Archbishop at Florence, and he, though notoriously surrounded by many priests that might have followed in the train of Anacharsis Clootz and Hébert, and have worshipped in the temple of the Goddess of Reason, is said to have procured the order.

The people complained that they had not had a good season. Many foreign families had been kept away by the prevalent revolutionism or epidemic of the year, and others had taken their departure much earlier than usual on account of the turbulence which had manifested itself at Florence and was spreading all over Tuscany: there were, however, a few English families still lingering in these secluded valleys. The storm of the Palermitan revolution had driven hither from Sicily, where he had resided—the favourite of all classes—for nearly forty years, my old acquaintance G. W., whom I had last seen at Naples in the year 1824. We saw

some young ladies sketching among the rocks of the Lima, and two or three English nursery-maids sitting with their children under the shady trees near the Protestant cemetery. But the tranquillity even of these recesses seemed likely to be disturbed ere long; the patriots had inaugurated a civic guard; the waiter at our inn excused his inattention by pleading his duties as a citizen soldier; and when we wanted him, just before our departure, he had gone into the Piazza to a *circolo*. The poor villagers seemed to me, as they always had done, honest, quiet, inoffensive, and, in their way, religious and scrupulously devout. What they will be, should the devil of communism be let loose among them, it is not for me to say. Should those who have made all the marvellous prosperity be kept away for a year or two, or should a continental war break out, the Bagni will become as poor and miserable as they were in 1815.

We drove back in the evening and arrived at Lucca about an hour after the Ave Maria, to hear the noises and witness the self-same scenes that had disturbed us last night. Our forlorn Lucchese waiter thought that the "dimostrazione" must surely be close at hand.

The next morning, being Wednesday the 6th of September, we returned by that most pleasant of railways to Pisa, which city we found in much the same state of excitement as on Sunday and Monday. The Grand Duke had not come, and was not coming; the citizen soldiers of Florence, having seen the

sights, had for the most part returned home ; Leopold had taken counsel of Guerrazzi, the prime fomenter of the troubles, had agreed to receive a deputation from the Livornesi, and was believed to be quite prepared to consent to every demand of the insurgents. This is the way that ducal coronets as well as kingly crowns are thrown in the dirt and lost ! But with such a parliament, such ministers, such treacherous advisers, such an army, such a national guard, and such clubs, what could the Grand Duke Leopold do ?

Although Leopold's answer had not yet been received, we were assured that the heroes of Leghorn had this morning removed their barricades and permitted free egress as well as free ingress. For about three times the usual fare the driver of a Pisan demi-fortune undertook to convey us to Leghorn.

CHAPTER XX.

Journey from Pisa to Leghorn — Numerous Flights — Strange Scenes — The Barricades — The Porters — Captain Codrington — Guerrazzi — Padre Gavazzi — Weakness of the Grand Duke's Government — Riots — Fighting in Leghorn — Cipriani — An Explosion — Poles at Leghorn — No Trade — General Remarks on the State of Italy and on Lord Palmerston's Policy — Hatred borne by the Italian Liberals to England — A Patriot Oration by Guerrazzi — Amazing Improvements in Leghorn since the Peace.

ON issuing from Pisa we met a number of carriages that were all driving towards that city. There was nothing going our way, or towards Leghorn—no! not so much as one humble pedestrian: so strong was the attraction of repulsion. As we advanced upon the road, the ebb of tide from the Tuscan seaport—which Guerrazzi has proclaimed to be the choicest temple and happiest home of Tuscan liberty—became stronger and stronger. It seemed to be wafting the wrecks of one city upon another. Despite of his new tri-colour, our driver did not seem at all to like to head this current. When we had advanced about a third of the way, he pulled up at a wine shop, and left us broiling in the sun and blinding with the dust for about a quarter of an hour; it being intensely hot in this dead flat, and the great number of vehicles having stirred up the road, which had been comparatively neglected since

the opening of the railroad from Pisa to Leghorn—now no longer open. A little beyond this point our Pisan asked the driver of every hired Leghorn vehicle he met, whether he would not change passengers with him. Some said they could not; others that they did not want to go back to Leghorn quite so soon. At length, when we were a little beyond the half way, our Pisano met a Livornese, who was willing to make the exchange, and whose passengers offered no opposition. We got out of our vehicle, and they out of theirs. They were four young fellows, looking like the sons of Livornese shopkeepers; they had all military caps or striped trousers; they were all very patriotic, very noisy, and half drunk. It was no doubt owing to the last-named little accident that they mistook us for Frenchmen—an accident which never before happened to me in any country, or in the whole course of my life. “Vive la République Française!” said one of them, lifting up his red-banded cap. “The French have been our best friends, now as always,” said another; “your steam-frigate is down there; it is all right—*tutto va bene! benone!*” They got into our carriage, and we (having no liberty of choice) got into theirs. They stopped at a wine-shop we had just passed, and we drove on for Leghorn with the Livornese horse and driver. The carriages which met us became more and more numerous; and still there was nothing going in our direction. The carriages were of all sorts, from large family vehicles to little gigs, from great wag-

gons to little carts. Luggage, and even mattresses were packed on the roof of many of the coaches, or stowed behind them ; the waggons and carts were chiefly loaded with tables, chairs, beds, and other household furniture. Some of them were piled up very high. Here and there a carter, with an eye to present comfort, had lashed an armchair at the top of his load, and was seated in it with his reins or his ropes in his hand. But there were other sights less laughable. One poor old woman, who had evidently been taken out of a sick bed for this flitting, was tied in an easy-chair at the top of a huge pile of furniture : some little children were screaming in a rough lumbering cart ; and many faces looked wan and woeful. Near to the walls of Leghorn it was one continuous line of vehicles, or rather two parallel lines in unequal motion, the carriages and chaises forming the one, and the waggons and carts the other. It was like some general runaway at the approach of rent-day—it was like the clearing out of a town that was going to be besieged. I never saw such a sight but once, and that was in the month of October, 1822, when Mount Vesuvius, in terrific eruption, seemed threatening to bury all the villages and towns at its basis or near to its roots ; and when the people of Torre dell' Annunziata, Torre del Greco, Resina, Portici, Somma, and all the rest, were driving towards the city of Naples with bag and baggage. On entering Leghorn, we found at the gate about a dozen vagabonds of the national guard mixed with nearly a like number of the

vagabonds of the Grand Duke's troops of the line—all in sweet fraternization. Although the city was so immensely enlarged, altered, and improved, I remembered enough of its topography to be aware that our driver was taking us a very roundabout way to our hotel at San Marco. When I spoke to him, he said he was avoiding the barricades. But, with all his dodging, he could not help coming in close contact with some of those redoubtable works, which were not yet removed, but only in course of demolition. In passing through a gap made in one of them, we were very nearly upset, for the labourers had gone to their dinners, and had left the paving-stones and other impediments in the opening, and, being patriots, or paid by the liberty and equality men, it was very uncertain when they might return to clear the way. But anything more contemptible than one of these Livornese barricades is not to be conceived. A galloway is hardly worth his feed that would not have leaped over the best of them. Some of them consisted merely of a few loose stones and miserable sticks laid one upon the other, to the height of three feet or three feet six. They guarded nothing, they sheltered nothing; they could one and all have been turned and taken in the reverse, *if* there had been a few soldiers true to their duty, or four or five hundred of the respectabilities among the citizens capable of turning out to check the monkey movement—*cette anarchie de singes*. It was a *singerie*, or an imitative sham altogether. In the main, it was a far greater Pulicelli-

nata than that of Naples. The Neapolitan revolutionists made barricades, and then went home to bed, and left the barricades to take care of themselves; or they stayed behind their barricades until the Swiss and the royal troops showed that they meant killing, when they ran away. But the Livornese patriots made their barricades after the troops had fraternized, and when there was nothing to be feared and nothing to be done. Had they been in earnest, there was thick gnarled oak, knee timber, beams, and other ship timber lying thick in the arsenal, and on the quays of the port, which might have been brought up into the streets, the distance being nothing; and barriers made of such materials might have stood some cannonading. But the noisy poltroons knew that they would not be exposed to so much as the explosion of a pocket-pistol when they raised their barricades—which would never have been raised at all, but for the monkey propensity to imitation. On the continent no revolution could be considered a revolution unless barricades were made. They might be high or low, weak or strong, realities or shams; but barricades there must be.

From the reverse of one of these barriers a Livornese porter leaped up on our little vehicle and seated himself by the side of the driver, without saying with your leave or by your leave. At the hotel door he sprung down and seized upon our luggage. I do not know whether he carried it all up himself or whether he had assistance to alleviate

the great burthen; but I know that he exacted about three shillings English money, and that our landlord—more than half an Englishman himself—advised us to pay the money in order to avoid a *baruffa*.

This hotel was the only one which we had yet entered that was not void and dull. Here were lodged the Consul-General just appointed by the French Republic, and a commandant or demi-commandant, or something of that species, of the Guardia Civica Livornese; and, out of consideration to the two functionaries, a guard of citizen soldiers was posted under the archway and in the court-yard of our albergo; and people were constantly coming to or going from the Republican Consul.

We found her Britannic Majesty's ship *Thetis*, Captain Codrington, in the roadstead. She had come in a few days before the Saturday of the barricades, and, strange as it may appear, *I know for certain* that both here and at Florence her arrival gave pain and uneasiness to the Tuscan government and the loyal subjects of the Grand Duke—such had been some of the effects produced by our conduct in Sicily, and by certain of our commanders coquetting with insurrection and rebellion in other quarters! The coolness of the established governments and local authorities created or increased the ill will of not a few of our officers towards them. There was disagreeable, and not very honourable, action and re-action. But if the Tuscan government wished that Captain Codrington had never come in, the

revolutionists scarcely wished him to stay; for their sympathies were all French, their reliance was all on France.

Well nigh the first thing we heard was that the city of Genoa, to which we were going, was even in a more turbulent state than Leghorn.

We found that even the most moderate estimate we had heard of the loss of life sustained in Leghorn had been greatly exaggerated. For many months Guerrazzi and his party had kept this city in a wild commotion. Leopold conceded and conceded, and at every concession the faction, of course, became the bolder. I have said that there was a lack of striking grievances. Not knowing what else to ask for, they demanded that the duty on salt should be reduced; that law-suits and all processes at law should be made cheaper; that the independence of all Italy should be secured, and that the Grand Duke (who had no longer the faculty of doing anything, or a mere shadow of power) should use all his efforts to expel the Austrians. The government promised to reduce the salt duty, to appoint a commission for revising the courts of law: they made the necessary profession of pure Italianism; but then spoke of the existing truce with the Austrians, and of the offered mediation of England and France. There was a short lull in the storm until government thought fit to silence the street-preaching Padre Gavazzi, and to send that firebrand across the Tuscan frontiers towards his own home at Bologna. The story of this deportation, which in

reality was managed in the gentlest manner, was presently converted into a horrible narrative, and the Barnabite friar, who had made himself the idol of the common people, was represented to have suffered more than many a canonized martyr. Even here the revolutionists could get up no steam until they had lighted the coals of religious fanaticism. But this fire being kindled they threw in other fuel. The political circles were appealed to, as well at Florence and Pisa as at Leghorn; arms were put into the hands of about two hundred unemployed sailors, custom-house porters, and runaway volunteers; a demonstration was made, and four persons were killed, nobody knew how or why. It is necessary to quote from a patriotic local newspaper to make the reader understand what sort of confusion and dastardly panic prevailed, and in what manner they could be described by revolutionary pens.

“At the dusk of that evening (the 25th of August) a report was spread that troops were marching upon Leghorn. The people rose: the *générale* was beaten, and troops of the common people in arms (*Popolani armati*), and civic guards, commanded by officers of the citizen militia, hastened to the gates, declaring that Leghorn had no need of regular troops, as the internal order of the city had been confided to the people, *and was not running any risk of being disturbed*. The company of civic artillerymen put three pieces of cannon in position at the gates. At one o'clock in the morning the *accidental* discharge of the musket of a man

belonging to a patrol *provoked the discharge of all the sentinels that were in advance beyond the barriers.* Then was heard the cry to arms! *Alle armi!* And, quick as lightning, this cry was taken up and repeated in all the city; the church bells were rung *a stormo*, and by thousands the citizens repaired in arms to the gates, showing that whenever the people of Leghorn might have to fight not against their own brothers, but against the stranger, they would know how to imitate the brave people of Bologna. The cause of the false alarm being ascertained, perfect order was restored; and thus Leghorn, which can unite and rise so soon, can, still sooner, distinguish causes and effects, and re-enter into that quiet which especially becomes a commercial city.”*

The scene of that nocturnal fright and most contemptible of panics was described to me by one who saw it as the most ridiculous and laughable of all scenes—as a farce which made the ‘Mayor of Garret’ and the Armada scenes in ‘The Rehearsal’ look like deep tragedy. Not only did all the advanced posts fire, but nearly every man fired that held a loaded musket; and the citizen artillerymen were going to blaze away with their big guns, when it was discovered that it was a false alarm—all nothing! With such discipline, and a proneness to such panics, it may be understood how these citizen-soldiers are constantly doing that which was never meant to be done, and killing poor people they never intended to kill.

* Il Corriere Livornese, 26th August, 1848.

A deputation of patriots, of men who were leagued with Guerrazzi, and who had been the most active of his agents in revolutionizing Leghorn, repaired to Florence to demand explanations from the Grand Duke and his ministry touching the affair of Padre Gavazzi. They ought to have been seized and thrown into prison ; but the political circle and half of the citizen-soldiers of the capital were there to back them ; there was no law, no real government in Florence ; and these men were admitted to an audience by their insulted, outraged prince, and were assured that the Barnabite friar was perfectly safe at Bologna.* Leopold was even reduced to

* Father Gavazzi's journey through Tuscany was an ovation, like the Earl of Minto's journey through Italy. But in some places he was treated as a disturber of the public peace, and saluted with cries of " Morte al Gavazzi ! " He and his friends pretended that in these places the enemies of liberty and Italian union and independence had spread the report that he was a secret friend and paid spy of the Austrians. The holy friar himself directly charged the Grand Duke's government with propagating this rumour. Monstrous impudence ! and monstrous absurdity ! The people of those places knew perfectly well what was Gavazzi and what his mission ; and they had the good sense to dislike both. But, as I have before repeated, nothing is too monstrous for the political belief of these ultra-liberals. That class of men believed the friar ; and his letter, being referred to the Circolo Politico at Florence and at Leghorn, made quite as much noise as the turbulent monk could have wished.

" There has been an infernal plot," wrote the friar, " one of the usual sort ! In Signa I found the insult of being taken for a spy of the Germans, and a conductor of Germans. Hence a terrible outcry and a wrath without end. This is a pretty case ! *It grieves me that the government should have disseminated this report.* We found it diffused and radicated even along the Pistoja road, and on this account we have been obliged to hear from more than a thousand

the humiliating necessity of thanking the subjects who had rebelled against him and against the constitution as much as against common law, and to express an undiminished affection for the people of Leghorn. The deputation returned triumphant—*gloriosa e trionfante*—on the 26th of August, and issued its report from the “Civic Palace;” and then another revolutionist who had been chosen by the people to be civil governor, and another who had made himself gonfaloniere or chief magistrate, placarded the city, called upon the virtuous and heroic people of Livorno to be quiet and return to work (they had no work to return to), and invited the directors of the railway to resume their operations and send trains as usual to Pisa. But the patriots had taken up some of the rails, and the suspended operations could not be resumed so speedily, and some of the mob would not have the line repaired lest the Grand Duke should send troops and artillery along it; and all the Livornese were afraid of railway travelling at a season like the present. They had also destroyed the electric telegraph. This indeed had been the first operation of this most contemptible and unmeaning of insurrec-

mouths, ‘Death to the infamous wretches! Kill them!’ One day, however, and perhaps it is not distant, the deceived people will know that I never was and never will be either a spy or a German.”—*Corriere Livornese*, Aug. 29th, 1848.

Gavazzi was and is a maniac. The ultra-liberals, who have made all the use of him they can, have never dared to publish his street addresses to the mobs. They only give “elegant extracts” from his orations about unity and independence.

tions. Two or three dozen of dirty ragged boys, who would have been dispersed by two London policemen, had gone to the station, and had there committed that havoc. They threw the machinery of the telegraph into a canal. It had since been fished up and sold as old metal to a dealer in marine stores.

When these riots, which altogether had lasted three days, were over, the men who had excited them upon totally different pretexts declared, with a frank and astounding impudence, that the movement had been for a totally different object. In a proclamation which they issued "IN THE NAME OF THE PEOPLE," these clubbists and self-constituted magistrates and governors said: "Black and infamous calumnies have been spread by iniquitous enemies against the Livornese people. *The movements of Leghorn have for their object the abandoned Italian cause, the feeble war that has been carried on.* Tuscans! the Livornese people is Italian; in these tumults it has not dishonoured the name of Italy, for in three days of movement private property has remained uninjured. The Livornese people may be calumniated, but the infamy will remain with those who attempt the deed."*

To this precious document were appended sixteen signatures, and among them was that of *Francesco Domenico Guerrazzi*, with a parenthetical "assente," absent.

I do not know what number of troops of the line

* Corriere Livornese, 28th August.

were in Leghorn on Saturday the 2nd of September. I believe there were two incomplete, disorganized regiments which had been in the wars of Lombardy, and had cut a very contemptible figure there. The direction of the troops was confided to a certain Cipriani, whom the Grand Duke had recently appointed his commissario or commissioner for the city. Though a Corsican by birth, Cipriani was a naturalized Tuscan: he had passed nearly the whole of his life at Leghorn, his property was all there, and he had been much respected in the city, and was rather popular with all classes, not excepting the mob. It was on account of his popularity that the Grand Duke had named him. He was no soldier except as a citizen-soldier; he had put on uniform and had, I believe, marched to the frontiers with some patriotic corps or other that had adopted the cross and taken up arms against the *barbarians*. His mission in Leghorn was a peace-making one; but he was to reassume, in the name of the sovereign and constitution, and law and justice, some of the authority which had been usurped by others in the name of the people, and through the agency of the clubs; and he was bound to check any fresh movements and to place under arrest any demagogue that should attempt them. On the other side Guerrazzi was determined that the demonstrations should not stop here, and as soon as Cipriani was nominated commissario the partizans of the historical-romancer agitated the clubs and got up a cry that the Grand Duke's commissioner was a re-

trogradist, a re-actionist, an agent of Austria, a reckless instrument of the tyrant who was contemplating a sanguinary counter-revolution. They were very loud and very bold, *because* they made sure beforehand that they had nothing to fear. And this has been the source of revolutionary courage everywhere in this deplorable year 1848. They debauched the troops of the line by petty bribery, extravagant and ridiculous flattery, and a loving fraternization. As soon as the soldiers arrived they were treated to drink and meat, and even to a few shirts and stockings: they were beset by the patriotic movers, and, runaways as they were, were told that they had done wonders for the cause of independence, and had conferred an imperishable glory upon the Tuscan name. A few hours before the new “*dimostrazione*,” the leading patriot paper of Leghorn had a long article showing that the good understanding between the people and the troops was perfect—that the patriots and the troops were hardly ever separated—that they had joined hands on the 30th of August, and said “*Siamo fratelli!*” —we are brothers—that the people, on hearing those brave warriors relate, with passionate simplicity, their adventures and exploits in the war against the barbarian, were transported with patriotic and martial zeal, and fancied themselves fighting over again the battles of San Silvestro, Cortatone, and Montanara: and this long article ended by recommending a monument or tabular inscription to be erected in a conspicuous part of the city in com-

memoration of the happy arrival of these troops of the line among the patriots of Leghorn.* These troops consisted of very young men, raw levies, and, what was significant and all on the side of Guerrazzi and the clubs, these levies had been nearly all raised in Leghorn and that neighbourhood.

By order of Cipriani a placard was stuck up, prohibiting the meetings of the *Circoli Politici*; and the prefect of police proceeded to arrest an anarchist who was sowing the seeds of another *dimostrazione*. The patriots, having all things ready, and only wanting a pretext for beginning, nearly murdered the prefect and then rang the tocsin and called up their fighting men from the dockyards and seaside. According to their own journalists, the fighting party was led by some Lombard volunteers. When Cipriani called out his regulars, and arrayed them in the *Piazza d'Arme*, the soldiers of the line said, verily, they could not fight against their brothers, and, firing their muskets in the air, they then grounded arms, and did nothing else. About forty or fifty *carabinieri* stood to their duty, like old

* *Corriere Livornese*, 2nd September. This number of the revolutionary journal appeared on Saturday morning: on Saturday afternoon the mob began firing upon the *carabinieri*. Here is the inscription proposed by the editor:

IN MEMORIA
DELLA ETERNA CONCORDIA
DEI SOLDATI E CITTADINI TOSCANI
IN LIVORNO IL DI' 30 AGOSTO 1848
IL POPOLO INALZAVA
QUESTO MONUMENTO.

soldiers and true ; and these were fired upon by some two or three hundred miscreants, who were snug under cover, behind walls, in well-protected windows, or on the tall house-tops. Except where they wounded themselves through hurry and ignorance of the use of arms, or wounded one another in their cowardly hurry skurry, there was not a man of them hurt ; and not one of them died. About fourteen of the carabinieri were knocked over ; and all that fell were soon afterwards killed ; for there was no one to remove them ; and when their companions withdrew from the fire, the patriots rushed out from their cover, and poured whole volleys into the wounded. A Frenchman, in the service of the Consul-General, assured us that he had seen a dozen ruffians fire upon a poor carabinieri who was stretched on the pavement, and bleeding and dying before they approached him. Other eye-witnesses gave me similar details. The carabineers and a small party of dragoons got out of the city ; the troops of the line were withdrawn into the citadel ; and then the patriots began erecting their barricades. When men will not fight, all the citadels in the world are of no use. The mob, however, would never have thought of attacking that citadel ; and a part of the troops, moved by the example of some of the artillerymen, were returning to their duty or to a sense of shame, when, to the astonishment of the patriots themselves, it was agreed that the citadel should be given up to the national guards. It may be as false as ten thousand of their assertions

are, but the ultra-Liberals reported everywhere, and asseverated most solemnly, that Captain Codrington advised the Grand Duke's officers to give up the citadel as a place that could not be held for twelve hours. If this were true, then the commander of Her Majesty's frigate *Thetis* must have stepped out of the line of his duty, and have shamefully trespassed upon the law of nations. The fact was so confidently asserted and so generally believed (in other places than Leghorn), that at least a question ought to be put to the gallant officer or to his admiral, Sir William Parker. An ultra-Liberal of the place said to me, "We could not have taken the citadel at all. *There* the captain of your frigate served us well! but it was scandalous in him to smuggle away in his boat that monster Cipriani. Instead of carrying him off and saving his life, he ought to have given up that wild beast to the fury of the people, who would have torn him to pieces!"

Three, or some said four, inoffensive Livornesi were killed in their houses during the mad street firing, which grew madder and hotter when all the troops were gone. One old man was shot through the head while attempting to close his shutters; a poor old woman who dwelt near the house which was so long occupied, in happier times, by my friend J. R., thinking that bed would be the safest place, was killed by a musket shot while in the act of getting into bed.

But if the rabble patriots suffered nothing at all during the combat, in which as usual they had per-

formed "prodigies of valour," they lost some lives on the Monday following, when they went to seize and remove the ammunition in the powder magazine of Colambrone, by the Marina, about two miles to the west of Leghorn. Going to work in a hurried, slovenly manner, and some of them being intoxicated, an explosion took place before they got out all the powder, and six or seven of the blockheads were killed or badly wounded. The rest came running back to Leghorn, swearing that there had been a "*tradimento*." *

At Constantinople, in the spring of the year, it was observed that the vultures came over from Asia much earlier than usual. They scented blood and carnage in the West. There are flocks of Poles hovering and prowling about the continent of Europe, beings incapable of living by quiet honest industry, that have the instinct of the vulture. Wherever there is a prospect of revolution and civil war, there they are sure to appear, as if they had come with a swoop from the clouds. Hardly a barricade had been raised in France without having some of them behind it: they had found their way to Vienna and Berlin and Milan when those cities

* Even the local revolutionary journals confessed that not one of the people had been killed on the 2nd of September. They set down the loss of the Grand Duke's troops at fifty-seven killed and about sixty wounded. This was a monstrous falsehood, and they knew it, and so did everybody in Leghorn. But they wanted to give importance to the affair in the eyes of the world, and for this single reason, they *boasted and gloried* in killing so many more of their *own countrymen* than they had done.

were bristled with barricades: there were some of them in Sicily; some few of them had been behind the barricades at Naples. Nearly at the same moment that we arrived at Leghorn a whole company of them, organized and having regular commanders, reached the port, to offer their swords, services, and lives to the heroic people. They were received with great honours and taken into present pay. There had arrived with them from Marseilles a certain Torres, whose country was uncertain, but who took the titles of Cavalier and General. This *General* Torres published a begging-letter in the newspapers, in the name of the Poles, invoking the sympathy of the people of Livorno, and asking for a subscription to furnish them with arms, clothes, &c. In answer to this a letter appeared (*signed*, "For the Conductor-in-Chief, Michele Chodzko, commanding the company of the Polish legion in Italy") denying that the Poles had ever known Torres until he came with them in the steamer from Marseilles, denying that they had ever authorized him to collect subscriptions in their favour, and hinting very plainly that the said Torres was a rogue and swindler. The letter added, that these Poles were come to join their brothers-in-arms of the Polish legion formed by the provisional government of Milan to fight for the independence of Italy, &c. "But we do not intend," said Chodzko, "to mix ourselves up in the political questions and internal dissensions which unfortunately divide at this moment the peoples and the governments of Italy." Notwithstanding this

letter, when Torres had addressed some flaming harangues to the mob, he was chosen by acclamation to be chief and director of the armed forces of the city. Assuming this dignity *comme de droit*, the adventurer denounced a Colonel Bernardi, who had been ambitious of the high honours. This led to a furious quarrel, which nearly ended in a fight, for the demagogue Petracchi stood up for Bernardi.* How they settled it afterwards I am not informed; but while we were at Leghorn, orders of the day were issued by "Torres, Cavalier, Generale;" and the capitulations with Righini, the Grand Duke's officer, ran in the name of the Cavalier General Torres, Commandant of the popular armed force in Livorno. The adventurer, therefore, must have eclipsed for the time both Chodzko and Bernardi.

We walked about the arsenal, the port, and the city, observing many strange and some disgusting things. In the arsenal the rabble rout had been throwing mud and stones at the colossal statue of Cosmo de' Medici, the first great patron, and almost creator, of the city, and belabouring the emblematic bronze figures prostrate at his feet. In the harbour, which I had never before seen otherwise than crowded, there was very little shipping, and apparently nothing doing; the busy quays were quite deserted; there was hardly a soul on the long pier or molo.

The patriots everywhere gave proof that they had everything their own way. They told us that their deputation would be back from Florence to-morrow

* Corriere Livornese, No. 173.

with *carte blanche*, as the *povero Duca* could do nothing but submit to their demands and the will of the *Popolo Soverano*. I ventured to ask one of them how it was that, having a constitution and a free parliament, with a Chamber of Deputies elected by themselves, they did not confide in their representatives, and trust to parliament and the constitution for the redress of what they called their grievances. "Oh!" said the patriot, "our representatives do not represent us: there is a great deal of *tradimento* among them; we ought to have changed them long ago. Besides, the parliament does not go fast enough, and never did, and never will: they will not let *our* Guerrazzi have his own way; and *our* Guerrazzi, who is the only great man in Tuscany, has told us long ago that this mixed constitution is all *un imbroglio*, and that the people must do for themselves and act by themselves." And such was about the political philosophy or faith that we found prevailing in all constitutionalized Italy.

We took good advice, and returned to our hotel before it was late. An English gentleman, who was a little later than we were, was stopped in the streets by some hungry patriots, who did not knock him down and rob him, but who, nevertheless, did not let him go until he had contributed to their wants. Mr. — was a well-educated, observing, interesting man. His delicate state of health and his love for this beautiful country had kept him more than fifteen months in Italy. He had travelled over the greater part of the peninsula, had resided in most

of the considerable cities, and had attentively noticed the progress of events and the temper of the people. He had studied the Italian movement almost from its first commencement, and his present conviction was that it could end only in a frightful anarchy. Everywhere he had seen the moderate enlightened men who had begun the movement set aside and superseded by demagogues of desperate fortunes, and restless reckless democrats, whose personal vanity alone was enough to bring down ruin and contempt upon any cause. Everywhere he had seen a combined armed minority tyrannizing over a timid, inert, uncombined majority; everywhere the constitution scorned and set at nought almost as soon as it was obtained; everywhere the free press running into horrible licentiousness, and becoming the teacher or apologist of murder; and nowhere law or order and the calmness necessary to concert great measures. He declared, of his own knowledge, that the peasantry of Lombardy were sick and weary of the war, and wished the Austrians back at Milan before they had been gone a month. He deplored Lord Palmerston's policy, and the effects which had been produced by Lord Minto's roving commission: these were things which made him blush for his country: and, whatever might be his party or politics, or his no party, every Englishman I met that was unconnected with government expressed nearly the same sentiments. Mr. — held that the noble Viscount at the head of our foreign affairs had been carried away in 1847 by sheer spite and pique. "The

Italian journalists," said he, "are very ill-informed as to all foreign politics, and are constantly coming to blind, random conclusions; but upon this point they are not very wide of the mark: see this;— 'When, in the matter of the Spanish marriages, Austria appeared to connive with France, England sent into Italy this Lord Minto to stir up against Austria the ferment of liberal ideas, and to encourage our governments to link themselves with the people. But Louis-Philippe having fallen, and the Spanish question having therefore changed its aspect, British policy also changed, and now it is turning a benignant look towards the ancient ally, Austria, and attempting to revive all the ancient jealousies of France.' This article* has gone the round of the Italian press, and you will not find a liberal, or even an anti-liberal, that does not believe in it. We have alienated all parties, and have given them all some grounds of complaint or suspicion. The moderate reformers of Italy loved us and our institutions, and would have clung to us; but these ultra-liberals hate us and our form of government; and they hated England just as much when they were flattering Lord Minto, or shouting under his window at Rome, as they do now."

Our experience was shorter, but it coincided with his; we had met with nothing but incivility, arro-

* It first appeared in a journal of Turin called *L'Opinione*, and was signed A. Bianchi Giovini. I copied the passage quoted in the text from the *Corriere Mercantile* of Genoa, No. 196, Wednesday, 23rd August.

gance, and insolence, from the men of the faction which was now dominant everywhere except in Naples and the reconquered provinces of Lombardy.

Mr. — said that, during the barricades, the “respectabilities” of the national guard kept close within their houses to protect their own property, or kept an eye upon the exchange, the banks, and the Porto Franco: and hence it was that their journalists could boast that in the very flames of civil war property was respected.

The next bright, sunny morning was yet young when we heard a loose irregular firing in the town. Was it a new *dimostrazione*? No! it was a *feu de joie*, and was followed by the ringing of all the church bells. The Grand Duke had made more concessions, had yielded everything that was asked, had declared the Livornese patriots to have been quite in the right, and was sending a commission headed by *our* Guerrazzi. *Our* Guerrazzi was expected to make his solemn and triumphant entrance every minute, and the Livornese were resolved to receive him as he merited!

A deputation which the patriots had sent to Florence after killing the Duke's carabineers, taking possession of his forts, and trampling in the dust the last remnant of his authority, had been received with transports by the patriots and political clubs of the capital. The Florentine national guardsmen protested that *really* neither they nor any of their corps had intended, in going to Pisa, to

fight against their beloved brethren of Livorno. It was a bitter draught to swallow; but the Grand Duke was compelled to consent that his humiliation and utter prostration should be announced to the people of Leghorn by the very men who had led them into rebellion, and who had brought his affairs to this lamentable pass. Guerrazzi was accompanied by Petracchi, the bosom friend and ally of Padre Gavazzi, and by other patriots of the same colour. We did not see their arrival or hear the grand addresses they delivered to the people from a balcony in the great square; for, having seen the wonderful display of tri-colour flags, carpets, brocades, civic crowns and festoons, and the rest of that balderdash, we preferred going away to complete our survey of the substantial and truly amazing improvements of the city. The orator-in-chief was *our* Guerrazzi. The applause was tremendous—only, as nearly everybody had run away that was not a national guardsman or a vagabond, it was one-sided applause. His speech, which he had written beforehand, was published in all the Tuscan, Roman, Genoese, and Piedmontese papers, as an encouragement to all makers of demonstrations and petty barricades. I extract a passage or two as a specimen (and not a disadvantageous one) of the *liberal* Italian eloquence which Mr. Whiteside affects to admire, and as a sample of the rabid nonsense that a leading patriot can address to an Italian mob. After a peroration in which the historical romancer told the Livornesi that they were not

thieves or rogues, as the ministry at Florence had once believed them to be, but a most honourable and most beloved and ever to be beloved and honoured people, he modestly confessed that his genius failed him in drawing a true picture of their superhuman virtues.

“Thou, O People! wast equal to Jonathan, for in the day of combat thou didst not even take the comfort of dipping the end of thy staff into a little honey. Oh! Livornese people, lift up thy head proudly, for thou canst stand up as equal to any other people of this peninsula. . . . The Duke and his government express themselves through the medium of this deputation. They promise not to send any more troops against *our* city; neither regular troops nor Florentine national guards. And this suits our Prince and our government. In our unanimous Italy one Bombardier (the King of Naples) is enough and too much, and I am told that our Prince is weeping for his sceptre, which has been dipped in blood, contrary to his wishes and contrary to his orders. . . . The Grand Duke confides solely in thee, O most honoured and honourable Popolo Livornese! He hopes that thou wilt not separate thyself from the Tuscan Family. But the Tuscan people also rely upon thee and thy valour, O magnanimous people of Leghorn. Great is this reliance, great is this faith; but thou, O Livornese People, art great, and dost merit it all! Up to this moment thou hast shown thyself an heroical and most upright people, and now thou art

grave, polite, and discreet: it was an easy step for thee to take, as a generous people is capable of everything. The new municipality will propose to thee, O generous people of Leghorn, the names of the new local government, and thou wilt accept them *or not*; and if thou desirest better, propose new names and men. . . . The Florentines have *longly* applauded the people of Leghorn, calling them, with affection, their brothers, and taking pride in their virtue. O Livornese people! we have thanked them in thy name, and have protested that thou reverest Florence as our most excellent mother, and the promoter of every beautiful example of honour. And we have done this, inasmuch as thou, O people, hast learned to palpitate for the country by the grand example of the Florentine Ferruccio, who is a man of the people and great as thou art. Let us thank God for the favours imparted to us! Let us make disappear the traces of civil discord: let us invite to return to the city all these who—too timid—have run away from it. Oh! let the beautiful light of peace return also—but, while I am speaking to thee, from thy cries, from thy countenance, from thy great joy, I see that peace is already restored! *Eh! Viva la Patria! Viva Livorno!*”

If this is considered eloquence on Mr. Whiteside's side of the Irish Channel, I hope it will never be considered so on this my side. At Leghorn, by Guerrazzi's auditory, it was held to be eloquence of the first order. The mob applauded, the mob

shouted, the mob went almost into hysterics; the mob would have Guerrazzi for the head of the new local government, screaming "Guerrazzi Presidente! Guerrazzi *il Primo!*"

The historical romancer bowed and thanked, and considered himself duly elected president of the governing committee of Leghorn. In the same way, by mob acclamation, citizen Larderel, and that most excellent man of the people—*quell' ottimo popolano*—Antonio Petracchi, the Fidus Achates of the Barnabite friar, were appointed to be his colleagues.

Except the Piazza d'Arme and some of the streets between it and the harbour, there was scarcely a bit of Leghorn that I should have known again, so immense were the alterations and improvements which had taken place. I had been prepared for a great change by my friend J. R., who had revisited the city after a very long absence; but the changes I saw surpassed all expectation or conception. Assuredly no city in modern Europe has been so improved! These improvements have all been adopted or carried out since the accession of the present Grand Duke in 1824. Leopold put his heart in them, frequently visiting the city, encouraging the workmen by his presence, and promoting every new object of public utility. The writer of the Guide-book of Leghorn is scarcely guilty of exaggeration when he says that the works undertaken and completed between 1824 and 1846 "are innumerable." In order to enlarge the city and

gain air and space, the high old walls of the useless fortifications of former times, called the *Rivellino del Casone*, on the south-western side, were knocked down, and fine streets and squares were erected beyond that line, and a beautiful bridge uniting the city with the new suburb of San Leopoldo was erected. Handsome houses, buildings worthy to be called palazzi, rose up as if by magic. Other bridges were built, and another elegant suburb was created on the esplanade of the demolished fortification called *Rivellino del Mulino a Vento*. New schools, new hospitals, a new House of Industry wherein the children of the poor were to be taught useful arts, were constructed on a scale and in a style which showed how plentiful money must have been, and how liberally it was expended. Large sums were devoted to the cutting of canals, and to the draining of the *Paduletta* and adjoining marshes which had hitherto rendered a great part of Leghorn exceedingly unhealthy during three or four months of the year. Grand abattoirs or slaughterhouses were built in convenient places, and good sanitary police regulations were established. Everything was done *for* the people—nothing *for* the sovereign. Except a new coat-of-arms sculptured in the great square, and two or three inscriptions, we saw nothing that was ducal or had in any way reference to the sovereign.

The splendid *Cisternone*, or reservoir of water, which is unrivalled in Europe and unique of its kind, was begun in 1829 under the direction of

the Grand Duke's architect, P. Poccianti, a Florentine.

By the year 1837 more room was wanted for the still growing and expanding city, and I believe it was then that, by order of the Grand Duke, all that was left of the landward walls and fortifications erected by the princes of the House of Medici were levelled with the ground, and those encumbered spaces and wide tracts beyond them are now covered with houses, palaces, churches, and other public edifices. The Piazza Nuova, or del Voltone, which unites the new with the old city, is certainly the vastest and would have been the most beautiful square in all Italy; but it is incomplete—the breath of revolution has passed over it like the wand of an evil genius, who cries “Halt there!” All the works are stopped.

Much more might be said of these amazing improvements, but this is not the place; yet I could not say less than I have said, *in justice* to an amiable, excellent, calumniated, barbarously-treated prince, and *in justice* to those great men who put an end to the last general desolating war, and *in justice* to the diplomatic arrangements of 1815, which gave to Europe the blessings of more than a thirty years' peace.

Returning into the city and the busy throng of men, we found that the Guerrazzi jubilee continued in all its *éclat*, and that the heroes of the barricades were begging or levying contributions. A grim party of them had paid a visit to an English lady,

Mrs. —, the widow of —, and had terrified her, and had not taken their departure until they had exacted meat, drink, and money. They were making the round of the hotels. Our own host expected to be visited, notwithstanding the French Consul-General and the guard of citizen-soldiers below stairs. What would he do if they came? *Pay* something, to avoid being annoyed, and *marked* afterwards, was the reply of our host. But the poor Jews, who swarm in the city, were coming off the worst of all. These people (considering that they were in a Roman Catholic country) had enjoyed extraordinary privileges and liberties in Leghorn, and, when the *risorgimento* took place, they were declared to have all the rights of citizens. The Pope had thrown open the gates of the Ghetto at Rome, and in Florence, Genoa, Turin, Milan, Venice, and everywhere else, the Israelites were held up as free, true Italian citizens, as a portion of the Young Italy; and they were even invited and pressed to become citizen-soldiers. *Siamo tutti uguali; siamo fratelli! Viva Moise! Viva Abrahamo!* So said the Livornese ragged patriots; who then helped themselves to what they wanted and put down all opposition by violent threats and the display of their fire-arms. One patriot wanted a covering to his nether man, one was badly off for a hat, one wanted an entire suit from top to toe. They would all pay for what they took when times improved; and if those times should never come, were they not all brothers, all equal? and was not

the property of the Jews a part of the public property? and who had so good a right to share in it as the heroes of the barricades?

More than two-thirds of the shops were shut : in the morning we had to walk up and down for a good half-hour before we could find a bookseller that could furnish us with a copy of the Livornese Guide-book. Such of the booksellers' shops as were open had nothing to sell but the historical romances, the political writings, and autobiography of *our* Guerrazzi. The books and the portraits of this mountebank were everywhere. All Livorno was Guerrazzi and Guerrazzi was all Livorno—*anima e corpo*. Most of the shopkeepers we had occasion to see were in distress and consternation : the hotel-keepers were desperate, with large expensive houses that were empty, except when invaded by the patriots, who were going a-begging musket on shoulder.

In eight-and-twenty hours, which had been rather actively employed, we had had quite enough of Leghorn. We took our passage for Genoa on board the "Dante" steamer, which was to start at five o'clock in the afternoon, but did not move till past six.

Sun and rain, wind and weather, have the effect of taking the yellow out of the green, and of turning the first stripe of the Italian tri-colour into a pale, faded French blue. At a little distance I could scarcely tell the flag of Italian unity and in-

dependence from that of the French republic. This is ominous. But what is all revolutionized Italy but a feeble, fading copy of revolutionized France? I once pointed out the omen to a Frenchman, who complacently said, "*Ma foi! c'est tout naturel! L'Italie nous revient!—Et alors, comme alors!*"

CHAPTER XXI.

On board the "Dante" — A Livornese Patriot — A Dispute — A Genoese Liberal — Hatred of the Liberals towards England — Bonapartism and Republicanism mixed — A Holy Republican War — Our Mediation with Austria — Arrive at Genoa — Another Festa — More Placards — Theatres — La Madonna di Belvidere — Animosities between Peasantry and National Guard — Genoese Generosity — Sick and wounded Soldiers — National Guard Officers — A popular Genoese Dance — Colonel B—— — Littérateurs — Mazzini and Letter-opening at Genoa and Leghorn — Piedmontese Troops — Attempts made by the Patriots to win them over — Club Law in Genoa — Destruction of Fortifications — Use of Daggers — Riots — Spies — De Boni — Pareto — State of Milan — Feuds in Genoa.

WE were steaming out of sight of Leghorn, and passing in the smoothest water between Capraia and Gorgona and the mouth of the Arno. I was talking with a decent old passenger, and regretting, with him, the blight which had fallen upon the prosperity of the city we had just quitted. A big burly republican took offence at the conversation. He was a loud-voiced man, old enough to be wiser. I learned afterwards that he was a native of Genoa, but had been for many years settled at Livorno, where he had made a considerable fortune as a merchant and ship-owner. He broke in upon us by flatly denying that there was anything amiss in the city. I asked him what he thought of the decayed trade, of the

want of employment, of the poverty that was so rapidly spreading among the labouring classes! He replied that all this was but a temporary evil—that trade would revive when the Grand Duke should be kicked back to Austria. “This will not happen just yet.” He said that they could wait. “But the poor people cannot wait! Your men of the barricades are begging, and extorting money by a display of force.” He could not deny the fact; but he pretended that few, very few of the Livornesi had taken up the practice; and then he flew off into an extravagant and blasphemous laudation of the *heroic* people. “I do believe,” said he, “that God and the saints in heaven could not have acted so divinely as our people of Livorno, or with so much justice, so much mercy, so much magnanimity.” He denied that there was any rabble in Italy since the resurrection; he maintained that Guerrazzi and those acting with him were the greatest men in modern Europe, next to those who had made the new French republic; and he called me an Englishman and an aristocrat, who was, no doubt, fattening on the robberies and rascalities of the oligarchical system and the blood of the benighted English people! A lank, sallow Genoese merchant took up the cudgels for his compatriot, and having been almost six weeks in England, buying cotton-yarn and calicoes, he gave the whole strength of his testimony to the facts that there was a great deal of political ignorance in England; that the aristocracy did feed and fatten upon the blood of the people; that the people sadly

wanted a revolution; and that the Chartists would have made one in April last if it had not been for a *tradimento*, and for three waggon-loads of gold which were dispersed among the people, and which had been raised by Queen Victoria's pawning her crown jewels, and by all the tyrannizing barons contributing among themselves. The loud-voiced man, like all his school in Italy and in France, coupled an affected veneration for Bonaparte with an affected enthusiasm for republican institutions. After having bribed his marshals with our guineas, and brought about his downfall by combining against him all the bloody tyrants of Europe, we had poisoned at St. Helena the greatest and best man of modern times. But the English had always been the sworn enemies of liberty and civilization on the Continent. But times had altered; the day was coming for a bloody vengeance. Everybody knew that the Chartists, who formed nine-tenths of the English population, would welcome a republican French army, and co-operate with it in establishing liberty, equality, and fraternity. The insular security was gone now that there were steamers. All liberalized Europe—*tutta l'Europa liberale*—would join in a crusade against monarchical and aristocratical England; and then there were the true *republican* United States of America, who could not fail to unite in a Holy Republican War—*una Santa Guerra de' Republican*. Our mercantile navy was declining; theirs was rising. So was the trading navy of the Italians. The two sides of Italy, the shores of the Mediter-

anean and the Adriatic, could now furnish thirty thousand good sailors. Spain was disgusted with us; Portugal was tired of us: it was natural to believe that both these countries must soon follow the impulse of France; but, whether republics or monarchies, both Spain and Portugal would array themselves against England. This was an inevitable consequence of the progress of liberal opinions. And where would the perfidious Albion—*la perfida Albione*—find an ally or a friend? Austria was broken up; Prussia was going to be republicanized; Denmark and Sweden were nothing; the French would soon have Belgium and Holland. Perfidious Albion could only hug the Russian bear; and his strength would soon be taken out of him by the brave Poles, aided by France and Italy.

“But how comes it,” said I, “if Austria is broken up, that she has given you such a beating?”

The eyes of the patriots flashed fire; they screamed, they roared. I thought the shipowner, who was fat and short-necked, would have had an attack of apoplexy. They had not been beaten; they had only been betrayed, infamously sold by that Judas Iscariot Carlo Alberto, whose heart's blood would pay for it before long.

“But,” said I, “Carlo Alberto and his sons and his Piedmontese and Savoyard army were the only men who really fought in this war. The rest of you either stopped at home talking big, or ran away on the field.”

“Per Dio Santo,” said the sallow-faced man, “that was all owing to *tradimento*.”

“ And because we were too few, and because we had no money,” said the other, “ and *perhaps* because we had no discipline. Courage we have, and more than enough! We want *only* three things—money, discipline, and good generals.”

“ *Trifling wants,*” said I; “ but having run away as you have done, and being beaten as you have been, a little modesty would become you. If it were not for this intervention of England and France, Marshal Radetzky might be at Leghorn if he chose.”

“ If it had not been for the interference of England,” roared the stout man, “ France would have had a hundred thousand men over the Alps in last May, and by this time we Italians would have been with the French in Vienna. You have bribed General Cavaignac. But Cavaignac will not last long; and then you will see what France will do. This mediation is a piece of imposture—another tradimento! Talk of leaving Austria in Lombardy, which she has recovered through treachery! We Italians will never consent to a peace so long as there is an Austrian in Italy. If General Cavaignac should offer any terms short of the unity and independence of *all* Italy, we will throw his conditions in his face!”

Here I was joined by an unexpected ally—a French traveller—who told the ship-owner that, if they would not accept the conditions which might be offered by the mediating powers, they had better get ready to fight out their own battle.

“ But France will assist us,” said the merchant.

“ Then you will not and cannot fight your own battle. I do not believe that it will suit France just now to provoke a general war on your account.”

“ I am afraid,” said the merchant, “ that you, Monsieur, are not a man of right principles—that you are no true republican.”

“ And I,” replied the Frenchman, “ am afraid that you Italian republicans are but a set of poltroons, who will talk for ever and do nothing.”

Except the French gentleman, two English ladies, and ourselves, all on board were Italians. Yet not a soul of them all took any part in the discussion, or seemed to be in any way offended at the opinions which the Frenchman and I expressed. On the contrary, one of the Genoese passengers congratulated me on having told the ship-owner some strong truths.

“ He is rich,” said the Genoese, “ and can afford to wait for better times ; but what are we to do who are poor ? They have plunged us into poverty and anarchy with their wild schemes and their clubs, and not one of them knows how we are to get out.”

It was far too hot to remain below, so we drew our cloaks about us and passed the night upon deck. The weather was beautiful ; but unfortunately there was no moon, and we passed, without seeing them, the gulf of Spezia, where poor Shelley went down in that “ fatal and perfidious bark,” and fair Lerice, and all the beautiful bays, capes, and romantic headlands which lie between the Arno and the Gulf of Genoa.

We reached that "superb" city at the dawn of day. At the Hôtel Feder we tried to get a little sleep. Vain attempt! At about six o'clock there was a tremendous beating of drums, and a whole regiment of citizen-soldiers paraded in the square in front of the house. Then there was more drumming, and one of Carlo Alberto's regiments of the line marched through the square on their way to exercise. Then all the church-bells were set a-ringing, and some heavy guns were fired. It was the grand festa of the Madonna di Belvedere. Between Genoese patriotism and Genoese Virgin-worship there was no chance of getting sleep or rest, or quiet in Genoa to-day. We took an early breakfast, and then walked out to take a general view of the town.

Here, as everywhere else in Italy, some noticeable, important improvement met me at nearly every step. This too was another city from that which I had left. Close, narrow, dirty streets had given place to fine broad streets that were sweet and clean; fine squares had been opened or enlarged by the present King or by his predecessor; but nearly every improvement had been made since the accession of Charles Albert. The people, in dress and appearance, seemed quite as much improved as their city. This being a great festa they were all dressed in their best; but on the morrow when we walked through all the popular quarters, we saw none but decently attired people. The rags of a quarter of a century ago had disappeared; so had the beggars which then swarmed the streets and

beset the stranger at every hotel door, at the doors of churches, or wherever he went. We scarcely saw any beggars now. I wanted no better evidence to show that Genoa had been enjoying great prosperity, and therefore could not have been otherwise than well governed. The vast improvements I saw, the improved condition of the common people, the universal increase of material comfort were proof enough. The people, however, were beginning to complain loudly of the stoppage of trade and of want of employment; but they had not yet exhausted the fruits of happier seasons. Give Genoa another six months of ultra-liberal domination, and anarchy will be made perfect, and, no doubt, the rags and the beggars will re-appear.

“ I mendicanti ancor van bestemmiando
 Che non si trova pane, nè travaglio;
 Che la pietade fu mandata in bando,
 E caritate è messa a ripentaglio;
 Che se proseguon queste mosse grame
 Saran costretti essi a morir di fame.

Ahi stolti!! e non sentite fratellanza
 Nei circoli, alle piazze e alle contrade;
 In ogni casa, crocchio ed adunanza,
 In campagna, in città sua voce cade? ”*

Nearly all the wealthy classes had been driven away from the city by the clubs and their demonstrations. Some had gone to Turin; many were living in the country and hardly ever came into town: thus I lost

* ‘ La Fratellanza à Vapore.’ Poema del Professore Navone. Turin, 1848.

the opportunity of seeing two or three old friends, and of making some new acquaintances in gentlemen to whom I had brought letters of introduction. The only person I could find in town was Signor —— : he was very kind and attentive ; but it grieved me to see that he was suffering under the epidemic malady of the day, was clamouring for an armed French intervention, and was calling Charles Albert a traitor and a miserable tool. And what was the project of this patriot of superior condition and education ? It was to begin (and he scarcely seemed to look beyond that beginning) by proclaiming a Republic in Genoa, by calling upon the aid of the French Republic, and by breaking the ties with which the Holy Alliance had united the little, sterile but maritime, country of Genoa with the rich, inland, agricultural country of Piedmont. I spoke of the immense benefits which had accrued to both from the union. The benefits he could not deny, but he maintained that they had been too dearly purchased by the sacrifice of Genoese independence. Would he revive the truly oligarchical and tyrannical old Genoese republic as it existed before the French invasions of Italy ? No ! but he would have a democratic republic like that of France. It was a forced marriage, that which was made by Metternich and Castlereagh. “ But surely,” said I, “ the antipathies and hatreds that existed between Genoese and Piedmontese are now effaced.”

“ On the contrary,” said Signor ——, “ I believe them to be as strong as ever.”

“Then this promises but badly for Italian fusion?”

“We do not want fusion; we want federation. When the Pope and the two kings and the three dukes are disposed of, the people will form republics — federal republics, like the Swiss Cantons or the United States of America.”

“But such a union will be very weak in a country like Italy; and if these jealousies and antipathies exist there can be no federation. You would make a return to the Middle Ages, to the feuds of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, the Bianchi and Neri. You would have one little state waging war upon another.”

Signor —— had nothing to answer to this except that the people were more civilized and much wiser now than they were in the Middle Ages; and that, if they could but get rid of their sovereigns, all things would go well.

I have no wish to back a one-sided argument. I give my impressions as I received them during this tour, and I state the conclusions to which I came upon the evidence of what I saw and heard. I may have fallen into some errors, but I am incapable of saying that which I do not honestly think and believe. Now, I do *not* believe that the animosities between the Genoese and Piedmontese are so violent as they were at the beginning of the present century, although some late events may have had a tendency to reanimate them. Since the beginning of the union and independence agitation

such an effect has been produced in other quarters, and the great political unitarian, Gioberti himself, has declared this in speeches and in writings.

“The antipathies between the Lombards and the Piedmontese, and between the Piedmontese and the Genoese, never showed themselves so deeply engraved in some places *as since we have begun to talk of Union and the Italic Kingdom*; and our recent misfortunes have contributed to increase these antipathies; for misfortune has this evil property—it renders man inclined to *suspicion*, anger, hatred; it gives him the habit of blaming other men for the calamities which in good part are to be attributed only to fortune, it falsifies his judgment, and now and then absolutely turns his brain.”*

With these admissions coming from the fountain-head of unity, with the Sicilians and Neapolitans breaking an ancient union and cutting one another's throats, with the Romans quarrelling with the Neapolitans, with the Genoese or the prevailing faction among them wanting to separate themselves from the Piedmontese and from Charles Albert, the chosen “Sword of Italy,” it does seem rather contradictory and ridiculous for the patriots to be singing

“Dall’ Alpi al lido siculo,
Fratelli in una speme,
Tutti concordi e intrepidi
Ora stringiamci insieme:

* ‘I Due Programmi del Ministero Sostegno, per Vincenzo Gioberti.’ Turin, August 30, 1848.

Corriam tutti a combattere,

Mossi da un sol desir.

* * * * *

Se i nostri avi divisero

Odio e mortal furore,

Oggi noi ricongiungano

Per sempre fede e amore ;

E, di quei duri secoli

Spegnendo il sovvenir,

Giuriam, giuriam l' Italia

Far libera, o morir !”

We passed the splendid Palazzo which, until recently, had been the Jesuits' college : it was now occupied by the National Guards. Up-stairs they were making a loud noise. Four elderly citizen-soldiers, paunchy, and two of them with spectacles on nose, were mounting guard at the gate. They would have been much better employed if they had been attending to their shops, or—seeing that it was a Festa—if they had been taking their wives and children *à spasso*. I noticed particularly at Genoa that a great many of the civic heroes wore spectacles, and were elderly and corpulent. I was told that they gave weight to their corps and kept down the lighter bodies and more elastic spirits, who would do a good deal more mischief if it were not for them. Their specific gravity may have had this salutary effect ; but certainly it was a laughable sight to see these graybeards making a-believe to do military duty, and mount guard and stand sentry ; and a sight still more laughable to see them buttoned up in tight uniform, and marching and counter-marching in the streets, rank and file, with

a set of beardless boys and lanky youths. That great outward sign of the revolutionized state—an abundance of placards, of proclamations, addresses “al Popolo,” and invitations to political clubs—so far from being wanting in Genoa, was more conspicuous there than in any other city we had visited. In addition to this there was a practice which I had not yet observed in any other part of Italy—men and boys were distributing handbills and crying newspapers. One little hawker was screaming out that the great French General Lamoricière was come to Alessandria to join the Piedmontese army, and that a French army was crossing the Alps. Another was proclaiming that his paper contained the last grand speech delivered by the great Gioberti at the Circolo Politico in Turin. Another tempted purchasers by proclaiming that the heroic Sicilians had driven the assassins of the Bourbon tyrant, Ferdinand of Naples, out of the citadel of Messina.

The theatrical announcements were not very tempting. The principal theatre was closed. In a little dirty theatre near the port, they were going to play a piece entitled “La Strada del Diavolo,” or The Devil’s Road—a road which, it seemed to me, a large portion of Genoa was travelling upon. In another low place of entertainment they were going to give “Morire per la Patria, ossia la Morte di Marco Botzari;” but in this theatre the actors were all of wood, were marionettes—in short, it was a puppet-show, of the sort that so much pleased the illustrious Partridge, the squire of Tom Jones. Our

laquais de place, who was also an amateur, assured us that this patriotic piece was very attractive, and well worth seeing.

Leaving the politics of Genoa behind us and beneath us, we walked through part of the suburb of San Pier d' Arena, and taking a beautiful, indirect, but rather steep path, we ascended the heights behind the city, to look at the fortifications which crown the ridge, and at the culminating fortress, the Sperone. If there were regular troops up there they were invisible. We saw only a few citizen-soldiers; and I believe that the government had been guilty of the weakness of allowing the national guards partly to garrison those commanding forts, which they never could defend against an enemy, but which they might turn to good account in a demonstration, or even in a civil war. Hence we descended a little, and, following in the wake of a numerous nicely dressed and very merry company of country people flocking to the Festa, we went to the small elevated hamlet of Belvedere, which stands on a buttress of the mountain projecting to the westward. A few houses and villas have grown up round the church of the miraculous Madonna; and there are two or three wine-shops with gardens and alcoves, and cool shady seats under trellises and broad spreading vines. These were already crowded, and more and more guests were arriving every minute. An open space on the brow of the hill and in front of the church was laid out something like an English fair: there were tents and booths, toys,

sweetmeats, fruit; and there were also fiddles and other instruments in readiness for the dance, or the "frolic and the frisk," which was to take place as soon as the church ceremonies should be over, and the coolness of evening propitious. The day was scorching. Although it was the 8th of September not a drop of rain had fallen here to cool the air of this unusually long and hot summer. The citizens and citizenesses, and the faubourg people who had come up to the holy mount by the direct road, which is excessively steep, arrived in a dissolving state. The men threw themselves down on the cooler side of the hill, or went into the canteens: the women seated themselves in front of the church, to fan themselves with their bandana handkerchiefs, and to cool down before they went to offer their devotions to the Virgin. The church itself is but a small and mean affair. Its attraction is all in its miraculous effigies. It was so densely crowded, that we could not approach the shrine. A very red faced acolyte, with a shaven crown and a white sottana, was waving a censer, and two priests in *pontificalibus* were moving about the upper end of the church and doing I know not what. But close by the front-door and grand entrance of the church, four or five priests and sacristans were selling little common white metal rings, crosses, beads, and amulets, which, by some easy process, had received the benediction of Our Lady of Belvedere. The money-changers in the temple were sitting with their wares spread out before them, just like dealers in a bazaar.

The prices seemed low, and the trade brisk. Attached to the church, and communicating with it by a side door which was wide open, there is a small enclosed square or court-yard: here men and women and children were eating and drinking, and talking and singing, without any thought of what was going on close by in the church. They had paid their devotions, and so the religious part of the business of the day was over with them. Close by, some soldiers of the line and some peasants were playing at the ingenious and very ancient and classical game of *la Morra*, and while the silver bells in the church were going “tinkle,” “tinkle,” these fellows were bawling “Tre!” “Cinque!” “Nove!” “Sette!” “Sei!” “Otto!” &c. Up here everything was popular, everything was of Old Italy—nothing of the “Young,” except a small tri-colour flag which had been brought up by two or three of the citizen-soldiers. The professors of revolution and barricades have shown a great and not unfounded jealousy of these popular festivals. Guerrazzi and some of his confrères have recommended that they should be patriotized or revolutionized, or that other festivals of a classical republican character should be set up in opposition to them; for, say they, every one knows how much the first French revolution was indebted to its *fêtes populaires*. “In extraordinary times,” says Gioberti, “extraordinary means are permitted. . . . France at the close of the last century produced admirable effects by not neglecting those expedients which operate upon the fancy of the people; and those

who affirm that we cannot do in Italy what was done among our neighbours, do not understand the subject; for all men resemble one another, are made of the same stuff, and have in common the qualities of their species.”* Their efforts, however, had not been very successful: except to two or three feasts of flags they had not been able to attract the common people. The Popolani of Genoa and the peasants from the neighbouring villages were all talking their unintelligible patois, which cannot be called Italian, which is about the worst of all the numerous dialects of Italy, and unintelligible a few miles off, on the other side of the Apennines. To understand them I required the services of a drogoman. Unlike Canning’s knife-grinder, some of the peasants had a story to tell—and a story of wrongs and oppressions. Some of them, living up the hills towards the pass of the Bocchetta, had involved themselves in a quarrel with certain volunteers and civic guardsmen, and had been denounced to the clubs and to the municipal authorities, (who, after being revolutionarily appointed, had usurped all authority,) as dangerous, turbulent re-actionists; and two or three hundred armed citizen-soldiers had been sent from Genoa and let loose among them. They had been quartered and living at large in the villages, and eating up the substance of the poor villagers for several days; and if the peasants spoke the truth, they had behaved with an insolence and profligacy not likely to be forgotten by a vindictive

* I Due Programmi.

people when the hour of reaction really comes—as come it *must*, here and elsewhere. I afterwards made inquiries into this story from persons less excited than the peasants, and I was assured that it was substantially true.

The place well merits its name: the view from the natural terrace in front of the church of Our Lady of Belvedere is enchanting, embracing on one side the fortified heights of the Sperone, the most picturesque fortifications in Europe; and on the other a part of the beautiful gulf and the magnificent mountainous coast of the Riviera di Ponente, a long extent of the valley of Polcevera, the chesnut-groves of Campo Marrone, and the glorious heights of the Apennines, over which climbed the old road to Novi and Turin, and in the recesses of which are the tern old fortress of Garvi and the ruins of many an old tower and castle. To my eye the number of villas scattered along the Val di Polcevera and on the sides of the hills seemed more than doubled. Some were magnificent residences; nearly all were white, bright, and neat, and looked as if they were well kept. When I was last here a great many of them were neglected and going to ruin.

One solitary little steamer was tranquilly plying her way across the gulf to the western shore, bound for the birthplace of Christopher Columbus and the other picturesque little towns which lie along that Ligurian coast. “May this blessed Virgin of Belvedere protect the bark,” said an old woman; “I have a son on board!”

As we descended by the direct road we met an immense number of people toiling up the steep; they were all working people—little shopkeepers, artizans, sailors, and fishermen, with their wives and daughters, and they were one and all most cleanly and decently attired; indeed the dress of the majority was something more than clean and decent.

We had read in the newspapers, until we were tired of reading them, the most extravagant accounts of the spontaneous generosity of all classes of the patriots towards the heroes of the war of independence—of the voluntary contributions made in succour of the ragged, wounded, sick, and hungry soldiers that were returning from Lombardy. These boasts were loudest at Genoa. If all the shirts that appeared in the journals here as donations from patriotic ladies and women of the people had existed anywhere else but upon paper, they would have shirted half Italy. *En attendant*, all the poor soldiers of Charles Albert's army that were dropping in by dozens and half-dozens were absolutely shirtless; nor, except when the fraternizing experiment was tried upon them, did I ever hear of any hospitality being shown to them, or of any active humanity being exercised in their favour by the Genoese patriots. "*Hanno le mani strette come la bocca esti Zenesi*," said a Piedmontese soldier who came from the fat valley of the Po. This evening, a little within the Porta della Lanterna, we met about a dozen Piedmontese soldiers, *reduci dalla Sacra Guerra d' indipendenza*, and in a truly deplo-

rable plight they were—ragged, attenuated, sick with fevers, or maimed with grape or musket-ball: some of them had their arms in slings, some their heads bandaged, and hardly one of them was properly in a state to walk; yet they had had to traverse the whole city, and were slowly and painfully dragging themselves along on a hot dusty road towards some military hospital in the suburb; and Genoa was full of carts and vans and all manner of carriages; and at this very moment that long dusty road was crowded with private carriages, hackney-coaches, cabriolets, and other vehicles, which were in good part filled with citizen-soldiers, taking their evening drive and displaying their uniforms and white feathers. Gladly would I have lugged them out by the ears to put the brave wounded men in their place. Being too late for our table d'hôte at Feder's, we went for our dinner to a trattoria. The house was crowded by officers of the National Guard, who made a noise that deafened and stupified us, and took away my appetite. They were all jabbering at once, and in a patois that was only a few degrees less barbarous and more intelligible than that of the populace up at Belvedere. Some of them were very fine, well-made, handsome young men; but a more unmannerly set, or men with less of the behaviour and manners which *we* expect in officers and gentlemen, it has scarcely been my lot to fall among,—not even in Young Italy. On issuing from the trattoria we were attracted by the sounds of music to a little square close by, wherein a num-

ber of young popolani were performing the curious old hoop-dance, the Pyrrhic of the Genoese—forming a circle, dancing through hoops, and making a variety of pretty and picturesque figures with the said hoops. They did it much better than the patriots played at soldiers. It was a pleasing, topical, and enlivening scene—another bit of Old Italy. The spectators and bystanders were common people—del vero popolo Genovese—were what Mr. White-side would have called at Naples *Lazzaroni*; but they were incomparably more polite and courteous to strangers than the fine-dressed, brilliantly epauletted officers of the National Guard from whom we had just made our escape.

The next morning as we were sitting at breakfast in the Hôtel Feder, an officer entered who seemed to know me and whom I seemed to know. It was my very old and good friend, Colonel B—— of Parma. Although he had been in England nearly all that long interval, I had not seen him for fourteen years. The last time we had met was on a melancholy occasion—it was at the funeral of our common friend Giuseppe Pecchio, at Hove, near Brighton—a place which became sad and distasteful to me from that moment. Colonel B—— had been involved in the revolutionary troubles of 1820-21, and, after suffering many months of imprisonment in a castle on the Apennines, he had spent more than a quarter of a century of not uneasy or unhappy, or unhonoured exile in England, where, among other useful things, he had learned to moderate his politi-

cal opinions, which, as I firmly believe, had never been very immoderate. He had been an old soldier, and had seen hot and *cold* service. He had still by his side the sword he had worn in the Russian campaign of 1812. He had remained quietly in England till his countrymen voted the union of the Duchy to Piedmont. He then returned to see again the country of his birth and to offer his sword and services to Charles Albert, who had received him very kindly. If I had been a Parmigiano, and in the same circumstances, I would have acted as B—— had done ; and, without being in the like circumstances, I would have rejoiced at seeing a small impuissant state united to the larger, and powerful, and martial one. The King of Sardinia had sent him to organize—what was incapable of organization—the civic or national guard of Parma. The defeat of the Piedmontese army had left Parma open to the Austrians, and to the return of the Duchino. Colonel B—— had beat a retreat, and was now on his way to Charles Albert's head-quarters, with *sixty* undisciplined, unruly men, who represented, or rather in fact were, the patriot army of the whole Duchy of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastallo. It was quite evident that he was ashamed of marching through Coventry with this crew. *Mais quoi faire ? Che fare ?* What else could he do, except give up the whole cause and return to England—which he might have done with perfect comfort, and with a certainty of an honourably obtained competency—if comfort or self-interest had been the guide of his

conduct. He is a man incapable of rancour—*uomo senza fiele*—he spoke mildly and even kindly of those who had clouded his return to his country; and even in the frankness of friendship he was anxious, if not to conceal, to avoid dwelling upon many matters which might tell unfavourably to the Italian cause. But he could not disguise his own conviction that the mad or depraved ultra-liberals had spoiled a glorious chance, and that if the moderate liberals had been able to rouse the inert majority and to keep down the anarchists, things would now be wearing a very different appearance. General D——, Count C——, and the Cavalier —— came into the room, and Colonel B—— introduced me to them. I had slightly known one of them before at Milan, in 1820. They were Constitutionalists of 1821; but the liberal ideas of that period were, now-a-days, considered slavish and obsolete—all *rococo*! They had lived in England, but this was now politically disadvantageous to them, for the political education of the Abbé Gioberti, the tribune of the clubs, had been all in France; and, generally, the exiles returned from England, if they were men of family and birth, seemed to be looked upon with a jealous eye. In this class of exiles were many interesting men who had improved by experience, and corrected their crude notions of liberty by attentively observing and quietly living under the constitution and laws of England. They knew the practical working of a free constitution; but whenever they advanced a principle or an opinion, they were overruled by the

theorists or slavish imitators in Italy who had no practical knowledge of true freedom. I know positively that among the men of Young Italy they were decidedly unpopular. Mazzini, who had been so long in England, was not liable to the same suspicions, for he was *not* a man of family; and, instead of studying the English Constitution, he had been trying to teach a transcendental radicalism to English ultra-Whigs and Radicals. So with several other littérateurs, whose residence in England had not disqualified them for republican honours. Some in this category have been suddenly advanced from a mendicant condition to diplomatic dignities. In "Young Italy," as in France, a set of scribblers, beginning by basely flattering the disaffected, have succeeded in implanting a temporary belief that men of letters are the only men fit to be statesmen. To keep up this delusion they have not spared pen and ink or paper—but come what will, and let Italy be restored to order, or driven on to the Red Republic, they will soon have to return to their hungry garrets, or to fly back to England for a more comfortable subsistence.

Few can have forgotten the storm raised in England by Mazzini against Sir James Graham for having opened some letters and interrupted a plot and conspiracy, which had been carried on under the protection of the English flag. Well! Since Mazzini's native city had been in the hands of the ultra-liberals, the practice of opening letters, and stopping them altogether, or destroying them, had

become common. I was warned not to trust any letter containing political opinions unfavourable to the faction, to the Genoese post-office. I had received the same warning at Leghorn, where Guerazzi and his disciples were said to be playing the same game. Several persons were rendered very uneasy by receiving no answers to letters dispatched from this city. Those letters had never reached their destination.

As we were surveying the splendid panorama of Genoa, from the top of the church of Carignano, we heard military music, and saw troops march into the great open square beyond the eastern walls of the city, near the broad bed of the Bisagno, which flanks Genoa on one side, as the Polcevera does on the other. The way in which the soldiers marched and formed in the square, showed that they were regulars. We descended from our lofty pinnacle to go and see them exercise. We took rather a circuitous route in order to pass through a charming new public promenade on the hill side. On issuing from these shady walks, we heard volleys, not of musketry, but of voices. The soldiers were not gone out to exercise, they had only gone to be sworn to the Statuto or new Constitution. Why, in their case, this ceremony had been so long delayed, I did not inquire. But there they were taking oaths by platoons, in the approved French fashion, first introduced by Lafayette on the Champ de Mars; and their "*Je le jure*" was echoed among the noble mountains. We saved ourselves the trouble of going

to the spot, and merely descended to the Porta dell' Arco, and stood there to see the troops march back into the town. There must have been between three and four thousand men, and fine soldier-like fellows they were, not remarkable for stature, but well-framed, very nervous, active, and alert, well set up, without any stiffness, and looking like men who had been well drilled. It was a pleasure to look at them after all the shams we had seen. I know not what part they had had in the war, but they bore the appearance of men who had seen a hard campaign. The gloss was all gone; nothing was left bright except their arms; their countenances were terribly sun-burned and blackened; their coats were threadbare, and, in many instances, ragged; their shoes and gaiters were in deplorable case; but there was neatness enough in their formation and marching, and they were firm and cheerful, looking very like men who would gladly "try again." I had nowhere seen more docility, or a greater appearance of respect to officers. The officers themselves were really splendid specimens of the best Italian breed. With few exceptions they were very tall men, broad-chested, and altogether robustly made. They were neatly, elegantly, admirably dressed, without any of the expensive gewgaws and fripperies which are still allowed to disgrace too large a portion of the British army. Their aspect was truly martial; but they wore no beards, and I think but few wore mustachoes. They had wisely left the beards to the haberdashers and

patriots of the States of the Church, Tuscany and Lombardy, to the mountebanking volunteers, and to such soldiers as "La Prima Legione" Romana. The great majority of these fine handsome officers belonged to families of the Piedmontese nobility, or landed gentry. On this account they were *suspects* to the clubs and patriots; but they might certainly console themselves with the assurance, that they were respected and beloved by their men. On their first arrival, sundry little practices had been employed to seduce the poor soldiers. They were invited to a patriotic supper of bread and cheese and wine, and their healths were toasted as heroes of the Crusade and Hopes of Italy. They partook of this splendid hospitality, but it had no effect—they would *not* fraternize.

From the moment that the national guard was formed, and that Charles Albert made a number of concessions which never ought to have been granted, this faction had hardly allowed one tranquil day in Genoa. They had changed their local government by club-votes and decisions; they had defied the authority of every royal officer by means of demonstrations; they had displaced magistrates, broken into and ransacked the police-office, and invaded and interrupted the courts of justice. One of the symptoms of the prevailing malady or madness was an eager desire to destroy, blow up, and utterly uproot fortifications. They said that these things only served as strongholds to tyranny, and as bridles and curbs to the people. When the new Duke of

Parma, who had never had a hundred real soldiers in his pay, was driven from his states and compelled to fly to Saxony, the first thing the patriots of Piacenza did was to propose the immediate destruction of the strong fortress of that city. They were reminded that Italy might yet have to maintain more than one defensive war, and that it was a bad way of preparing for the possible return of the Austrians by blowing up all their citadels and forts. They would not listen to such reasoning—the citadel was only a stronghold of despotism—they wanted no walls to fight behind—they would meet the vile Tedeschi in the field:—

“E quando con essi fien vani i moschetti,
Lampeggi la punta de' nostri stilette.”*

* And when we can't kill them with musket and ball,
Upon them with daggers in hand we will fall.

These disgusting appeals to stilettos and daggers were very common. No wonder that Count Rossi has been stabbed! The two lines quoted in the text are from a much-applauded ode, which the author, E. Celesia, a lawyer, patriot, poet, and club orator of Genoa, recited at a banquet of Fraternization in the theatre of Carlo Felice, on the 2nd of April, 1848. While we were at Genoa, one of the fugitive patriots of Vicenza claimed the *merit* of the thought for a townsman of his own, and hinted that the Genoese poet must have been guilty of plagiarism. “Those daggers,” said he, “belong to *our* poet of Vicenza, Arnaldo Fusinato, who wrote

‘E là dove il core più batte nel petto
Vibriamo la punta del nostro stiletto.’ ”

There is nothing *very new* in the thought, and a right-minded man would blush at it.

In the same ode the Genoese poet talks of drinking wine out of the skulls of the conquered Germans—

“Berrem, ma nel cranio de' vinti Tedeschi.”

That

So in other places. When the Parliament met for the first time at Turin, one patriot member made a motion for the demolition of the citadels of Turin and Casal, and of half a score of fortresses in the Piedmontese territory; and another moved the instant destruction of the two interior fortresses of Genoa, called the San Giorgio and the Castelletto, as infamous checks and bridles upon the free movements of the sovereign people. The debates in the Lower Chamber at Turin were curious and very characteristic, full of violence, full of forgetfulness of the past and of nearly every sense of national honour. What were the military glories of the princes of Savoy to the Liberals? Were not those princes tyrants—unconstitutional, despotic, absolutists, all? If with those fortresses they had humbled the pride of foreign invaders, had they not also turned some

That horrible but most hackneyed idea was also claimed by the fugitive patriot of Vicenza for his townsman. Instead of referring it, as he ought to have done, to the dark Scandinavian mythology, and the savage joys of Valhalla, the runagate would have it that the skulls, as well as the stilettos, belonged to Fusinato, who had written

“ Oh come inebrianti saranno i tuoi vini
Del cranio libati dell’ empio stranier.”

This dispute about *originality* occupied a whole column of the ‘Corriere Mercantile,’ No. 209. The article was headed UNICUIQUE SUUM, and signed ‘LUIGI BERTAGNONI, Profugo Vicentino.’ The writer said that the brave students and volunteers were wont to sing in chorus the patriotic song of Fusinato under the walls of Vicenza and Treviso during the war. When people sing and talk of making such use of their daggers and of German skulls, it is not surprising that they should get some of their own skulls cracked by the Austrians!

of those fortresses into state prisons? Down with them all!

The august parliament appointed to represent the people and the whole constitutional authority of the nation had decided nothing—had come to no conclusion: so far from the bill having received the indispensable royal sanction it had never even been passed in the Lower, or introduced in the Upper House. But, taking the law into their own hand, the impatient Genoese patriots proceeded to demolish the two forts in their city. After a fearful riot the destructionists were interrupted, and their leaders were put upon their trial. Presto! Another *dimostrazione*! The trial was stopped, the papers relating to it were seized and burned. The archives of the court of justice and all the papers found in the high police-office were seized, carried into one of the public squares, and there consumed, in the midst of patriotic shoutings, and songs, and dances. At first the Liberals congratulated their countrymen of all classes and parties on the *total* destruction of documents which might have revealed police mysteries calculated to disturb the peace of families, to arm parties against parties, or to sow the seeds of suspicion everywhere. The whole was burned, and there was an end! People could not read in the ashes of that combustion who had been the secret spies of government, who had been denounced, or by whom; who had taken pay from the police, or who had made denunciations for the gratification of personal vengeance. The very ashes of that fire

were scattered on the winds of heaven—not a scrap, not a vestige of anything was left—and was not this a blessed thing for internal peace and concord? But, when the men of the clubs became more savage and desperate, they declared at their meetings and in journals and broadsides that, by a miraculous interposition of the Providence of true patriots, a big book containing the names of all the spies and informers, and of every man connected with the old secret police, had escaped the flames, and was safe and intact in the possession of those who, on fitting occasions, or upon provocation given, would know how to make proper use of it, by pointing out to the fury of the people the names of such as were enregistered in it. This was a diabolical device; yet there was really in it little that was new. The secret book was only a copy of the secret iron chest, which the Girondins and Jacobins pretended to have miraculously found in the Tuileries when Louis XVI. and his family were prisoners in the Temple. The French republicans could put into the iron box whatever they thought proper; so could the Genoese republicans insert in their real or pretended police-book any name they chose. Many were trembling lest some spiteful hand should inscribe their names in the list. One or two of the mysterious pages had been opened and published already, and the mob in allegiance to the clubs had been hounded upon two or three individuals as spies. A day or two before we arrived an old priest had a very narrow escape from being torn to pieces by

some of the believers in the book. The fashion of course spread. When a man quarrelled with another in the streets, he called him a spy. If a creditor became pressing for payment, the debtor called him a spy. If a master discharged a worthless servant, the desperate vagabond went and accused him as a spy. This very morning we were arrested at the corner of Strada Nuova by a long printed handbill which had just been stuck up, and which bore the signature of a certain baron, whose name I neglected to copy. I was told he was a person well known in the city. The baron, in evident trepidation, complained that on the preceding evening a man had accosted him in the public streets, and had put his person in jeopardy by calling him a spy, and by saying in the hearing of many persons that he could prove it, and that the coffee-house which he, the baron, frequented was nothing but a rendezvous and nest of spies paid by the government and by the Austrians. "Now," said the baron, "this man was once my servant, and was dismissed for stealing!" And then the baron went on to protest solemnly and most eagerly that he was no spy and never had been one; that there had never been any spies in his honoured family; and that, as for the coffee-house in which he spent his evenings, it was known to be as patriotic a café as any in Genoa! In the course of our walk we saw numerous copies of this paper. It must have been seen by every one in Genoa. It told a whole and a very revolting story in itself. When fear could induce a man to

placard the town with a defence like this, and against a charge so contemptible, it may be imagined in what an uneasy condition many of the Genoese were living, and what sudden and fatal turns might at any moment be given to the prevailing Italian passions of suspicion and revenge—*il sospetto e la vendetta*.

After over-setting the law and police, and obtaining, in their ultra-liberal townsman, the Marquis Pareto, a civil governor after their own hearts, the patriots proceeded actively with the demolition of the two forts. But another tempest had shaken "Genoa la Superba" almost to her foundations. A propagandist, who was named De Boni, and who, with much pomp and circumstance, announced himself as *secretary* to Signor Mazzini, had arrived in the city to stir up the clubs. There were two grand circles in Genoa—il Circolo Nazionale, and il Circolo Italiano. In all conscience both were mad enough; but the Italiano was considered far the madder and more turbulent of the two. Here secretary De Boni installed himself, and spouted and harangued until he had purged the Italiano of its last slight remnant of discretion and decency. As if there had not been demonstrations enough, he was constantly recommending more: there was hardly a night on which this energumène did not talk and teach revolt, treason, and anarchy; and something very like overt acts of treason followed this talk. At last the government did that which it ought to have done at first—it seized De Boni

and sent him across the Tuscan frontier. He retired to Leghorn, where he met with ovations from the clubs and patriots there. The Genoese societies, the affiliated societies at Turin, and the whole anarchical faction in both places, raised a terrific clamour, and prepared for new dimostrazioni. They roared and they swore that the expulsion of the segretario of Signor Mazzini was a flagrant breach of the constitution, and a most atrocious attack on the liberty of the subject. The authorities replied, with perfect truth, that De Boni was not a subject of the kingdom; that he was a native of the district of Treviso, and that government could lawfully send turbulent and dangerous aliens out of the country. The patriots insisted that there had been a passing of votes at Milan, Venice, &c., annexing the whole of Lombardy, and of the Venetian Provinces, to the kingdom of Charles Albert, as an instalment towards the *one* Italian kingdom; and that, therefore, whether those countries were occupied by the Austrians or not, every man in them was a subject of Piedmont, and fully entitled to all the rights of a citizen. The authorities urged that there had been no vote from the country to which De Boni belonged. *That*, said the ultra-liberals, was because the country was all along occupied by the Tedeschi: if the Tedeschi had not been there, the revolutionists would have voted the union; and, therefore, De Boni is a subject of this country. The whole of this voting was one of the greatest humbugs that ever imposed, for a moment, upon the world, under the name of

general will, universal suffrage, and the like; and its hollowness and absolute nullity had been displayed in the manner in which the people beyond the Mincio had behaved to the Piedmontese army and had welcomed back the Austrians, in the lukewarmness or absolute antipathy of the Lombard population, in the disobedience and unruliness of the administrators at Milan, while Charles Albert was as yet prosperous, in the attempts of the Milanese to assassinate him on his retreat because he could not stay to defend a city where they had provided nothing for his famishing troops, and nothing for their own defence beyond a project of miserable street barricades; and lastly, in the quietude with which the mass of the Lombard population had submitted to Marshal Radetzky, and in the fury in which the runaway patriots of Milan (who had themselves made the Lombard vote of annexation) were crying down Charles Albert as a traitor in his own dominions, and proclaiming that neither Lombardy nor the Venetian Provinces were, or ever had been, or ever could be, a portion of the sub-Alpine Kingdom, their feelings, their interests, their position, all leading them to a federation of republics, which, no doubt, would be formed so soon as the Tedeschi should be expelled. The Genoese and Piedmontese patriots knew all this, but, as it suited their present purpose, they insisted that De Boni was still a subject of Charles Albert, and that his deportation was unconstitutional, and a state crime not to be endured. The Genoese demonstrated, and the weak,

vacillating government, which (like every ministry Charles Albert has had since the establishment of the Statuto or Constitution) acted as if it were determined to lead him and his country to ruin, sent down Pareto, who had been joining in the agitation, to give nearly carte blanche to the Genoese clubs, and recall secretary De Boni. A deputation composed of the select members of the Circolo Italiano, was sent to Livorno; and these honourable republicans brought back Mazzini's right honourable secretary-of-state in triumph. This return took place a day or two before our arrival. We might have seen him and heard him harangue at the Circolo Italiano, if we had been so disposed. At his new advent the club became more outrageous than ever—*çelà va sans dire*.

Just now Pareto was one of the idols of the people, or of that fraction of the people who took to themselves the name Popolo Genovese. He was a man of letters, a man of science, with a quiet and very modest demeanour, covering a republican pride and ambition. He was a Genoese Girondin, a sort of Philosopher-Mayor Bailly: and the end of the man, if he should not run away in time, may very probably resemble that of the astronomical republican of Paris. While writing this chapter, I see by the newspapers that the patriots are already shouting "Death to Pareto!" I wonder that they did not begin at least five weeks earlier. The Girondins of the first French Republic bear about as much resemblance to the fancy sketches given of

them in Lamartine's book as the rough patriot Wallace might bear to the feminine portraiture of Miss Jane Porter, or the Lilliputians to the Brobdingnags. Still, in that class there were men of original minds and of indisputable eloquence, men eminent in matters unconnected with politics. The leaders of these Italian factions are but pale satellites—imitative Girondins; but, as they have put themselves in a somewhat similar position, so will they, in all probability, incur the same fate as the men of the Gironde, unless their alacrity and experience in running away should save them. They must be crushed, for, like their predecessors and models, they have carried revolutionism so far that it must go farther. The moment they attempt a check, they fall.

While we were at the top of the church of Carignano, we heard loud rumbling noises and saw smoke and dust rising from the west side of the city. The patriots had resumed their labours, and were blowing up the fort called Il Castelletto. Our cicerone said that if they did not blow up part of the town as well and kill a good many people before they were done, it would be a miracle, for they were working at the mines according to their own fancy, and without any engineers to guide them. Among the numerous placards in the town was one just stuck up, calling the people to this work; and, not relying solely on strong appeals to their patriotism, it offered daily pay to such as would go and aid in destroying Il Castelletto and San Giorgio. One

accident, which might well have been more serious, did happen in the course of this very day. The old man who showed us over the palace of Brignole Sale—whose owner, the Marquis, was and long had been absent at Paris as Charles Albert's ambassador—was in great trepidation when we arrived. A quarter of an hour before he had been gossiping at the portone or great gateway with some neighbours, who were standing in the street near the gate. Of a sudden they heard a loud rimbombo from the fort, and a great stone fell in the midst of them, breaking like a shell. They ran under cover, but a poor child was struck by a fragment of this fragment of the Castelletto, and was badly wounded in the leg. The poor custode had been so frightened and was still so agitated that he could scarcely answer any question we put to him while going through that splendid collection of pictures, among which are many portraits of members of this ancient family, who were illustrious in the old Genoese Republic. He kept muttering to himself that matters had come to a pretty pass; that a mob was doing whatever it liked.

Rome and Genoa have been peculiarly susceptible of the revolutionary and anarchic contagion, and have generally had the malady in its worst shape. In 1793, when the French overset the oligarchical republic and democratized the city, not less by Jacobin clubs than by force of arms, the Genoese mob not only burned the Golden Book, but, shouting "Down with the aristo-

cracy!" they pulled down and broke to pieces the statues of the Doges who had been the pride and glory of the country. Fragments of these colossal statues are still to be seen about the city, bearing melancholy evidence to the fury of former days. In the square near the Doria palace they had begun erecting a fountain and splendid monument to Christopher Columbus, whom they proudly claim as their countryman. I saw a model of the monument, which promised well; but the work itself was interrupted, stopped—there was no money.

The priestly, polemical Gioberti was the one god of revolutionized Genoa, as the advocate and historical romance-writer Guerrazzi was of Livorno. His portrait was everywhere; you could not turn without seeing Gioberti peering at you through his spectacles. He has written one work of six volumes against the Jesuits, and all that he has scribbled on this one subject in pamphlets and newspapers would no doubt fill six volumes more; but a face more Jesuitical than his own (as portrayed in these spectacléd portraits) I never saw in any real living Jesuit. His works seemed to form the principal stock of the booksellers; the rest of their wares were very much the same as those we had found at Rome and Florence. Lamartine's *Girondin* romance, which has indisputably contributed to what we have seen in France and Italy and other parts of Europe since February, 1848, was very conspicuous, and very much placarded. Among

the minor works on sale were sundry attacks—the most unmannerly and ferocious I had yet seen—on the King of Naples and his present Government. One of these, we were told, had been in great demand; I bought a copy, and read it. It was as complete a romance as could be penned; but the patriots who could believe in it might well set down Ferdinand as a monster, or—as one of the Genoese papers called him to-day—“quell' escremento di Nerone.” I made some inquiries about the author. He had been a sergeant in Charles Albert's regiment of Aosta; but being forced to leave the army on account of bad health, he had turned school-master and political writer. He had never been at Naples; he knew nothing either of the King or the country; a perusal of the ultra-liberal journals and his own imagination had supplied the materials of his book. Yet it was evident that it would not be safe to question its authenticity in the hearing of any true patriot at Genoa.

It was here, in this Hôtel Feder, that Mr. Daniel O'Connell breathed his last. We were asked if we should like to see the room in which he died. “Many of his countrymen,” said the servant, “make a pilgrimage to it, and fall down on their knees by the bedside, and pray! *Di grazia*, was this Monsieur O'Connell a saint or beato?” “Not quite,” was my reply.

Our table d'hôte was numerously attended. *Secretary* De Boni was there at the upper end of the long table, but too far off for me to see him or hear

him. Part of the company consisted of Lombards, ladies as well as gentlemen, who had been implicated in the insurrection at Milan, and who had now run away from Marshal Radetzky. They looked rather chapfallen, but still they talked very loud. The talk was all political, and wild and inconclusive. By those nearest to us the names of Lord Palmerston and Lord Minto were repeatedly mentioned with no very flattering prefixes and adjuncts; and England and her policy was spoken of with a bitterness which, as an Englishman, I would rather not have heard. One bearded man had found out the whole secret of our first interference between the King of Naples and his Sicilian subjects: England wanted to get and to keep Sicily for herself, as she had so unjustly done with Malta, the Ionian Islands, &c.; and as a positive proof of the fact he produced an old number of a French newspaper. I sat next to a stately Roman matron who had arrived from Cività Vecchia, and was on her way to Milan. I asked her whether she were not afraid to go to that city, when such dreadful accounts of Radetzky's cruelty and the German fury were appearing every day in all the newspapers. She said that she had a daughter married to a Milanese; that her daughter was sick and anxious to see her; that as a mother she would face real danger; but that in the present case she knew there was no danger at all. "I seldom read our newspapers," said she, "and when I do, I never believe them. I know by experience how they exaggerate and falsify. I have seen here persons, not committed in these poli-

tical troubles, fresh from Milan, and they assure me that Marshal Radetzky has molested none who remained quiet, that the Austrians preserve good discipline, and that the city is perfectly tranquil. If it were otherwise, how could the diligences be running regularly between Genoa and Milan and Milan and Genoa, as they have been doing for more than a fortnight?" And indeed we had seen in the streets and at the coach-offices large placards announcing the days and hours of departure of these public carriages, and had seen one set out for Milan loaded with passengers.

This night, at ten o'clock, we took our departure for Alessandria, the head-quarters of Charles Albert, and the place to which the Austrians retired after losing the memorable battle of Marengo. As we drove slowly through the town and the long suburb of San Pier d'Arena, we saw a good many non-commissioned officers of the line, who ought to have been in barracks long ago, drinking in the wine-shops with men of the people and men of the civic guard. This looked like a dangerous beginning of fraternization. None of the regular troops ought to have been left for any length of time in that hot-bed of sedition. A Piedmontese officer fully agreed with me, and said that no doubt these troops would be soon removed, and others sent to garrison Genoa. Yet I believe that those of the troops of the line who have since joined the mob are some of the very men we left there. The officer said that it was scarcely possible to imagine

any means of corruption that had not been employed by the Genoese patriots upon the non-commissioned officers; and he mentioned some means which I should scarcely have thought of, although they had been resorted to by the Jacobins of Paris in 1791-2. They had turned the houses of ill-fame into minor *circoli politici*—the women were patriotesses and propagandists, all for unity and independence, and for the republic that was coming.

The first sounds we heard on reaching Genoa were from the drums of the national guards; the last sounds we heard on leaving it were those of abuse, strife, and contention. Some men, excited by wine as well as by politics, were quarrelling in the streets. The sovereign people of Genoa were far from being all of one mind. In other feelings besides those of religion or superstition there was a great alloy of the old Italy; and, to do her justice, the old lady could, upon provocation, be quite as violent as the young one. When patriots claiming the advantages of education and social position could not be capable of any moderation, that saving virtue was hardly to be expected from the wholly uneducated. These vulgar feuds were of daily or nightly occurrence. Dante might have said now, with quite as much appositeness and truth as he did in the thirteenth century—

“ Ed ora in te non stanno senza guerra
Li vivi tuoi, e l' un l' altro sì rode
Di que' ch' un muro ed una fossa serra.”

CHAPTER XXII.

Road from Genoa to Turin — Novi — Marengo — The Duke of Genoa — Arrival at Alessandria — Charles Albert — Cause ruined by the Ultra-Liberals — Piedmontese Troops and Officers — Popularity of the King and of his two sons — Stop put to Improvements — The Railroad that was to be — Asti — Proposals for making the Italians speak Italian — Valley of the Po — Rich and happy land — Enter Turin.

THE first time I performed this journey from Genoa to Turin, the only road to Novi was that steep one which climbs over the Apennines, and runs through the Bocchetta pass—a very picturesque road, but very rough and dreary in the winter time, and always excessively fatiguing for horses. In the autumn of 1820, as I was returning southward, a new post-road through the valley of the Polcevera was considerably advanced, but was not yet open. I believe it was a year or two later that this magnificent road which we now travelled, was finished, to the inestimable advantage of the trade of the interior country. I regretted the darkness of the night, which veiled the pleasant scenery of this well-cultivated valley. We halted at the town of Novi, on the edge of the fertile valley of the Po. Here in the little coffee-house we saw two long-bearded Lombard volunteers, who were going, not towards the Austrians, but to join Guerrazzi's bands at

Livorno, and who, for the present, were solacing themselves with *aqua vitæ* and a game at dominos. The day broke as we issued from Novi, allowing us to see the heights behind the town where the army of the French Republic was thoroughly defeated in 1799, by the Austrians and Russians, and where General Joubert was slain. In about three more hours we were on the broad battle-field of Marengo, and crossing the little river Bormida, which fills so large a space in the narratives of that conflict. In a villa near the roadside we saw a statue and inscriptions commemorating this great victory, which gave to the French and Napoleon Bonaparte the dominion of Upper Italy, together with a control over nearly all the rest of the peninsula. These monuments seemed to me to be out of place in an Italian country; for what did they commemorate but the victory of one foreign people over another people of foreigners? The Italians had had nothing to do with the victory of Marengo. If the Austrians had won instead of losing, the national house of Savoy would have been firmly re-established. To the country at large, the result of the victory was only a change of foreign masters. Yet the ultra-liberals of Piedmont were now taking pride in these French monuments, and talking of the battle of Marengo as if the Austrians had been defeated by a purely Italian army.

A little beyond the Bormida we met a considerable quantity of artillery, and some fresh, fine-looking Piedmontese troops, who were marching towards

the frontiers of Lombardy. They had the bearing of true soldiers, they were very cheerful, and went on their march singing, though they were just come from their own mountain homes in the valleys of the Alps.

“ A stormo di guerra, passaron in terra
Cantando giulivi canzoni di guerra,
Ma ai dolci castelli pensando nel cor.”

If Italian independence is to be secured, these are the men to fight for it. Give to them a general like Marlborough's ally, Prince Eugène of Savoy, and they may stand against any troops in the world. On approaching the walls of Alessandria, we met two officers without any escort, driving very rapidly in a calèche. He who held the reins was Charles Albert's second son, the Duke of Genoa, whom the Palermitans had elected to be King of Sicily. It was but a glance that we had of him ; but that was enough to show that he looked like a soldier, and a worthy descendant from a long line of warlike princes ; and his mode of travelling, so uncere-monious, so rough and rapid, bore some evidence to the reported fact that he had gone through the late campaign like any other officer whose heart was in the service—not like a royal prince, but like an old campaigner. The Piedmontese army spoke equally well of his elder brother. The Duke of Genoa was going to the frontier.

At about 9 P.M. we alighted at a spacious hotel near the royal palace in Alessandria. The citadel was crowded with troops, and the town was full of

officers; but about 10,000 men were encamped at the distance of five or six miles; and, unfortunately, they were doing nothing to-day, as the King had passed them in review and manœuvred them yesterday. I saw only some of the officers of those men who had distinguished themselves by their bravery and steadiness in face of an enemy superior in number and appointment, and the genius of him who commanded, and who had behaved admirably in the retreat. I was assured, not only by some of the officers, but also by others who had seen them on that retreat, that, although they were starving, and violently excited against the Lombards, they committed no robberies or acts of violence, and even passed the wine-shops and the bakers when they had no money to pay for the refreshments they needed. Many of them died on the road of heat, hunger, and exhaustion. Yet whenever Charles Albert or one of his sons appeared, they shouted as loyally as they had done after their first victory at Goito.

It was Sunday. The King, who had been for some time lodging in the very humble and somewhat dilapidated royal palace, attended the noonday mass at the cathedral church, going and coming back on foot. A considerable number of respectable people had driven in from the neighbouring towns and villages to see him; and they were lining the piazza in front of the palace in a very quiet, orderly manner. We mixed with them, and saw Charles Albert return and re-enter his palace. He was

surrounded by a brilliant but not gaudy staff. Nearly all these officers were tall, fine men, but the King appeared to be a full head taller than any of them. I believe he measures some six feet four inches, English measure: he looked every inch a soldier and a king. His hair was turned grey and almost white, but, in every other respect, he was a stronger, finer man than when I had last seen him as Prince of Carignan. He was then very thin, but now he had a breadth proportionate to his height, and a very noble and commanding carriage. He had improved a weak, defective constitution by constant exercise on horseback and in the field or parade-ground, and by a very simple and almost abstemious diet. At the most splendid banquets he was seldom known to partake of more than the *potage* and two plain dishes; wine he never drank, until his physicians had recommended it to him during the great bodily and mental fatigues of the recent campaign. Some of his officers told us that the wine and the excitement of the war had done him good, and that they had never known him to be in so good health as now. He certainly had a healthy hue and a very firm step, but he looked, if not sad, at least exceedingly thoughtful, and when he raised his plumed hat at the palace gate, and smiled as a return for the universal respect that was paid to him, even his smile seemed to me a melancholy one. His maternal ancestor, Charles I., might have smiled thus after Naseby fight. He had enough on his mind to make him thoughtful. He had been goaded and driven into a leap

in the dark ; he was now in broad daylight, and nearly every illusion of hope and every dream of glory must have been dissipated by that light ; he was surrounded by avowed or secret enemies, and the remorseless faction which had forced him into the war with his brother-in-law the Viceroy Archduke Ranieri was now aiming at his throne, if not at his life. I cannot be his apologist to the extent to which gratitude and personal affection and a life-long acquaintance impelled our friend at Florence, General Count C——, who, moreover, might have an infinite store of information to which I can make no pretence ; but I respect valour wherever it is found, whether in a common soldier or in a crowned prince—I love a true soldier, and that Charles Albert is one his worst enemies will confess ; and, therefore, I felt for him at this critical moment much more than I will here attempt to describe. He had never been once to Turin since he took his departure to open the campaign. It was now said that he would go thither to re-open the fractious, factious parliament which had contributed as much as in it lay to his reverses and calamities. But for the madness of the ultra-liberals and the mean submissiveness of the great majority of moderate constitutional Italians, he might possibly at this time have had a chance of making good the voted annexations of the duchies of Parma and Modena, and the incorporation of Lombardy as far as the Mincio ; and thus might have been formed one great, consistent, martial kingdom in Upper Italy. But to rule and consolidate this kingdom Carlo Alberto

ought to have been allowed, at the very least, twenty-five years of an absolute dictatorship, or of full unlimited regal power. The constitution, the full liberty of the press, and all that, might have come afterwards. But, neither before nor afterwards, ought there to have been any national guard. Constitutions such as these in Italy, and newspapers and pamphlets such as they have, will never form the great powerful state which might have been created: will never work out the unity problem, or realise what Gioberti calls "this ideal revolution." It will remain an *idea* when Italy shall have been deluged with blood and thrown back into the poor, distracted, abject state in which the blessed peace of 1815 found her. A federation of mad republics and an armed French intervention will never do for the Peninsula that which might have been done by the sub-Alpine sovereign. If Charles Albert's moral courage and firmness in council had at all equalled his physical courage and his fortitude in war—if the nature of this "tyrant" were less gentle and less averse to extreme measures against his own subjects—much that has been done would have been checked at the outset, and a government at once strong and popular might have been formed—a popularity based on the personal character of the King, and on the then undisputed evidence of the wise and patriotic manner in which the affairs of the country had been administered ever since his accession to the throne. But when the King parleyed with the mobs of Turin, set in motion by a few

ultra-liberals, instead of sending out his troops to disperse them, and when he granted an impracticable constitution and a permission to turn every citizen that chose into a citizen-soldier, he broke his sceptre and more than half dethroned himself. He might have been, what Gioberti christened him, "*La Spada d' Italia* ;" but they put a broken sword into his hand, and then called him traitor because he could not conquer with it. The illustrious house of Savoy, which has weathered the storms of nearly a thousand years, and which, with a few temporary checks and obscurations, has slowly but steadily increased in power, dominion, and splendour, has been now put in mortal jeopardy by a few pestilent scribblers and a few hundreds of club-men. Like most other royal houses, it has had its state crimes and its vacillations of policy, and its tergiversations; and no royal house ever occupied a more difficult and trying position, or one that more constantly called for policy to make up for a comparative deficiency in strength; but still it has been an illustrious house, and no royal or imperial line can show a closer or more uninterrupted succession of statesmen and warriors. Assuredly no native Italian line can approach to the faintest comparison with it. Some of them may be called crowned rogues, but you will not find a crowned coward or tyrant in the whole house of Savoy, or of Savoy-Carignan. The sect who sent Carlo Alberto on his rash mission made the most of these historical facts. Contemplating a league between Sardinia, Tuscany, and Rome, they

assumed that the King of Sardinia must be the commander-in-chief of that league. "To the army of the league no other commander could be proposed than the warlike King of the royal warlike house of Italy, since the hand of Pius IX. does not touch terrestrial arms, and the hand of Leopold II. has too much glory in holding the sceptre of the arts and sciences to exchange that sceptre for a sword. The Guardian of the Alps is the generalissimo predestined by Almighty God to command the first true Italian army on the Ticino and Po."*

There were no vivats, or hurraing, or shouting, or any kind of noisy demonstration, but the king was respectfully greeted by all present; every man took off his hat as he passed. After what we had seen and heard at Genoa, this was a pleasant sight; but that which was still more pleasant was to find oneself fairly out of the land of long beards and monster mustachios and whiskers. Save and except a few fugitives from Lombardy, we saw none but close-shaved men in Piedmont. The fashion had never taken here. The only men who fought in this war of unity and independence had the good sense to scorn the beards and fopperies of "Young Italy."

The hotel on our return from the palace was crowded with officers of Carlo Alberto's regular army. At about two o'clock in the afternoon they sat down to their dinner in the sala, and we took our places with them. We had not met so good society for

* *Il Presente e l' Avvenire d' Italia*, di Vincenzo Salvagnoli. Estratto dalla *Patria*, numero 83, in data 29 Novembre, 1847.

a long time ; they were gentlemanly men, and intelligent, and very lively. Like those we had seen at Genoa, they were the sons of the aristocracy or gentry of the country, there being included in the term gentry bankers, merchants, &c. Of those who sat near to us several had travelled in England, and two had resided there a considerable time, and spoke English fluently and well. The majority were young men, but there was no display of indiscretion, no disorder, no noise. How different from the officers of the citizen-soldiers who had so disturbed my tranquillity at Genoa the night before last ! I had a talk with some of the seniors. They assured me that the peasantry and people in general in Piedmont were already weary of the war and the sacrifices, in their affections as well as in their interests, which it had entailed upon them ; that they were saying they could not comprehend why the soldiers of Piedmont should go and get killed in fighting the Austrians in order to drive them out of Lombardy and the Venetian provinces, when the Lombards and Venetians could not do it, and would hardly attempt to do it, or give any more than the most feeble and uncertain assistance to their allies ; that they thought that Piedmont would have enough to do to take care of herself ; that the prosperity of two years ago ought to be retrieved without any regard to the question of the unity and independence of all Italy, &c. &c. The king was keeping on foot between 60,000 and 70,000 regular troops. It was morally and physically impossible for the

country to support such an army much longer—it was altogether out of proportion with the population and the means of the kingdom. They more than confirmed all that had been told us by General Count C—— at Florence. Speaking in much less measured terms than the Count had done, they denounced the iniquities of the provisional government or temporary dictators at Milan, and the *gaspillage* of the Lombard army-contractors, fournisseurs, commissaries, and the like. They knew of voluntary contributions which had in part been sent from Piedmont, and in part raised in Lombardy, but not a particle of which had ever reached the camp. There can be no doubt as to the prevalence of a remorseless peculation. The Lombards robbed the Piedmontese, who had come to fight for them, of the means of preservation and subsistence. The facts were allowed, and perhaps exaggerated, by sundry of the journals. ‘La Concordia’ of the 26th of July had terrible complaints about the roguery of the Lombard Fornitori, their bad bread, their bad meat, their unwholesome wine, &c.; and the writer of the article proposed as a remedy a “jury of soldiers” to accept or reject the provisions. The same paper, under the same date, gave horrible accounts of dilapidations perpetrated on the voluntary patriotic donations made for the benefit of Charles Albert’s army. Two or three cartloads of linen rags and lint, instead of being conveyed to the army, were carried to certain paper-mills, and there sold to the master paper-makers. The ladies of Milan were said to

have collected 100,000 shirts (an incredible number!) for the army; but nobody in the army had ever seen those shirts, or could tell what had become of them. "The enormous abuses," says the writer, "which were made in Lombardy of all the private free offerings is something to be noted!"* My remark, that there must have been a sad want of organization in the commissariat, was met by one of the officers by the indisputable assertion that it was necessary to entrust the Lombards at least with the conveyance of the stores and articles which Lombardy furnished, and that the king could exercise no real control over the provisional government or head managers at Milan. I have already said enough about the Lombard and Tuscan and Roman volunteers; I need not repeat the additional facts told me on this head by these Piedmontese officers, who declared that it was a disgrace to have acted in the field with such men—that, with such contingents, no army in the world could escape being demoralized. They spoke affectionately of the king and his two sons, and very warmly of their personal gallantry, and their attention both to soldiers and to officers. They, too, looked like men who would try again, and who would do their best; but I should not say that there was one in all that company, or one among all those to whom I spoke, who regarded with a hopeful eye the renewal of the war against Austria. I asked one of them how he

* 'La Concordia.' The matter is contained in a letter from Lombardy, signed "Doctor David Levy."

would like to return to the country beyond the Mincio? He made no answer; but a younger officer, sitting at the other side of the table, said that he should like it very well, provided only it were as an enemy.

The poor soldiers must have been very sore on the subject of shirts, about which so much had been said and so many sublime promises had been made. The campaigners we saw here were as destitute of shirts and stockings as those we had seen at Genoa.

The internal improvement which had been going on everywhere had not left Alessandria out of its path. They had just finished lighting the whole city with gas. At a subsequent stage of our journey we fell in with a knowing Yorkshireman who had been employed in setting up the gas-works, and who spoke almost affectionately of the people of the town, among whom he had lived more than two years. A grander work was within sight of the town: this was a splendid railroad which was to run between Turin and Genoa, and which would have been finished ere now if Italy had not made this bungling risorgimento. We passed many cuts, embankments, viaducts, and admirable solid bridges between Alessandria and Turin. For a great distance the levelled road was ready to have the rails laid down upon it when the troubles commenced. Now, on this day, the 10th of September, close to Alessandria, they were destroying part of this railroad, which cost so much money, in order to make field fortifications which never can be defended

against an enemy in force and well supplied with artillery. This is only another of the grand checks which the ultra-Liberals have given to Italian progress. *They* are the true retrograders.

In the cool of the evening we hired a calèche to drive on towards Turin as far as Asti, famed as the birthplace of the poet Alfieri, and perhaps still more famous for its excellent wines. Outside of Alessandria we crossed the Tanaro, and saw that they had cut down a pretty little wood which might have given some cover to a besieging enemy. Farther on, I should think good two miles from the town, there lay in a hollow by the roadside a very considerable park of artillery, without a guard, without a sentry near it. This did not look to us ship-shape or army-shape. The guns were abandoned, as if they had been so many poor *fourgons*. The carriages were sadly in want of paint and very dirty, and many of them with broken tire and gaping felloes. The want of money could account for and excuse the want of shirts and stockings, and for the ragged coats and forlorn shoes ; but this disposal of artillery seemed to betoken a shameful slovenliness and negligence. We saw nothing to prevent anybody from pouncing upon the cannons and carrying half of them off by night.

The road continued good, the country was pleasant, fertile, and well cultivated, and the villages through which we passed were all grown larger and neater and much more populous. The approach to Asti was quite beautiful. There was a public

promenade tastefully laid out, and plantations of trees and elegant little villas which were not in being when I was here last. Within the town the change was equally striking: the streets were now well paved and exceedingly clean. At about ten o'clock at night we stopped at a most comfortable hotel at the corner of a piazza not far from the house in which Vittorio Alfieri was born. On the following morning, by daylight, I had a better opportunity of observing the improvements; they are numerous considering the space. Asti, which was far otherwise in 1820, may now be called a charming little city; although they were beginning to complain of pressure, the people seemed to be in a very thriving condition. Between Turin and Genoa, a quarter of a century ago, you might have hunted in vain for a bookseller's shop; there were now three such shops, which seemed to be of some standing, in the main street of Asti alone. In the window of one of them I was struck with the title-page of a pamphlet, "On the Necessity of Using the Italian Language, and Discouraging the Use of Dialects." More than half a century ago Vittorio Alfieri complained that a Piedmontese was scarcely an Italian—that a man even born like himself in the upper ranks had no national language, no language at all, but learned to speak a wretched incongruous mixture of French and Italian, and rarely knew how to write a sentence of pure Italian. Enormous were the pains taken by the poet to master the language in which he afterwards wrote:

few of his countrymen have followed his example. The Piedmontese still talk their patois, even in good society. It is a heavenly language or idiom compared with the Genoese, or the Bergamasco, or the Milanese, or almost any other of the twenty different dialects of Upper Italy (to say nothing of Lower Italy); but still it is at an immeasurable distance from the standard of pure Italian. There is so much French in it and so very much of the French accent, that I took to talking French whenever I got into the country; and this the superior classes seemed to prefer. Charles Albert and his family always talk French in public, keeping the patois for familiar occasions; French is the language of the court of Turin, and the army is drilled and commanded in French. All this rather impairs the Italianism of Piedmont: no doubt it arises in good part from the ancient and close connexion of the country with Savoy, the language of which is French. But if pure Italianism is to depend on the use by the people of the pure classical Italian language, then, on the whole face of the Peninsula, it will be found only in Florence, Siena, and two or three other cities of Tuscany. But, without being a fanatical purista, an Italian may deplore the great number and the wide divergency of the dialects that are spoken between the Alps and the Sicilian Strait. Our provincial dialects give no idea of the wide difference. The dialects of Italy are almost like different languages; many of the populations speaking them are wholly unintelligible to one another;

this helps to keep these populations apart and distinct. Before Italy can be made *one*, or “unified,” as Gioberti expresses it, he and his brother pedants ought to labour hard and long to make *one* language intelligible and current and of common universal use throughout the Peninsula. It should seem that little or no progress has been made in this direction in Piedmont since the days of Alfieri.

The palace wherein the poet first saw the light of day has been newly repaired and stuccoed and made to look quite gay; but the poet’s sister, whom I saw within it in 1819, has long since been in a dark and a narrower house.

From Asti we drove on for Turin with an old mercante and his family who belonged to that capital, and who proved to be very agreeable companions, communicative in spite of the clubs, and cheerful in spite of the stagnation of trade and the dulness of the times. They spoke affectionately of the King, calling him a brave good man; and they were also very warm in their praises of Charles Albert’s two sons, the Duke of Savoy and the Duke of Genoa. “We were only too happy,” said the old man, “but now this Abbé Gioberti is king, and he and his political circle keep us in constant agitation and trouble.” The country was most beautiful and splendidly cultivated. Everywhere I saw signs of plenty and evidences of improvement. It was always a land of milk and honey, but now its exuberant stores were greatly increased and nothing seemed left to run to waste. The rich harvests of

the sweet, nutritious Piedmontese corn, which makes the best bread in the world—these people being the best of all bakers—had been got in long since; and so had the maize and other crops. They were cutting their late hay and artificial grasses. The full-headed purple clover and the compact trefoil were the finest I ever saw; the mowing of them was like cutting into a solid cake. Herds of fine cattle were scattered along the valley, becoming more numerous on the alluvial meadows near the Po. The farmers' teams were stout, well-fed, strong, and not ill-bred. The country people were all well-dressed and clean; the villages were all enlarged and far neater and more prosperous than they were. We made the journey from Asti at a very leisurely pace, with the same pair of horses. We walked up all the hills (for this broad valley between the Apennines and the Alps is not a dead flat, but much undulated), we talked with the peasants, and we stopped more than two hours to dine at an inn in one of the villages. It was a rustical house, but clean and prosperous, abounding in all good things and in some of the very best wine we drank in Piedmont.

It was night when we crossed the Po by a fine stone bridge, and entered Turin by the magnificent piazza of Victor Emanuel. The whole city was lighted up with gas, and far more splendidly than Genoa, Leghorn, Florence, Rome, or Naples. There was not a single gas-light in all Italy when I last left it. I do not know their several dates; but

I know that these works were all set up by Englishmen, and that they are to be classed among the greatest of the modern improvements of the country.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Turin — Palace of Carignano turned into the Chamber of Deputies — Palazzo Madama and the House of Peers — The Royal Palace — Charles Albert's domestic Life — The affection of his Servants — Picture Gallery — Collection of Armour — Egyptian Museum and Conversations there — The Frontier of the Adige — The Liberals have spoiled that hope — The Chapel Royal and Santo Sudario — La Superga — Tombs of the Princes of the House of Savoy — Silvio Pellico an object of hatred with the ultra-Liberals — Abbé Gioberti and his Levees — A Revolution among the Monks of Turin — A galley-slave Republican — Gioberti's Congress — Constituent Assembly for all Italy — Where shall we hold it? — Some parliamentary Debates — Excellent Condition of Charles Albert's Regular Army — The War Office — Treachery of the Provisional Government of Milan.

CHARLES ALBERT had given up to the Chamber of Deputies the fine old palace of Carignan, which was his habitation before he succeeded to the throne. The parliament, after having done about as much mischief as could possibly be crowded in the narrow space of two or three months, had been for some time prorogued. The tri-colour flag was therefore struck ; but the flagstaff remained, projecting from the great central window over the grand gateway, like the old pole in front of a barber's shop, and at the same angle—it was painted green, white, and red. Right under it there was a guard of citizen-soldiers, and a crowd of loiterers nearly all dressed in uniform. The

House of Peers made no such show : it was rather a confined and dingy hall in the Palazzo di Madama, which contains besides a picture gallery, the police-office, the finances, and I know not how many more public offices. Our guide scarcely knew his way into this little-honoured House of Lords. The custode or usher told us that the number of peers was appointed to be 120, but that not more than 60 had ever taken their seats. As at Naples, a good many had declined the honour altogether, and others had kept away when they saw how completely the Upper House was over-ridden by the Lower, and in how little regard it was held by the constitutionalists. It was a cold, gloomy place.

The royal palace, though spacious enough, was not much gayer than the House of Peers. It was guarded by citizen-soldiers, who were everywhere, and who seemed to have all things in their own hands. There were two regiments of the line in Turin, but they were kept apart in the citadel, and seemed to be allowed to do no duty whatever in the town. In the grand hall of the palace by which you enter the royal apartments there were a few *gardes du corps*—entirely non-commissioned officers of the army who had been promoted to this well-paid, admirably-dressed corps as a reward for their past services. They stood by the door, but seemed as if afraid to interdict the entrance to any one, however dirty or unmannerly he might be. One patriot came in with a cigar in his mouth, and spat about the hall as though it had been a cabaret. We waited

until a noisy party of bearded fugitive Lombards had finished their very hasty survey of the apartments, and then went through them quietly and at our leisure, under the guidance of a very intelligent, gentlemanly servant of the court, who had been born and bred in the household of Charles Albert. I have no intention of describing this well-known palace; I mention it almost solely for the incidents I saw in it which bore upon the politics of the time, and for the things we heard in it about the king and his family. The apartments have been wonderfully improved within the few last years. There are palaces far more magnificent, but I never saw one that had such an air of comfort. Few of the rooms are remarkable for their size, but there is a perfect finish and neatness in all of them and in every part of them. It is such a dwelling as any private gentleman of taste and fortune might occupy. Charles Albert has been a liberal patron of the arts, and a good many of the pictures are by living artists of Piedmont or Lombardy. Among the older pictures is a complete series of the battles and victories of the princes of this warlike house. The climate of Turin is far too cold in the winter time to allow of the luxury of marble pavements; the rooms are floored with woods of different colours and grains, beautifully inlaid, and varnished like a picture—a mosaic of wood. In the king's rooms books and maps were on the tables and settees just as he had left them. His bed was the bed of a soldier, as simple and as hard as a bed in barracks.

When abroad he was hardly ever seen in a carriage. The attendant spoke of his great activity, his incessant attention to business or to his army, and his very simple and almost abstemious way of living. When alone, his dinners were as short as Napoleon Bonaparte's. The queen had not been out of her apartment for months, and had scarcely been seen by any one since that fatal march into Lombardy—she was said to be sad, anxious, and almost broken-hearted. Charming as it was, there was an air of melancholy and desertion about the whole of the royal habitation: the few servants we saw glided along like ghosts. More than half of the offices of government are within, or attached to, this immense pile of building, so that the king can go to them without going out of doors. There are also the military academy and the king's private library. The library contains about 30,000 printed volumes, 1800 manuscripts, and a great number of curious autograph letters, including many of Prince Eugène of Savoy. The same comfort, neatness, and finished elegance that prevail in the royal apartments are found here. A very considerable number of the books seemed to be English or German. Two young officers of engineers were reading in this choice place of study, which the kindness of the king renders very accessible. The public library is close at hand.

The picture-gallery in the Palazzo di Madama has been formed and thrown open to the public by Charles Albert. It is admirably well kept: it con-

tains some first-rate pictures, but would be all the better for weeding. The finest collection of old armour that I have seen is here, and is arranged in a most admirable manner. Our exhibition in the Tower of London is not to be compared with it. This also was formed and thrown open to the public by the present King, who began the collection in 1834. In one of the glass-cases in the gallery are the sword and ball-dented breastplate of the great Prince Eugène. Not to mention other establishments which have owed their origin to Charles Albert, or which have been greatly increased and enriched since his accession, there is, in another part of the town, the splendid Egyptian museum which was first purchased from Drovetti, a Piedmontese by birth, by King Charles Felix in 1823, but to which numerous additions have been made since. Here, where Champollion studied his hieroglyphics, we talked politics with the custode and some Lombard refugees who were men of superior condition and education. The patriots were depressed in spirits, deploring the madness of Mazzini and the monstrous follies which had been committed by the ultra-liberal party in Milan, who had taken the revolution under their own special management, and who had traduced and enfeebled the King of Sardinia when they ought to have supported him with all their soul and with all their strength. They were wondering when they should get home again—when affairs would be settled! They did not now believe that Charles Albert was strong enough

to renew the war with Austria, or that anything was to be expected from National Guardsmen and enrolments of volunteers. Their sole hope was in the prompt mediation of England and France. The younger and more sanguine seemed yet to entertain some expectation of the union of Lombardy with Piedmont. When they were gone from the museum, the custode, who was an old soldier, and who had fought in the armies of Bonaparte in Spain and in Germany, gave a very free utterance to his opinions about the Lombard league, and the whole war of unity and independence, and all the revolutionism which had been marching through Italy *à pas de charge*. Thoroughly a Piedmontese, he spoke most contemptuously of the Lombards, and bitterly regretted that the King had ever moved to join them. 'The country was so well off, so thriving and happy before this ridiculous war! Half of the Lombards were Austrians at heart. Piedmontese and Lombards never had and never would agree; it was not in their natures that they ever should. "When the Milanese had driven the Austrians out of their city—because they had hardly any bombs and not much gunpowder, and because Marshal Radetzky would not allow the city to be bombarded—they came flocking over here to Turin like great soldiers and conquerors, talking as though they had performed the greatest feat ever known in war. They hardly wanted our assistance then! They had vanquished the Austrians themselves. They alone would drive them out of the rest of Italy.

They only wanted some of Charles Albert's money—for they durst not ask their own people for money. At the name of a new tax the Lombards would have risen and have called back Radetzky. Well! we gave them money! The King emptied his own treasury—and we Piedmontese are now in debt, and half of our own army is unpaid. We all know how they behaved in the war. On the retreat they left our soldiers to die of starvation, and scores of them attempted to assassinate the King at Milan by firing their muskets at him. We Piedmontese are more generous. Our country is now full of Lombard runaways; Turin you see is swarming with them. They are nearly all as poor as begging friars. Very few of them have brought any money with them; but I will swear that not one of them has wanted bread or his bottle of wine. It falls heavily upon us, for we are getting very poor—but such is the Piedmontese heart. You know the difference between a Piedmontese and a selfish Lombard!"

In this strain talked our custode. There was prejudice as well as indisputable truth in what he said. Upon my old experience I should say that both Lombards and Piedmontese are hospitable people; but they will not allow that virtue to one another. It is vain to deny, and impossible to conceal the fact that the old antipathies between these near neighbours still prevail in the masses of the two peoples. I wish it were otherwise; but I do most conscientiously affirm that so it is: I had proofs of it in nearly every Piedmontese or Lombard with

whom I conversed. I do not, however, believe that these feelings would seriously, or for any long period, impede the fusion of the two peoples, provided only that a good dictatorship or a strong consistent royal government could be established in Piedmont and Lombardy, instead of this fierce democracy and government of clubs. Of Modena I am not so sure, but the fusion of the duchy of Parma would probably be still more easy and expeditious. With these unions, with a frontier on the Adige, this 'Regno d' Italia Superiore' would be a compact and splendid kingdom, with a population that would not fall far short of 8,000,000. It would be strong enough to keep Austria within bounds; and the brave House of Savoy might effectually fulfil its ancient duty as guardian of the passes of the Alps, stopping the encroachments of the French, and realizing the happy dream of Filicaja,

"Ne più vedrai
 di sangue tinta
 Bere l' onda del Po Gallici armenti."

Two years ago I could have indulged in the same vision—but now? The madness of the ultra-revolutionists has spoiled almost everything; and, with all his good and high qualities, with his ability as an administrator, with his heroic courage in the field, Charles Albert, I fear, has given melancholy proof that he is not the statesman likely to form such a united kingdom, or the architect fit to raise so stupendous a fabric.

Wherever we went in Turin we met with great courtesy and kindness, and found prevailing a strong feeling of respect and affection for the king and his family. In many instances the keepers and servants were quite melancholy on account of the long absence of Charles Albert, the dangers which he had run, and the shameful treatment to which he had been subjected. It was so in the palace, and still more so with the very respectable old man who showed us over the royal chapel, wherein they preserve the *Santo Sudario*, or miraculous napkin, believed to be impressed with the very image of our Saviour when in his agony. [For the legend, I refer the reader to Mrs. Jameson's 'Sacred and Legendary Art.'] The miraculous cloth is exhibited only on very rare occasions. The last time it was produced to daylight was at the marriage of the king's eldest son. About the altar of the chapel there are some lamps and other objects beautifully wrought in pure and massy silver. But we observed that most of the candelabra and great candlesticks were of wood, with only a coating of silver. "Ah," said the custode, "before the French came here those too were all of silver. If they come again, the silver we have will vanish; or, without the coming of the French, our revolutionists of the day, if they be not checked, will leave the chapel bare. Gioberti is more king in Turin than the king himself. His majesty has only been too good and too mild. He was always thinking about the good of the people, and never about himself. There was not a man in all Turin

that worked so hard as he, or that lived so sparingly, or took so little pleasure. And now—read these scandalous newspapers! Hear the speeches they are delivering night after night at the political club, where they worship the Abbate Gioberti as a god! This is sad work, and must have a sad end. My heart aches for my royal master and for the queen. They were so good to all of us; so were the two princes.”

The first evening after our arrival in Turin we went up to the splendid church, La Superga, which was erected in the year 1709 by the Duke of Savoy, in gratitude to Heaven for the grand victory obtained by Prince Eugène over the French, who had been besieging Turin. It stands on the summit of a very lofty hill, very little in the rear of the left bank of the Po. We were rather late in starting: the road is in parts exceedingly steep, and at every turn some magical view of the broad valley of the river, or of the towering Alps, obliges one to stop. We stood for some time watching the effects of the setting sun upon the eternal snows of Monte Viso, which seemed so near that one might almost have put forth his hand to gather up some of those rose-coloured snows. In this way it was growing dusk when we entered the white marble interior of the church; and it was almost dark when we descended to the marble-lined vaults under the church, being guided by a solitary custode, who was not old, but a tall, thin, serious, grey man. Save ourselves, there was not a soul in the church or in the vaults. The

silence and the gloom were awful. The founder of La Superga intended it to be his burial-place, and ever since that time it has been the mausoleum of the family of Savoy. The serious, grey man named the several tombs as he passed them. Here was that of Charles Albert's immediate predecessor. "And here," said the man, "will be his majesty's place. Alas, I fear he will soon fill it! These madmen will break his heart, if some of them do not stab or poison him." It was too dark for me to see the poor man's countenance, but he spoke with deep emotion. I was thrilled by his words. I believe I almost shuddered as I hurried out of that solemn house of the dead.

There was one bright particular star—one native Piedmontese whom, of all the men in the country, I most desired to see. This was Silvio Pellico, the poet and the prisoner of Spielberg. I had had a glimpse of him at Milan in 1820, a few months before his arrest. He was then interesting only as the author of '*Francesca di Rimini*;' but he was now far more interesting by his misfortunes and the almost angelic spirit with which he had supported them; and his account of his imprisonment has ten times more poetry in it than all the verses he has ever written. I might have brought a letter of introduction to him from Rome; but I was there told that he was not at Turin, but at Salluzzo, his native place. At Turin they could not or would not tell me whether he was here or there. My inquiries elicited only this, that he who had done so much

honour to his country, and who had suffered so much for being leagued with those who would have expelled the Austrians from Lombardy in 1821, was an object of hatred and contempt with the Liberals of the present day, who were calling him a Jesuit, a cursed Jesuit, a miserable Jesuit. Since the publication of his book about Jesuits, or rather since the political ascendancy obtained by the priest Gioberti, the standard term of abuse is "Gesuito." With the rabid revolutionary party 'Le mie Prigioni' had never been a popular book, and the poet had never been a popular man since the day that he announced in that book that he forgave the authors of his captivity. The effect of his long sufferings had been a religious resignation and a revived spirit of Christianity. No better effect could have been produced by misfortune. But the ultra-Liberals, who wanted him to curse the Emperor Francis and the whole Austrian race, set down his religion as hypocrisy, and called him a turncoat before they began to call him a Jesuit—a base turncoat, a low-spirited fellow, who preferred living in peace and quietness at home among his relatives and friends to an exile in Paris or London—a shameless slave, who had not spirit enough to resent his injuries and cry out "Vendetta!" Then, poor Silvio Pellico had a brother that chanced to be a priest or a member of some monastic body. At Turin they called the brother a Jesuit, and said that he really belonged to that society. A gentleman of the city, who had been civil and kind in other respects, flatly refused to

inquire for me whether the poet were in Turin or not. "Silvio Pellico," said he, "is not what he was. He is a Jesuit, and half an Austrian besides. He is a man with whom I will have nothing to do. But there is a great man, a true patriot, to whom I will introduce you myself with much pleasure—I mean *our* great Vincenzo Gioberti."

"And the Abbé Gioberti," said I, "is a man with whom I will have nothing to do. I am studying how to avoid the sight of him. I wish I could avoid the sight of his ugly portraits."

And in fact we were living in the same hotel with this incarnation of pedantry and conceit, who seemed to be beset from morning till night by crowds of worshippers. His apartment was under ours. It was never empty until a late hour at night, except when the spectacled Grand Llama of Radicalism went over to hold forth in the political circle. How he found time to write or to think I could not imagine, yet he was eternally scribbling and printing. As for thinking, perhaps he dispensed with *that*. Twice we saw in the hall of the hotel the arrival of those who came to attend his levée, and who certainly formed a very motley group. All manner of people came to him to consult him on all manner of affairs besides the great union and independence question. One day some young Capuchin friars waited upon the revolutionary Abbé to take counsel of him, for a terrible feud had broken out in their house, and had come almost to the length of an open war, the young monks affirming that the old

monks were tyrants and cruel oppressors, that there was no liberty, equality, or fraternity in their house, and that they must have a change of rulers and a free régime. Among the Italian revolutions of 1820-1 there was a revolution in a bagnio; the galley-slaves at Cività Vecchia rising upon their keepers and proclaiming a republic. But here we had Revolution in a monastery! Where will she go next? I cannot say what advice the Abbé gave the shavelings; but a day or two after, when we visited their monastery on the top of the beautiful green hill just beyond the Po, we thought it wore rather a revolutionary aspect, for the juniors and seniors were ranged in opposite rows in the garden, and each party was engaged in some deep consultation when we entered. Altogether the brotherhood counted some forty or fifty members, but there is no other monastery of this order in or near Turin.

Since the establishment of the statuto, or constitution, in the month of March, there had been four, or I think five, ministries, and now we were only in September. Having broken up two cabinets already, Gioberti was at it tooth and nail to break up this. As the only means or the only chance of preserving some peace and tranquillity, the king had prorogued the turbulent parliament. But the restless priest had turned the political circle into a parliament, taking votes and resolutions there, and discussing state questions as if the club really was a chamber of deputies. "I speak here, because, the parliament being closed, I have no other place in which

to make myself heard." So said Gioberti in one of his *circolo* speeches. But this circle was too narrow for him. He must have a Congress—a General Congress of all the "illustrations," of all the "intellectual summities" of all the states of Italy, whether ruled by the King of Naples, the Pope, the Grand Duke, the King of Sardinia, or the Austrian Emperor; and, while we were at Turin, Gioberti was issuing and expediting by the ordinary post his summonses to these Italian illustrations. He addressed none but such as were reported to be true Liberals; but his letters reached many who laughed at his vanity and presumption, and grumbled at being put to the expense of the postage. The letters were all in one form, and were lithographed—a vacant space being left merely for the insertion of a name. The following is printed from one which was received by a truly distinguished Italian who has been long resident in England, and who regards the Abbé as all the rational part of his countrymen now do.

*Le Comité Central de la Société pour la Confédération
Italienne.*

MONSIEUR,—La Société de la Confédération Italienne va tenir dans cette ville un congrès national pour établir, à l'aide d'une discussion générale et solennelle, le projet d'une constitution fédérative, et aviser aux moyens de réaliser la fédération elle-même. Tout cela dans le but d'assurer l'union et

l'indépendance de cette belle et malheureuse partie du monde civilisé.

Quoiqu'il s'agisse d'une institution tout-à-fait Italienne, cependant il est dans les vœux les plus ardents du Comité Central, que l'assemblée soit éclairée par les lumières du plus grand nombre des savants, quelle que soit la nation libre à laquelle ils appartiennent.

La renommée, Monsieur, a justement placé votre nom parmi les illustrations de votre glorieuse patrie, et a naturellement fixé sur vous l'attention particulière du Comité Central. C'est à ce titre, Monsieur, que j'ai l'honneur de vous prier au nom du même Comité de vouloir bien honorer notre assemblée de votre présence.

Il va sans dire que le Comité vous autorise pleinement par mon organe à adresser la même invitation à vos amis.

Le congrès commencera le 10 Octobre prochain, pour continuer jusque au 25, c'est-à-dire quinze jours. Vous trouverez ci-jointe une circulaire relative au même projet.

Je vous prie, Monsieur, d'agréer l'assurance de ma considération.

Le Président du Comité Central de la Société,

VINCENT GIOBERTI.

Turin, ce jour 22 Septembre, 1848.

Why an Italian should address another in French, or why a summons to a congress of Italian *literati*,

issued in the name of the Society for Italian Confederation, should be in any other language than Italian, may perhaps be explained by the Abbé. If it were supposed that some of the *savants* of free nations—not Italian—could not read an Italian letter, surely Gioberti and his club might have spent a few francs more, and have had one copy in French and one in their own language. The letter suggests more than one joke at every line; but the most laughable part of all is that in which the recipient is begged to bring his friends with him. So in country parties—and at times in London ones too—when it is apprehended that there may be a want of gentlemen for the dance, the thoughtful matron suggests to the cavaliers she invites that they may bring any “nice young men” with them. Gioberti’s Congress evaporated in air, or went off upon paper. I am sorry that it did not meet. I would fain have seen all the *littérateurs* (or *savants*, as the Abbé calls them) collected together in one political saw-pit! They would have devoured one another like the Kilkenny cats; and Italy would have been a great gainer if three-fourths of them had left nothing but their tails, or *tales*, behind them. No doubt we have among us some few who are as mad as these Italians, and as vain; but, on the whole, our literary insanity is of a mild character and very circumscribed range; yet were a congress of English merely-literary men met to discuss and decide upon a great political question, it would be a sight to be seen! The papers the morning after would be filled with police

cases of assaults and batteries perpetrated by our “illustrations”—our “intellectual summities.”

The Gioberti idea of a “national congress” summoned by the Liberals, and to be held in the city of Turin, did, however, captivate the patriot mind of Upper Italy; and for a week or two the patriots were all mad about it. When it was thrown aside, the equally promising project of calling together a “Constituent Assembly of all Italy” was taken up with uncommon ardour and impetuosity; but this, I believe, was rather the idea of Mazzini, Mamiani, and Guerrazzi, than of the Abbé Gioberti. “Ah! yes,” said the Revolutionists, “let us have a Constituent Assembly! Let members representing the sovereign people come from every part of Italy, no matter by whom governed—let them assemble, deliberate, and decide, and then the cause of union and independence will be safe!” But how are these representatives to be chosen? In Naples, Rome, Florence, Turin—in all constitutionalized Italy—the people have their representatives already, and their parliaments. In Lombardy are the Austrians. “*Che importa?* what does that signify?” reasoned the Liberals; “the *true* patriots at Naples can nominate some of their countrymen who have fled from the butcher Ferdinand; in Rome, and Florence, and Turin the *true* patriots, who do not consider that they are represented in their parliaments, or that local parliaments are equal to the emergency, or competent to decide on the ‘unification’ of the Peninsula, can very well make new elections; and as for Lombardy,

have not all the men of the revolutionary party run away from it, and may they not very easily name some of their number to be members of the Constituent Assembly of all Italy? This Constituent Assembly will be for Italy what the Diet of Frankfurt is for Germany! Only let us have this Constituent—*Questa Costituente*—and all will go well!” And where will you meet?

At first—seeing the triumph of the Livornese barricaders, and the weakness and prostration of the Grand Duke—they fixed their eyes upon Florence; and the fugitive Mazzini, and the outlaw Garibaldi, and other men of desperate fortunes and still more desperate projects, began to collect within the Tuscan frontiers; but soon the auspicious course of events on the Tiber—the ardour of the clubs, the murder of Count Rossi, the flight of the Pope—pointed out Rome as the proper place of meeting; and it was resolved that the “August Constituent” should assemble in the Eternal City. And, in effect, a very few days after the retreat of Pius IX., Garibaldi, De Boni, *Secretary* of Mazzini, and a whole host of these runagates and madmen, appeared in Rome, and harangued the bloody multitude from balconies and in clubs. A balcony speech of De Boni about the *Costituente* made almost as great an impression as my Lord Minto’s balcony vociferations of “Viva Pio Nono! Viva l’Indipendenza d’Italia!” Yes! a Constituent Assembly, wherein none should sit but approved ultra-liberals, would “unificate” Italy,

and settle everything upon a glorious and permanent basis. For about as long a season as Gioberti's National Congress, this was the puppet and idol of the day. But as the men of Central Italy became hotter and hotter for it, the liberals of Upper Italy grew cold. Gioberti and Mazzini never could agree; they hated one another with all the intensity of Italian hatred; and, moreover, the Piedmontese priest had other occupations, for the unfortunate and perpetually ill-advised Charles Albert has been induced to entrust to him the formation of a new ministry; and the author of 'Il Primato Civile e Morale degli Italiani,' 'Il Gesuito Moderno,' &c., is *now* Prime Minister at Turin.

Not being able to hear a debate, I perused, while at Turin, all the parliamentary proceedings I could find in a file of journals, and, since my return to England—an Italian friend having furnished me with a barrow-load of newspapers—I have undergone more painful labour of the sort. The result of the study is a conviction not at all favourable either to the eloquence or the wisdom of the Torinese Parliament. I let pass all the rabid abuse of my country, all the imprecations against England—uttered, in good part, at moments when, but for the mediation, the Austrians might have swept all Piedmont, and sent the honourable deputies flying; for abuse and hatred of England are primary elements in the composition of all the men of this school—I pass unnoticed the base, unmanly attacks on their King, when he was risking his life in the

field, and all those debates and votes by which, as I have already intimated, his operations were impeded and, in the end, paralyzed. I merely select a few parliamentary specimens, which may be read without weariness, and which may convey some notion of these liberal orators and statesmen.

When time was most precious, they passed days and days in waging war upon the Jesuits, for Gioberti had told them, in his never-ending books, that if the Company of Jesus was expelled, Italy would be saved. The Jesuits were expelled, their property was seized, their houses and colleges were turned into barracks. But there was a society of old religious women—a small sisterhood of devotees—called “The Ladies of the Holy Heart,” and the liberals fell upon this, and spent more days in the combat than they had employed in their war against the Jesuits. They held that these ladies were Jesuits in petticoats; that their society was affiliated with that of Loyola, and that Italy would not be safe until it was annihilated, and the members of it driven into exile. The ministerial members and some few moderate men in the house attempted to show that much more weighty matters called for immediate attention; that little honour was to be gotten by a raging persecution against a few old ladies; that the religious scruples of the people might be seriously offended: but it was all in vain; the zealots would continue the chase and hunt down “Le Dame del Sacro Core.” These ladies had gained the hearts of the Savoyards, among whom some of them

were settled, and the bold mountaineers took up their cause, and vowed that they should not be expelled either by the Torinese Parliament or by any other body or person. The affair became serious, the aspect of Savoy menacing ; and so, those precious patriots in Parliament assembled, finished by voting that the old ladies should be suppressed in every part of Charles Albert's dominions *except Savoy*. The compromise was not carried without difficulty. Some of them would have risked a civil war, and the alienation of all the brave and steady Savoyard troops that were serving with the King in Lombardy, rather than allow the old ladies to remain in Savoy.

The language of the Savoyards is French, and but few of them speak Italian ; French, as I have said, is the language of the court. In Turin, as all over Piedmont, they speak a patois which is almost as much French as Italian, and in society French is more commonly used than the Tuscan idiom. The legislators resolved that no language should be spoken in Parliament but Italian—a language which very few of them could write or speak or pronounce with purity. The order was very hard upon some of the poor members of Savoy. One day M. Lachenal made some observations in French, his native tongue, which every member present understood quite as well as pure Italian. This little inadvertence raised a great storm. “ The President, forgetting that he was in an *Italian* house, carried his courtesy so far as to reply in

French, which awoke in the galleries and in the body of the house a deep murmur of disapprobation.”*

The Savoyards asked whether *they* were Italians, or were to be Italianized by force?

Loud debates were also held on the term “noble” or “honourable” as applied to members of parliament, and on the term “royal” as attached to the crown.

Ravina said that the language of parliament ought to be strictly conformable with the spirit of liberty and equality; that all aristocratic epithets ought to be abolished for ever like the Jesuits, and that to call a deputy a deputy would be quite enough. “As for the crown,” said he, “is it not enough to say *crown*, without your ridiculous and useless *royal*? Are you afraid that you will be thought to mean the Crown Inn, or to make allusion to the Crown of Thorns which the Scribes and Pharisees put upon the head of the *Nazarene*?”†

The parliament had not been sitting a week when the journalists of Turin told it that the nation had the right to remind these its representatives that they did not represent it at all—*non la rappresentano niente*. It certainly did not represent the religious feeling of the people. (But this was not what the journalists meant, or what they cared about.) The inexcusably harsh proceedings against the Jesuits, the unmanly persecution of the Ladies of the Sacred

* Risorgimento.

† Ibid.

Heart, the blasphemous speech of Ravina, and other parliamentary displays, had rendered the name of the Chamber of Deputies a sound odious in the ear of at least three-fourths of the population of Piedmont some time before we reached Turin. In this city as at Rome we heard bitter complaints of the irreligion of the dominant and altogether intolerant ultra-liberal faction.

The streets of Turin were swarming with national guardsmen, but very few of these civic soldiers had cultivated either mustachio or beard, and they were modest and civil when compared with their brother heroes whom we left behind us, in the Roman States and Tuscany. Some of them frankly avowed that they were getting weary and sick of club dictation, and very much wished that the king would come back with his army and restore some order and government. The regular troops were admirable, and in the highest discipline. We saw two fine battalions exercised on the spacious drill-ground beyond the citadel. As these men had not been in the wars, their dress and appointments were in perfect order. Two finer bodies of infantry could scarcely be seen anywhere. The word of command was given in French, and this I believe is the case whether the troops be Savoyards or Piedmontese or Sardinians, or a mixture of all three. In their movements the two battalions were as neat and precise as the Austrians, and as quick as the French. There was one thing very striking in the appearance of the men: they were all so nearly of a size that you might

have formed a line any how, and the line would not have wanted dressing.

At the war-office I had some conversation touching the late campaign with an exceedingly well-educated, clever, and interesting young man, to whom General Count C—— had sent me a letter of introduction. The Cavalier M. offered me every information I might require about the late war—offered to procure it for me where he did not possess it himself. The government had no motive for concealment; the more publicity was given to the history of those operations the better it would be for the honour of the king and his army. I had no time to enter upon such a subject, nor had I the necessary qualifications. I merely hazarded a remark or two, and expressed my astonishment that when the retreat began, Charles Albert should have no corps de réserve. “He was obliged,” said the Cavalier, “to have every man in front, for the Lombards and his other allies could not be depended upon a single hour; and the Lombard reserve which had been promised never came into position—never was formed at all.” He recapitulated the instances of peculation, fraud, and treachery which had been practised upon the supplies in Lombardy; and, confessing that there were defects in the Piedmontese commissariat and ordnance departments, he said that it was found impossible to make the Lombards submit to any control. He maintained that there must have been much more treachery than imbecility. On several occasions heavy balls were carried

to batteries of small guns, and light balls to batteries of large guns; so that when the Piedmontese artillerymen went to use them, they found that they could not be used at all. He repeated the now well-known fact that the provisional government of Milan, who afterwards accused Charles Albert of having betrayed the cause, opened clandestine communications with Marshal Radetzky before the king offered to treat, and proposed for themselves a separate treaty or capitulation, which, if carried out, must have exposed his Majesty and his army to destruction. Charles Albert himself had told this fact to a deputation which the Chamber of Deputies sent to his camp from Turin. At Genoa I had first heard this foul story—and I had heard it from one who must have known the truth, and whom I believe to be incapable of averring that which is untrue. There are now abundant confirmations of the fact; and I am told that the Princess of Belgiosa—the Corinna of the Crusade—is now proclaiming at Paris her knowledge of this dark Milanese treachery.

Charles Albert's military chests were empty before the retreat began. The Lombards had made grand promises, but had furnished no money. There was no money in Milan when the King and his starving army reached that city. This very significant fact is even confessed by two members of the Milanese provisional government, who have written and published a most insolent but very blundering pamphlet to prove that the city might have been defended, and that Charles Albert be-

trayed it to the Austrians. They allow that they had no money; but they give it as their opinion that some two or three millions of francs would have come into Milan in the course of a few days. Could the King and his naked, famishing soldiers wait? Could any reliance be placed on promises which had already been so frequently broken? If Charles Albert had been ignorant of the secret practices of the provisional government, and could have waited a few days for money which it was certainly never intended he should have, the Milanese compact with Radetzky would have been concluded, the Piedmontese army would have been completely at the mercy of the Austrians.

It is not solely on the authority of the Turin war-office, or on that of the Piedmontese officers with whom I had conversations at Alessandria, but upon the concurrent testimony of many candid witnesses, that I venture to repeat that the conduct of Charles Albert's disciplined troops, on the retreat and under circumstances and provocations which were almost maddening, was orderly and exemplary, a very marvel of military morale and discipline. These are, indeed, the men to fight a good cause in a noble manner. These are men who would have deserved to gain and to hold the Mincio or the Adige for a frontier.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Turin — The Crown-offering Sicilian — Duke of Serradifalco — News of the Reduction of Messina by the Neapolitans — Sicilian Fury — We must have another Vespro Siciliano — Blame thrown upon England — The Earl of Minto — Lord Palmerston and the Marquis of Normanby — Interference of the French and English after General Filangieri's Conquest — How understood by the Neapolitans — More Romances — Sicilian Cannibalism — Sir William Parker's Letter — The Prince of Castelcicala at Downing Street — Count Ludolf — The Hon. William Temple's Return to Naples — Russian and Spanish Interference in the Sicilian Question — Vast Improvements in the City of Turin — Two Gentlemen of Verona — The Theatres — Calumny on Lord Nelson — Booksellers — Satires — Loyalty of the common People — Address to France for aid — Exhaustion of the Country — Lombard Patriots expatriated — The Duke of Genoa as King of Sicily — Departure from Turin — A finished French Political Philosopher — Last View of Italy.

AT Genoa we had received certain intelligence of the sailing of the Neapolitan expedition against Messina, and even of the landing of the troops in Sicily; but we could learn nothing further, and would give no belief to the monstrous stories which were told in print as well as in speech by the Genoese patriots. The morning after our arrival in Turin an ultra-liberal paper of that city narrated that the Messinese had literally cut to pieces two thousand of King Ferdinand's Swiss, had sunk or disabled seven out of his eleven steamers, and had gained an

immortal victory over the invaders. The very next day authentic intelligence reached Turin. I was sitting with the Duke of Serradifalco when the ominous news arrived. This Sicilian nobleman was at the head of the deputation which had been sent by the Parliament of Palermo to offer the crown to the Duke of Genoa. He was the relation or a close friend of not a few Sicilians who had been my friends in former days. He was a quiet, gentlemanly man, and, judging only from what I saw of him, altogether incapable of fanaticism or violence or any kind of rudeness. I cannot speak quite so favourably of some who were his colleagues in this crown-offering mission. They rushed into the room like stark staring madmen; and, because I was an Englishman, one of them fell upon me as if I had made the Messinese lose the day.

“This is all your doing!” said he. “This is the second time you have betrayed us! But the treachery of 1815 is nothing to this! Infamous England! —*l’ infame Inghilterra!*”

“And infamous France!” said another of the party. “Did not the French, too, promise us their assistance? Did they not give us one of their war-steamers to bring us on this mission as far as Genoa? And now the French fleet has stood aloof with the English, and has permitted that monster Filangieri and the cursed Neapolitans and Swiss to land and bombard and take Messina.”

“But England is the worse of the two,” said the rude, angry man who had first spoken to me. “We

looked to England the most, on account of our old friendship, and notwithstanding her having allowed the constitution of 1812 to be taken from us in 1815, and now England has betrayed us the most after making the greatest promises. May a curse alight upon her! May she be sunk into the sea!"

This Sicilian asserted as indisputable facts—and his colleagues, with more or less violence of language, corroborated all he said—that the Earl of Minto had given them to believe at Palermo that, provided they only kept within the limits of constitutional monarchy, they might proceed to whatever revolutionary lengths they chose, without forfeiting the countenance and favour of England; that Admiral Sir William Parker, after saluting the flag of Sicilian independence, had distinctly given them to understand that England would never allow King Ferdinand to attack them again; that the Neapolitan fleet or flotilla would be driven back with cannon-balls if it attempted to land troops at Palermo, Messina, or any part of Sicily; that the Marquis of Normanby, our ambassador at Paris, had told an envoy of the provisional Sicilian government who was attending to the purchase of arms and ammunition in France, that the Sicilians were throwing away money which they had better keep, as the British government was fully determined to prevent,—by force if needful,—the King of Naples from sending a single soldier into Sicily."

"*If*," said I, "all this be true, then you may call the conduct of Earl Minto and Lord Palmerston

infamous, and I for one will join you ; but to an Englishman you should speak more respectfully of his country. Depend upon it, England—the nation—has neither misled you nor betrayed you.”

“ *Non c' è di se!*—There is no if!” said the irate Palermitan, who was foaming at the mouth. “ By the omnipotent God in heaven it is all true! England has led us on in this revolution, and has basely betrayed us. This is the second time! The third time will not come! She will not have the opportunity! She will be hated, abhorred, cursed, by every man, woman, and child in our island! We will give ourselves to the devil rather than see the English there again.”

I demurred at several things, and especially at the precise declaration attributed to the Marquis of Normanby. In proof, they offered to show me a letter from their agent at Paris, who was, I believe, a lawyer and literary man named Amati, whom I have seen in England since this stormy scene at Turin. I said that the letter would scarcely be evidence enough ; that their envoy might have been carried away by his enthusiasm and the earnestness of his wishes, that he might have misunderstood some of Lord Normanby's words, and have given to others much more significance than they were meant to bear. But they would not allow that this could have been the case. They said that their envoy was a cool, able man, perfectly master of the French language, and speaking English also ; that they had acted upon the assurance thus imparted, giving up their further purchases of arms and ammunition ;

and that it must have been mainly owing to this last circumstance that Messina had fallen.

All this—as well as much more—calls for explanation, which will be demanded, and *must* be given, when our own Parliament meets. I cannot yet believe that the Sicilians received any such *positive* assurances of support; but I do believe that the Sicilians thought such promises had been given. This will show how dangerous it is to tamper with rebellion, and to have any relations with a people so credulous and so excitable. And assuredly the whole line of our conduct ever since January last had been calculated to fill the Sicilians with the hope that we meant to stand by them in this mad rebellion. The Sicilians were not the only parties deceived: if they thought they could not be attacked, the Neapolitans doubted, at least as late as the 12th of August, whether they would be allowed to attack them.

The Sicilian Crown-offerers beat their heads about to find some comfort, or some gratification for their wild revenge.

“Messina has fallen,” said one of them. “There can no longer be any doubt of *that*; but one of my letters from Genoa says that the brave people had undermined the town, and that one half of the Neapolitans have been blown with the town into the air.”

“And I have a letter,” said another, “which states that, in attempting to advance beyond Messina, ten thousand Neapolitans and Swiss have been cut to pieces by our Sicilians.”

“Let us hope this is true,” said a third. I could

not help smiling incredulously, at which my angry man, growing more violent than before, struck the table and swore that they must have another general massacre—another Sicilian Vespers. “Yes,” said a little man who had hitherto been tolerably quiet, “*Non ci resta niente più, che di fare un altro vespro*—Nothing more is left us to do than to make another Sicilian Vespers.” I ventured to ask him whom they would massacre. “Per Dio Santo,” said the wrathful man, “all the friends of Ferdinand! *If the people had not been divided*—if there had not been as many friends as foes to the monster in the city—Messina never could have been taken. But Palermo is not fallen yet! We will bury ourselves under its ruins! We will cut the throats of our wives and our children,” etc.

The Duke of Serradifalco blushed and was uneasy at this unchecked display of violence and ferocity. I cannot help thinking that at this moment the Duke wished himself in other company, and that I was not there. I presently took my leave. Before going I could not but say to the angry man who had made me the object of his attack, that I thought it much to be lamented that the Sicilians and Neapolitans could not make up their quarrel; that as King Ferdinand had granted a constitution, the object for which the Sicilians had first begun their movement was obtained; and that they ought both to try to live together amicably under a free government. The angry man said, “Mai! Never! We will proclaim a Republic, and what will your Lord Palmerston say to that?”

The men were mad.

I was out of Italy—I was at Lausanne—when I learned that, after allowing General Filangieri to land his troops and bombard and take the city of Messina, the French and English Admirals had interfered, had insisted upon a suspension of hostilities, and had tied the arms of the Neapolitan General when all that part of the island was beginning to declare for the King and return to its allegiance, and when the Neapolitan army might have marched all through Sicily without meeting an opponent until it came to the walls of Palermo. No doubt Palermo would have fought, but Palermo must soon have undergone the same fate as Messina. By the end of October this miserable civil war must have been finished; and, by this time, the island might have been restored to perfect tranquillity.

The French make international laws of their own whenever it suits their purpose to do so. We have generally adhered to the Law of Nations as established. That law prohibited our interfering in this unhappy quarrel; but if Lord Palmerston, in the teeth of the Law of Nations, had determined upon an interference, why was it not made before the bombardment of Messina, and the bloodshed and horrors which—as had been foreseen and predicted—accompanied that attack? The right of interfering was the same—that is to say it was *null*—before the bombardment as after it. If, in the late insurrection in Ireland, Cork or Kinsale or any other given town had put itself in a position to stand a siege, France, or Russia, or America,

or any other power, had the same right to tie the hands of the English besiegers as we had to chain down General Filangieri. If the interference had come before the bombardment, much blood and a great destruction of property might have been spared; and if we had determined that the whole dispute should be settled by amicable mediation, we ought to have felt that it would be much easier to reconcile the parties *before* than *after* a mutual slaughter. Some of the Neapolitans now say publicly and loudly that the French and English Admirals allowed the attack upon Messina to be made, because they felt assured in their own minds that General Filangieri would be defeated with terrible loss, and that such a defeat must place King Ferdinand under the necessity of submitting to any terms or conditions about Sicily that might be offered to him by the two powers which had thrust themselves into this quarrel without any regard to the Law of Nations or old treaties, or the commonest rules of right and wrong. "If," say they, "Admiral Baudin and Sir William Parker had not counted upon our discomfiture, they would have prevented our expedition from sailing from the Bay of Naples." There certainly are appearances in the transaction to justify or excuse the, to us, dishonouring suspicion; and, now that the horrible impression is made, Lord Palmerston may rest assured that it will last, and that it will be quoted hereafter as damning proof of English heartlessness and perfidy.

The interfering upon the ground of humanity after all the blood had been shed, when the city had submitted and when all the neighbouring country was ready to follow its example, was indeed preposterous, in the proper meaning of that word—was a mockery, a piece of diabolical irony. Our Naval Commanders knew that the Neapolitans were going to bombard the place, that the Sicilians would make a savage defence, that the Messinese were excited to madness, and by nature cruel and bloodthirsty; that the blood of both the belligerent parties had been heating for months, and was as hot as lava; and if they did not know beforehand that atrocities would be committed, they were certainly the only persons concerned that were in so happy a state of ignorance. But I am informed—and it now appears unquestionable—that the English would have left to General Filangieri and his army the free scope to which they were entitled, if it had not been for the sudden and peremptory decision of the French. It appears, in short, that Captain Robb, of the *Gladiator*, in sending the message to General Filangieri that he must suspend hostilities, did not lead, but did only follow. The French took the lead, as my friend at Naples had predicted that they would do. The game was skilfully played: and they are now deriving the benefits of it in the gratitude of the whole revolutionary party in Sicily, who will be ready to give France a footing in their island whenever she may think proper to ask it—or whenever she may take it by letting loose that

fleet of war-steamers and all that armament which she has been so long preparing at Toulon and Marseilles.

The successful bombardment of Messina and its attendant circumstances have been as much and as maliciously exaggerated as every other incident in which the King of Naples has been concerned. The same liberal machinery, which I have endeavoured to expose, has woven the same tissue of falsehoods and monstrosities. I had the honour of knowing General Filangieri, Prince of Satriano, many years ago. He was a brave, but mild, humane, and most gentlemanly man, with many quiet tastes, and a decided, hereditary turn for literature. I feel assured that if cruelties were committed, it was not by his orders. His duty was to take the town, and he took it. It was hardly to be taken without bloodshed. There is scarcely a single instance of a town being taken by storm, even by the best of our British troops, and under the best of our commanders—under the great Duke himself—that the mind can rest upon with satisfaction. If some diplomatic or sea-moralist could have insisted upon a suspension of hostilities because frightful deeds were perpetrated in Badajoz and St. Sebastian, the Duke of Wellington would never have marched his army across the Pyrenees. I can believe that there were acts of vengeance on the part of the Neapolitans when they first got into the town; and I can believe this the more easily from the uncontradicted, indisputable fact that the mad

Sicilians roasted several of their Neapolitan prisoners, and set their savage teeth in that human flesh within sight of the comrades or countrymen of these captured Neapolitan soldiers. [That the Messinese roasted and ate sixty Neapolitans is an exaggeration.] I know how and under what impulses some of those descriptive letters from Messina, which were meant to fill Europe with horror and to raise another cry of execration against the Neapolitans and their King, have been written and circulated and printed in newspapers. Some of them proceeded from the very same pens which had drawn such frightful pictures of the Kingly atrocity in the affair of the barricades at Naples on the 15th of May. In that affair I have tested their veracity. As for Sir William Parker's own letter, which is so indirect and inconclusive, it appears to have been written in a great hurry and under a desperate determination (conformable to orders) to excuse our interference while he felt it to be inexcusable. In the published correspondence between the Prince of Cariati and Lord Napier, and between the Prince and Lord Palmerston, the Neapolitan Minister for Foreign Affairs has most decidedly the best of the argument: or rather, his statement of facts is so clear and convincing, that the Prince has no need to use any argument whatever. The facts and a reference to the Law of Nations are quite enough. The King of Naples was under no obligation to ask the consent of England to his Sicilian expedition; the Earl of Minto's *officious* and not *official* inter-

ference in the affairs of Sicily bound the sovereign of the country to nothing. The Earl of Minto may maintain that the King asked him for that interference ; the King's friends declare that it was thrust upon the King, or that it was offered in such a manner that his Majesty felt he could not refuse it without giving mortal offence to one whom he considered an influential, powerful English statesman. Ferdinand stood in awe of the father-in-law of the Prime Minister of Queen Victoria. But, not resting confidently upon the *jus belli* and the *jus gentium*, which they had seen so strangely treated by the English in Sicily, and not counting upon the flippant, equivocating notes of young Lord Napier, the Neapolitan Government did apply to Lord Palmerston, by means of their ambassador in London, the Prince of Castalcicala, for a categorical answer to one or two simple, direct questions. There cannot be raised here a doubt of the possibility of a verbal misunderstanding. Prince Castalcicala is no novice like the Palermitan envoy at Paris, but an experienced diplomatist—a son of one of the Doyens of the profession. His father was for many years Neapolitan minister in this country ; he himself was bred and educated in England ; he speaks English as well as his native tongue ; he held a commission in one of our cavalry regiments, and, as I believe, gallantly served with his regiment in the battle of Waterloo. Our noble Viscount is no doubt an accomplished French scholar ; but I believe there is still less doubt that the

conversation in Downing-street between him and the Neapolitan minister was in plain downright English. The Prince of Castelcicala understood his Lordship to say that England could not and would not interfere. A special Neapolitan envoy, Count Ludolf, son of the worthy old minister who was for so many years accredited to the Court of St. James's, and who died in England about eight years ago, had another interview with Lord Palmerston, and understood his Lordship precisely as the Prince of Castelcicala had done. Could two able, experienced men—having a vital interest at stake—possibly be deceived in the construction of a sentence or the meaning of a few words? Or could they believe that when the British Minister for Foreign Affairs declared that England would not interrupt the sailing of the expedition, that he kept *in petto* a resolution to paralyze that expedition so soon as its first great effort should be crowned with complete success?

And while the Neapolitan Government and General Filangieri have been bitterly complaining that this irregular and unwarrantable interference has destroyed the moral effect of the blow struck at Messina, and has in a manner neutralized or spoiled the whole campaign, the Provisional Government of Palermo has been allowed to recruit its forces, to bring in warlike supplies, and to put places and positions which were defenceless into a comparatively good state of defence. French and Polish officers have gone to the island to drill, discipline, and com-

mand the Sicilians; and, if the newspapers are to be depended upon, several British officers are now at Palermo, engaged in the same offices. At Naples the King has been again menaced by the British fleet. Nearly the whole of the month of December Admiral Sir William Parker—once more disregarding the limitation as to numbers—has been lying with his ships, from off the Mole-head to the Castello dell' Uovo, with his broadsides bearing on the royal palace and the arsenal. And this, it is said, has been to terrify Ferdinand into a compliance with conditions which are equivalent to an entire surrender not only of the Sicilian crown, but of all power in or control over that island. Were the King to consent to a separate administration in Sicily, the island would not acknowledge his authority three months; but, not satisfied with a separate administration, the Sicilians are asking for a separate army; and England and France are said to back both these demands. Can this really be true? Has Lord Palmerston made up his mind to dis sever Sicily from Naples, and to hand it over to France?

And all this while Lord Palmerston's brother continued absent from his post, leaving the Neapolitan cabinet to be perplexed by the youthful indiscretions of Lord Napier. The Hon. William Temple, whose return was talked of, and by some anxiously expected, all through the months of September, October, and November, did not arrive at Naples until late in December. He is said to have carried an ultimatum with him; but I can scarcely yet credit

that the clauses of that document are such as they have been rumoured to be. Nearly simultaneously with Mr. Temple's arrival at Naples, the Pope, in his flight from the Quirinal, reached Gaeta, and a very few days afterwards Lord Napier is said to have proceeded to Rome to mediate *officiously* with Mamiani and Sterbini, and the rest of those demagogues. Who first introduced these *officious* duties or performances into our diplomacy? The Earl of Minto carried them to very great lengths; but the sooner we get rid of them and of the un-English cant which describes them, the better will it be both for our honour and for our safety. Let diplomatic men do only that which is *official*, and then we may know where we are. Under this veil, and vague unmeaning generality, *officious*, a maladroit minister or indiscreet secretary may at any moment most perilously commit our national character.

Russia is now giving her whole diplomatic support to the King of Naples; and Spain, having high interests at stake, and a share in the family inheritance of the crown of the Two Sicilies, claims a right of interfering in the Sicilian quarrel as well as France and England. With delicate sarcasm, the ministers at Madrid tell Lord Palmerston, that although it happens just at this moment that diplomatic relations between England and Spain have ceased, the English government can scarcely raise an objection to Spain's taking a part in deliberations which so nearly concern her. It is a spectacle quite strange enough to see England *as she is* and France *as she is*, and *as she is likely to be*

for years to come, united together as two mediatresses to settle the quarrels of the world. It would be too much to see this mediation accepted wherever it is offered, and submitted to without a struggle or a murmur, by all the other great powers.

I here leave a painful subject, the full parliamentary discussion of which must very shortly be before the reader. But one short sentence more may be given to enforce the memory of the effects produced by our intermeddling, unaccountable policy. We are now hated and cursed by the revolutionists from one end of Sicily to the other; and we are suspected and feared, if not hated, by the Neapolitans.

Nowhere in Italy did the internal improvements strike me more forcibly than in the fair city of Turin. There were improvements and embellishments in the streets, in the squares, and in all parts of the town. I have avoided descriptions; and it would take many pages merely to indicate, in a dry, bare manner, the changes I found, the additions and embellishments I met with in the course of my various walks. They have thrown a splendid bridge of one arch across the Dora; they have made magnificent cemeteries outside the town; and they have removed every mean-looking edifice within the town, and covered the site with a graceful building. An entirely new quarter, and full of comfort and elegance, has sprung up at the old Boulevards and beyond them. Except a very few mean houses on the banks of the Po, above the great bridge (and these would

have been down but for the troubles and the war), we could scarcely see an ugly or a shabby building. We were obliged to ask where the poor people now lived. They told us in the entresols and garrets of the palaces, and in the suburbs, and beyond the Po. They had thrown a beautiful suspension-bridge across the Po from a point a little above the Valentino palace. Though somewhat monotonous, with its streets all drawn in straight lines, and crossing each other at right angles, Turin was always a remarkably neat and elegant city; but with all these recent improvements it is now the most elegant and charming little capital I ever beheld. A score of Italian cities can show finer buildings; but there is no city in Italy, or in any country in Europe, where the buildings are so uniformly good, and the display of elegance and neatness so general—so *one*. The improvement in the dress and general appearance of the people was at least equal to the improvement of the houses, streets, and squares. But here, again, all improvement was at a dead lock.

At our table d'hôte I fraternized with "Two Gentlemen of Verona," who joined me in regretting that a blight should have fallen on this recent prosperity and progress, and that theorists like Gioberti should be able to undo the practical benefits of Charles Albert and his wise and honest internal administration. One of my gentlemen of Verona was an old man, and a frequent visitor at Turin. He gave a striking sketch of the city as it was in 1815. I had known it at the end of 1819; and we

agreed that the ameliorations effected had been immense. He declared that there was not very much Italianism and no Gioberti-ism at all in Verona; and that the people of that city preferred the perhaps dull, and at times irksome, but orderly government of the Austrians, to the chances of a reformed government improvised by "Young Italy." "If," said he, "Charles Albert could have occupied the country up to the Adige, and have been allowed to govern it as he has for so many years governed Savoy, Piedmont, and Sardinia, we might have rejoiced at a change of rulers; but when we found that a Gioberti was more king than the King—that clubs and not cabinets were to govern—that Communists were to be let loose among us—why then, to tell you the plain truth, in spite of our Italian blood, we cried 'Long live the Kaiser!' and put up a prayer for the Austrians." So, in a quiet corner, spoke the elder of my "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

During our stay the political circle was open every night. The theatres also were open, and seemed to be subjected to the rule or dictation of the ultra-Liberals. Two of the companies were French, and were playing French tragedies, vaudevilles, and farces. There was an anti-English animus. One night the Italians played 'The Revolution of Naples of 1799,' wherein Lord Nelson was turned into the envious assassin of the Neapolitan admiral Caraccioli, the piece (as the placard put forth) being founded upon General Colletta's account of those transactions—an account which has long been known to be one-sided and prejudiced, and which the Nelson

Correspondence, published by the late lamented Sir Harris Nicolas, proves to be incorrect in every particular, not excepting one in which Southey and other champions for the fame of our great naval hero were subject to a painful doubt. This piece had the double effect of exciting odium against England, and raising fresh execrations against the King of Naples. They were representing another piece called the 'London Market,' wherein the dramatist very wittily and truly represented the selling of wives in Smithfield with halters round their neck as a very common English practice recognized by English law, and not at all opposed by the English church. These are trifles, straws; but a straw will show which way the wind blows. They were playing these things night after night; and the performances were said to be well attended and very much applauded; and one of the radical newspapers had a very long article to show what a traitor and incarnate fiend was Lord Nelson, and what a state of utter demoralization the people of England must be in when they can sell their wives like oxen and asses.

The Italian Opera was open only one night during our stay, and that happened to be the night on which we were engaged among the tombs up at the Superga; and when we had walked back from the solemn hill we were tired, and it was late. Thus we came through the whole length of Italy without being at an opera, or entering a theatre, or hearing any good music except that which we heard in the private concert at Sorrento. The fact appears

almost incredible ; but revolutions bring about strange changes.

The wares in the booksellers' shops at Turin were the same as those we had seen elsewhere—piles of the French books of the day, mountains of angry and inconclusive Italian pamphlets, and copies of the works of the great Gioberti, with portraits of the Apollyon, without end. As at Genoa, men and boys were busy in the streets hawking contemptible newspapers, of which many sprung up like mushrooms, and died as fast, broadsides, caricatures and satires, and squibs in prose and in verse. I could not find much wit or humour in any of these sallies. The genius of patriotic satire appears to be in Italy but a dull, dirty drudge. She had evidently taken up her quarters chiefly with vulgar and illiterate men. Some of the broadsides, however, were sufficiently atrocious. There was one—which they were selling also at Genoa and Leghorn—headed “IL PAPA PI-ANGE”—the Pope weeps. It was founded upon a text in one of the journals which stated that Pius IX. had burst into tears on learning the disasters which had fallen upon the Crusade for unity and independence. The satirist said that he had only wept because his dark treachery was all discovered and was unsuccessful ; that his tears were the tears of Judas ; that he was a Jesuit, and would soon be with the Jesuits in that hot place where weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth are eternal. As in numerous other instances the forms of law were not complied with in this broadside—it bore the name of no printer or publisher. But they were selling it

openly; and although many good Catholics were scandalized at its indecency, nobody attempted to stop the sale or call the venders to account.

The Giobertisti seemed to belong chiefly to the inferior portion of the middle classes, having a good sprinkling of inferior nobility, and of the younger members of the high aristocracy. The common people appeared to be well affected, and much dissatisfied with the present condition of affairs. Many of them were enthusiastically loyal, and made no secrets of their sentiments. Among the many Savoyards settled here, and throughout the whole duchy of Savoy, there was a very strong feeling of attachment to the King and his sons. The majority of the nobility and gentry and wealthier merchants were dreading two things—the spread of the doctrine of socialism and the armed intervention of France. But, for this intervention, the Abbé Gioberti and his clubs were calling incessantly; and they were circulating in Turin a paper which had, I believe, been originally drawn up at Rome, and in which the Italian patriots called not upon the French government *de facto*, but upon the representatives of the French people, to send an army across the Alps forthwith. In this paper they openly avowed that the beginning of their revolution had been owing to the successful war of barricades at Paris in the month of February. They claimed of course the performance of Lamartine's promise.

“When Italy,” said these patriots, “was electrified by the magnanimous revolution of your glorious nation, and rose to recover her own independence,

and made every effort to drive out the foreigner who oppressed her, you, citizens, not only echoed her sentiment, but were prodigal of words of comfort and of promises of assistance in case aid should be needed. All we Italians were moved with gratitude by the generous offer ; and if confidence in our own united endeavours did not induce us at that moment to accept the potent succour of your republic, you certainly did not ascribe our refusal to insolent presumption, but on the contrary, you praised it as the bold thought of a people who desired to be indebted only to itself for its regeneration. At present the circumstances are changed. All our princes have not answered to the invitation of the nation : the war has become too disproportionate, seeing that scarcely one-half of Italy has taken part in it ; and our enemy has fallen upon us not only with his own troops, but also with disguised soldiers that march under his banner, but are not his. The fatal moment is then come for Italy ; but in this moment every Italian hope and trust is placed in your magnanimous republic. O citizen representatives ! be penetrated by the universal voice of the people, which is that of all Italy, and which now invokes the succour of your generous nation ! See what imminent perils threaten this people, who are all your brothers ! Italy is waiting with breathless anxiety to unite her own battalions with yours, for the next Holy War, for the most just of all causes—the Independence of Nations, the Liberty of Peoples, the Prostration of Tyrannies !”

Abbé Gioberti would not listen to the man who

said the French would not come. According to the Abbé they *must* come. "But when they do come," said an old Savoyard to him, "on what footing are they to serve?" "As auxiliaries, of course," said the Abbé. "*J'en doute*," said a Frenchman, who could not for a moment tolerate the idea of the French serving as auxiliaries to any army upon earth—much less to an army which had been beaten and disorganized, and which, with the exception of the forces of Charles Albert, had never been deserving of the name of an army at all. Gioberti, in his prolix way, demonstrated to the Frenchman that the army of the great republic ought to be, and could only be, auxiliary to the grand army of Italian unity and independence. The Frenchman asked him where this grand army was? The war-like Abbé could only say that it was going to be made as soon as the different nations and peoples of Italy should be brought to agree. The Frenchman, being a soldier, had small respect for legions of students and levies of volunteers; and he told Gioberti that the only troops in Upper Italy that were worth anything were the Piedmontese and Savoyards, and that Charles Albert could not by any possibility add 5000 men to those excellent forces.

The Frenchman was right. The country was already exhausted, and the little farmers and peasants who furnished nearly all those good troops were, in spite of their attachment, getting sick and weary of the war. The mortality had been very considerable during the campaign, and it had been found difficult to raise recruits to supply

the places of those who had perished. There was no money, and, notwithstanding all their vapouring and the liberal intentions of all the patriots in the clubs, private generosity did not come in to make up for the deficiencies of the public treasury. The patriotic donations could be seen only upon paper. We had met upon the road recruits that were going to the King at Alessandria, and that were under the hard necessity of begging their way. Between Turin and the foot of the Alps we met recruits coming from Savoy, and they were in no better case—they also were begging for bread. Moreover, a good part of the mountainous regions which breed the best soldiers are of necessity but thinly peopled. “In my district,” said an old Piedmontese, “they have already drafted off all the able-bodied prime men, leaving us only the aged and young boys. In Savoy, I am told, it is still worse.” In fact, in going through Savoy we saw women working in the fields, and old men and boys, but hardly any men in the prime of life. This was so strikingly the case, that it was noticed even by those who had never given a thought to the cause.

In our walks we met rather frequently companies of Milanese and other Lombards who had run away from Marshal Radetzky, and were as yet afraid of returning to their homes. For some of these I felt very much, for they had been honest, uncalculating enthusiasts, and they had risked their all on the cast of a die. Some of them had wives and children whom they had brought with them into Piedmont. God help them! For others that we met I confess

I had little sympathy. These were fugitive Lombard volunteers, who, after behaving like cowards and idiots, had not the grace to comport themselves quietly and modestly in the season of their humiliation. They were all going away to France, to come back with a grand army of the Republic, to cut the throats of all the Austrians. Though most of them had to beg for the money they were spending, they were frolicking and drinking and doing worse. We afterwards met a most noisy crew of them at Geneva, where they were lamenting in a coffee-house that the place was insupportably moral and dull, and offered no amusements to young men. Every fellow of them had his flask, and considerably more than half of them were more than half-drunk. Such were these Lombard patriots whom the Italian journalists were representing as the most interesting of victims and the most 'poetical—as young men who were flying with broken hearts from the German rage—*la rabbia Tedesca*. Nevertheless there can be little doubt that if they should find it necessary to come to London, a Mansion House ball will be got up for their benefit : and, as well for them as for the Poles !

The party the most friendly to England—and there certainly was a strong Anglican party in Turin—deplored the effect of the policy which we had pursued, and utterly despaired of our mediation with Austria. Even the King's friends censured him for dallying with rebellion and keeping the Sicilian crown-offerers in play. Those gentlemen had now been nearly eight weeks in Piedmont, and had gotten no answer. On their first arrival they

waited upon the King in camp, expecting that the crown would be accepted with joy, and that the Duke of Genoa would be forthwith sent to Palermo. Charles Albert, who ought to have dismissed them with a polite negative, would say neither no nor yes. He must have time to deliberate; it was an important decision; his family was not large; he had but two sons; the war was not yet over; the Duke of Genoa was a soldier, and his services were required. In the end he courteously recommended the crown-offerers to go to Turin, and there wait for an answer. They were still waiting for an answer when General Filangieri took Messina; and I left them at Turin still waiting. What has become of them since then I know not; nor am I informed whether Charles Albert and the Duke of Genoa have pronounced an honest and decisive "No." This offer of the Sicilian crown to a prince of the house of Savoy had caused numerous jealousies and heart-burnings in Italy. The republicans were wroth against the Palermitans for not having availed themselves of so charming an opportunity for proclaiming a republic. Those who were dreaming of the great Italic kingdom—*il Regno Italico*—which was to embrace the whole of Upper Italy, and which was to have Charles Albert or one of his sons with the likeness of a kingly crown on his head, but which was also to have an ultra-Liberal thoroughly democratic constitution (which Gioberti would make when the good time should come), were angry that the Palermitans, instead of asking for a king for themselves, had not voted

the union and incorporation of their island with the Italic kingdom. "This," said they, "would be union and fusion. Sicily is too small to be a separate kingdom. It ought to be part of *our* kingdom, as Sardinia is." They tried to bring over some of the crown-offerers to this way of thinking; but, although they took them to the Circolo and to the Abbé's levées, I believe they met with little success, and that the short reply of the Sicilians to all their arguments was, that they must have a nationality of their own, and that they would be torn to pieces if they told the Palermitans that they were to be united with Piedmont and Genoa and Sardinia. One of Gioberti's disciples said, "If it were not for the *crève-cœur* it gives that bloody tyrant King Ferdinand, I wish these Sicilians had never come here with the offers of their crown..... They embarrass our movements; they spoil our plan of unification. Even should Charles Albert consent—which he can never have thought of doing—we would never allow the Duke of Genoa to go away to Sicily. It is not to be expected that we should. If these Sicilians would only open their eyes, they must see that there was never in any quarter the slightest intention of complying with their wishes. But here they stay and stay! However, their prolonged mission must irritate the Bourbon of Naples, and that is always a consolation to us."

I left Turin with far more regret than any other Italian city northward of the Garigliano. If we could have prolonged our stay, there were those who would have made our residence a pleasant one,

in spite of the political troubles and the pedant Gioberti and his eternal circle. Hospitality is one of the prominent virtues of this choice, charming little capital; and there is to be found in Turin as pleasant society as any the Continent offers. I quitted the Piedmontese with many hearty but not very hopeful wishes that they might get safely out of the labyrinth in which they had been involved and lost by a crew of fanatics and madmen.

At nine o'clock on a fine night in September we set out for Chambery, in a comfortable, excellent diligence. [All cheating and extortion had ceased from the day we entered upon the Piedmontese territory.] We had for our companions a middle-aged, stout citizen of Turin, who was a silk-merchant by business, but a Giobertisto, a patriot and a national guardsman; and a middle-aged, very yellow Frenchman, who had been a silk-manufacturer at Lyons, but who—having made a little fortune—had devoted himself to the study of politics and the pursuits of propagandism. Their conversation was amusing. “You Italians,” said the Frenchman, “are mere babies in revolutionism. You do not go to work in earnest and with vigour. What a poor beginning you have made! Here you have left kings and nobles and priests, and all the property of the aristocracy and the Church untouched. And yet you all want money. See how we began in France!—cut off the King’s head—guillotine ten thousand aristocrats and priests—drive the rest out of the country—seize all the property of the nobles and the Church—call it national property—sell it

by auction—pay for it with paper-money—get all the estates into the hands of the people—that's what I call beginning a revolution in the right way! and when one good revolution is so made, the people will always be in a humour to make another when necessary, and your nobles and your priests will never be able to raise their heads again, or to offer any serious resistance to the sovereign people—the enlightened democracy that possesses all the property of the state, and has no superstition, no nonsense of religion.” The Torinese silk-merchant confessed that his countrymen had been rather too slow and a great deal too gentle.

“Ha!” said the Lyons silk-manufacturer, “you want instruction: you want some of our books. A few of our new books would be of the greatest use on your side the Alps. Parbleu! our great men of the day have put all the political philosophy and wisdom of the world into two or three pretty little books—petits, mignons—which you may carry in your pocket. I never travel without them. In my opinion all the rest of the books in the world might be burned. You see, we are so clever in these things! *C'est notre affaire*. The philosophy of politics belongs to France, and is not understood in other countries. We do so study it! *Par exemple*: I quitted business, *avec ma petite fortune*, two years ago. And how do you think I have employed my time since then? Do you think I have been running to spectacles, or frequenting the coffee-houses, or playing all day long at billiards? Not I! I

have been staying at home, studying politics, reading Michelet, and Louis Blanc, and Blanqui, and all those great men who have shown the world what a democratic republic ought to be."

I asked him whether he, as a man of property, was not afraid of the communists?

"Monsieur," said he, "I have the honour to tell you that I am a man of the people, and have been a working man. As a man of the people and as a working man I have nothing to fear from socialists or communists; and, besides, I have put my property in very safe places."

The Frenchman promised to send the Piedmontese some of his wonderful little books; and the Piedmontese promised to read them—nay, to learn them by heart.

We travelled all night. As we attained that ridge of Mont Cenis which affords the traveller his last glimpse of Italy, the sun rose most splendidly and lighted up the walls and towers of old Susa and the broad rich plain of the Po. We had fine weather after that; the extraordinary, long-lasting summer accompanied us all through Savoy and Switzerland and down the Rhine, but I feel as if I had never seen the sun shine since that morning.

THE END.

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